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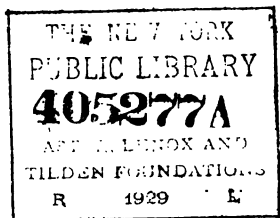
INTERESTING
ANECDOTES,
MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES,
ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS,
TENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY,
AND
INCULCATE MORALITY.

BY MR. ADDISON.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

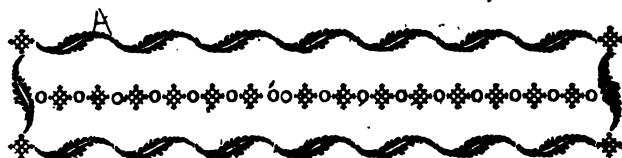
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A
COLLECTION
OF
INTERESTING
Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

—
A N E C D O T E
OF
DEAN SWIFT.

THE Dean and a party of his friends, having agreed to walk out of town, to a certain nobleman's, where they were all to sleep, the Dean, who was the greatest walker of the set, soon distanced the rest, with a professed design of securing the best bed.—On this, one of the others was dispatched on horse-back by a different road to punish the Dean for his selfishness, who accordingly reached the place of destination long before Swift, and posted a servant of the nobleman's

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at some distance from the house to inform the humorist that the small-pox was in the family. The Dean, who never had the distemper, alarmed at the news, took up his residence in a little room at the end of a garden or field, where he supped alone and passed several melancholy hours, while his friends at the mansion were laughing very heartily at his situation ; at length, taking pity of him, they revealed the jest, and received a promise that on no future occasion the best bed should deprive them of his company.

ALMET THE DERVISE.

ALMET, the dervise, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple, with his body turned towards the east, and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel attended by a long retinue, who gazed stedfastly at him with a look of mournful complacence, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The

The dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluted him with the usual dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

“ Almet,” said the stranger “ thou seest before thee a man whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess, but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyments; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off; and my heart sinks when I anticipate the moment in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life, like the sea upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treasures of thy wisdom, there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me: for this purpose I am come: a purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest, like all the former, it should be disappointed.” Almet listened with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being in whom reason was known to be a pledge of morality; but the serenity of his countenance

nance soon returned; and, stretching out his hand to heaven, "Stranger," said he, "the knowledge which I have received from the prophet I will communicate to thee.

"As I was sitting one evening at the porch of the temple, pensive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me; and while I remarked the weariness and solitude which was visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. "Wretched mortals," said I, "to what purpose are ye busy? If to produce happiness, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of Egypt, and the silks of Persia, bestow felicity on those who wear them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves whom I see leading the camels that bring them? Is the fineness of the texture, or the splendour of the tints, regarded with delight by those to whom custom has rendered them familiar? Or can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the desert: a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon; where no change of prospect, or variety of images, relieve the traveller from a sense of toil and danger, of whirlwinds, which in a moment may bury him in the sand, and of thirst, which the wealthy have given
half

half their possessions to allay? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lustre gain from the possession, what is lost by the wretch who seeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the vicissitude of day and night is not known, who sighs in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of insensibility and labour? If those are not happy who possess, in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man! and if there is, indeed, such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made?"

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The streets and the crowds of Mecca disappeared; I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Arozan the minister of reproof. When I saw him, I was afraid. I cast mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent. "Almet," said he, "thou hast devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption

sumption from the precipice of guilt ; but the book of nature thou hast read without understanding, It is again open before thee ; look up, consider it, and be wise."

I looked up and beheld an inclosure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradise, but of a small extent. Through the middle there was a green walk ; at the end a wild desert ; and beyond impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit ; innumerable birds were singing in the branches ; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty : on one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom ; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottos, and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

While I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace : his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom : he sometimes started as if a sudden pang had seized him ;

him; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror; he looked round with a sigh, and having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forward by some invisible power: his features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed on the ground; and he went on as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance; and turning hastily to the angel, was about to enquire what could produce such infelicity in a being surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense; but he prevented my request; "The book of nature," said he, "is before thee; look up, consider it, and be wise." I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren; on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no shade; the sun burned in the zenith, and every spring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods and adorned with buildings. At a second view I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was chearful, and his deportment active; he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled,

by

by some secret influence: sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stepped short, as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the way; but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again toward the angel, impatient to enquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected: but he again prevented my request: "Almet," said he, "remember what thou hast seen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablets of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed, is but the road to another; and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end: the value of this period of thy existence is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which yet he did not enjoy: the song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred that their beauty was not seen; the river glided by unnoticed; and he

he feared to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, because he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the sojourner upon earth, it is of little moment whether the path he treads be strewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those regions, in comparison of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderness lose their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleasure or pain.

“What then has eternal wisdom unequally distributed? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be wretched, is acquired by virtue; and virtue is possible to all. Remember, Almet, the vision which thou hast seen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayest direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify God to men.”

While the voice of Azoran was yet sounding in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the porch of the temple. The sun was going down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of

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midnight

midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to complete the tranquillity of my mind.

Such, my son, was the vision which the prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things, and therefore thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee, as the seal of Mahomet in the well of Aris: but go thy way, let thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be above. Thus shalt thou rejoice in hope, and look forward to the end of life as the consummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.

TO A CLERGYMAN IN ESSEX,

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

By S. Whitchurch, Ironmonger, of Bath.

PERMIT a distant Bard in friendly lays
To soothe your grief, and sing your *Mary's*
praise;

Permit

Permit him now in sad affliction's hour,
 The kindly oil of sympathy to pour ;
 Grant him with you the pious tear to shed,
 And share your sorrows for the lovely dead.

Hard is the lot of mortal man on earth,
 A hapless mourner at his very birth ;
 Destin'd thro' various scenes of woe to run,
 Of each bright day to see the setting sun :
 To find unnumber'd evils wound his peace,
 To feel his sorrows with his years encrease ;
 To mark his pleasures ever on the wing,
 And from his very joys see troubles spring ;
 To view the beauty that e'en age might warm,
 Soon fade away, and lose the pow'r to charm ;
 For all the happiness that sweetens life,
 For heav'n's best boon itself—a virtuous wife,
 And all the bliss her presence can bestow,
 Is soon exchang'd for absence, and for woe !

And since my Friend, for all your earthly love,
 'Twas your's the painful parting scene to prove ;
 Since your lov'd *Mary*, idol of your heart,
 Who, heav'n instructed, chose the better part ;
 Since she has yielded to the stroke of death,
 And in the prime of life resign'd her breath ;
 What has her weeping husband now to do,
 But seek in death a safe assylum to ?

No.

Not so, my mourning friend, since bounteous
heav'n

A lovely progeny to you has given ;
This be the pleasing task to you assign'd,
To pour instruction on the tender mind ;
" To teach the young idea how to shoot,"
With care to foster learning's rip'ning fruit ;
To act the father's and the mother's part,
And with persuasion soft, to win the heart.

Take then your charge, and with submissive mind,
Be to your Heav'nly Father's will resign'd ;
He ne'er afflicts his children, but to prove
How great his goodness, and how strong his love.
Though griefs assail, and forms of trouble rise,
They're latent mercies, " blessings in disguise ;"
The book of Providence unfolded wide,
Anon no secret from the just shall hide ;
Soon at one glance shall to the view appear,
A god-like reason for each groan and tear :
Joy soon shall brighten the glad mourner's eye,
All tears be wip'd away, and every sorrow fly ;
Life's rudest storms shall quickly pass away,
And heaven's calm sunshine gild the happier day ;
Soon absent friends again shall gladly meet,
And souls congenial mix in union sweet ;
Soon, undebas'd by pain's severe alloy,
Shall triumph constant love and lasting joy ;
Soon

Soon the last dreg be wrung from sorrow's cup,
 For death in vict'ry shall be swallow'd up ;
 Soon you, my friend, shall joyful greet again
 The lovely Fair, whose absence gives you pain ;
 Soon, on the flow'ry bank of Canaan's shore,
Shall you and MARY meet—TO PART NO MORE !

BATH, 1st of January, 1796.

S. W.

ANECDOTE

OF

A KING OF FRANCE.

JOINVILLE, a contemporary writer, says of Lewis IX. “ The good King would often take a walk in Vincennes wood, and, placing himself under an oak, make us sit down by him ; and thus he would patiently give audience to all who wanted to speak to him. Several times he has been known to come to the royal garden at Paris, and, ordering carpets to be laid, he sat down on them with his counsellors, and *diligently dispatched his people*. Twice a week he gave public audience in his chamber, and with business mingled instruction. A Lady of Quality, very old, and
 at

at the same time in a very ornamented dress, asked to speak a word with him in private. He led her into his closet, and after hearing her as long as he pleased, "Madame (said he,) I shall be mindful of your affair, if, on your side, you will be mindful of your salvation. I have been told that you was once very handsome: that time, you know, is past and gone; the beauty of the body fades away like the flowers of the field; do what we will, it is not to be renewed: we should think on the beauty of the soul, which will last for ever."

ANECDOTE

or

CHARLES THE FIFTH,

THE day after Charles V. (one of the wisest as well as most fortunate of princes) had resigned all his kingdoms to his son Philip, he introduced, and recommended to his service, his faithful counsellor and secretary, with these remarkable words, "The present I make you to day is a far more valuable one than that I made you yesterday."

AN

ANECDOTE
OF
SAUVEUR.

SAUVEUR, the French mathematician, when he was about to court his mistress, would not see her, 'till he had been with a notary, to have the conditions on which he intended to insist, reduced into a written form, for fear the sight of her should not leave him enough master of himself. Like a true mathematician, he proceeded by rule and line, and made his calculations when his head was cool.

A MENTAL MIRROR:

ADDRESSED TO THE YOUTH OF BRITAIN.

IN all collections of Essays, I invariably find some paper addressed to the women, that is either offered as a lecture or advice, or levelled at them with all the severity of satire; while the men, the lords of the creation! are suffered to grovel on in vice, or to sneak through the world

as

as ignorant and worthless characters. Why are the eyes of these authors shut against the follies of their own sex? Why will the learned mind labour to seduce women again to taste of the tree of Knowledge, only to make her see the *nakedness* of those around her?—Oh, ye youth of Britain! blush at the wilful neglect of your understandings! blush when you recollect the high, the sublime nature of the soul. Good Heaven! can a *modern* fine gentleman suppose himself in the same class of being with an Essex, or a Sidney, the ornaments of the sixteenth century? To mention the sacred names of a Newton, or a Locke, would be to draw a comparison between the feeble glimmer of a glow-worm and the effulgence of the sun.

The first emotion of the human heart is a strong desire of happiness; and, in minds of any worth, an ambition to be eminent in something: two biases, which emphatically mark the grandeur and immortality of the soul; and, if properly directed, would raise the men to the highest perfection that a frail nature is capable of. The ambition of a manly soul ought to soar to *intellectual* attainments—a *perfect* gentleman must not be *ignorant* on any subject. To be uninformed of the histories of Greece and Rome, setting aside that
of

of our country, is absolutely shameful: yet two-thirds of our *Jeu d'Esprits* would rub their vacant foreheads, if you happened to ask them any question about any of the Gracchi; but hint in their ears the name of Alcibiades or Phocion, and perhaps they will think that you are talking of some old cloaths men! I have heard mistakes made, by fashionable young men, that a school-boy of ten years old would blush to be caught in. I will take the liberty of giving two or three examples.

Some ladies, in company with one gentleman, were expressing their approbation of the graceful manner in which Helen leaves her loom to go to Paris, after his flight from Menelaus—"Ah, ladies," says he, "It is fine in Pope; but I have read it in the *original Latin*, and there it is beautiful!"—"In Latin, Sir," said a female friend of mine who was present: "I beg your pardon, but Homer was a Greek poet."—No, no, Madam," he hastily replied; "you mean Horace. I assure you Homer was a Roman, for I have read him."

One evening, I was, with some other ladies, in a room with three young men. How the subject came into their heads I know not, because I was not listening to their conversation; but my attention was arrested by one of them saying, ra-

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ther loudly—"Mark Anthony was made king of one of the Assyrian provinces."—"Perhaps so: but I am *sure*," replied a second, "he was Cæsar's son."—"You both mistake," interrupted the third; "he was one of the villains that helped Brutus to kill Cæsar!" I was astonished; and speechless with surprize, gazed at the three "*gay charming fellows!*" who, in my opinion, better deserved the appellation of the *blockhead triumvirate*.

One more example, out of the many I could advance, and I have done. Calling one morning on a friend of mine, I met some company of both sexes, assembled in the drawing-room: a print of the Virgin Mary, which lay on the table, being the object of their attention, the conversation insensibly turned upon Sacred History, and the manner of John the Baptist baptizing. A lady said, she did not perfectly recollect whether our Saviour was baptised by being immersed in the water, or by only having a little poured on his head. "Oh, Madam!" said a very handsome, elegant young gentleman, with great confidence—"Saint John took the *child* in his arms, and dipped him into the river!" The mistake was so very *flagrant*, that even his male friends could scarcely forbear laughing.

And

And these illiterate, shamelessly ignorant animals, are of that noble species, Man!—that super-eminent creature, whose form was made to gaze on the heavens, and the faculties of whose soul were expanded by his Creator that he might count the stars! And how *does* he now employ his time? not even in walking the plain track of literature—not in comparing the histories of republics, kingdoms, and empires; and, while he reads, finds himself transported to the early ages of the world, conversing with wise law-givers, and holy patriarchs!—not in searching through the labyrinths of the human mind with Locke; nor in treading the stars, and making the vast tour of the universe, in company with the divine Newton!—No; these are not his pursuits: he reads no books; save now and then a flimsy play, that has nothing but its novelty to recommend it—and, perhaps, the history of some popular divorce. Besides the Pantheon, that *inestimable* fountain from whence he derives *all* his classical knowledge! a slight acquaintance with the geography of France, just sufficient to enable him to understand the news of the day, is all the learning he aspires after. Talk of the stars to him, and he will say, he never looks at any, but those in a woman's face. Talk of the *soul, friendship, mind, &c.* and he will interrupt you by saying
it's

it's *jargon* he does not understand. There is one *science*, I believe, the whole of his sex is perfectly conversant in—that of *eating and drinking*; on the subject of which they could out-talk Apicius himself. And I will do them the justice to say, that even the most stupid of them could reduce it to a system, in a most elaborate treatise on tarts and custards.

Many of our youth are so monstrously barren, that I can positively affirm, there are not eight out of ten who can spell an epistle of one page in length without the immediate aid of a dictionary. As to their accomplishment, in the most delightful of all studies, the works of the poets, I can say little or nothing to their advantage. The swift, though tender ray of Apollo's halo, cannot penetrate their opaque brows. Ignorance, if not vicious *hardiment*, has shielded their brazen foreheads; and, to *their dull ear*, the concord of sweet sounds is charmless.

I know there are some, who have *scummed* the surface of literature; and, being swoln with the little pre-eminence that they have over their companions, they are wild to shew their *superiority* over *common-sense*. Flinging reason behind them, they set up for men of *extraordinary genius*; and, like

like the Persian glass-man, in his foolish vision, they kick about their earthly happiness, and hopes of future felicity, with a real lunatic fury.

To *you*, young men, who idly and wickedly sport with your *own salvation*, and that of your *weak* and *credulous* associates, I will address these four lines of Pope :

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not, the Pierian spring;
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.

Yet there are some of our young Englishmen who are an honour to their country, who join, with all the charms of a beautiful form, the more attracting, the more fascinating graces, of a richly cultivated understanding, and a poetical and delicate taste; whose society will always be sought after with eagerness; and, when absent, the remembrance of their virtues and accomplishments will play a lambent flame around our hearts, and no time can erase their lovely idea from our memory. How different are the sensations, which agitate the bosom of a female, in the company of a thoughtless coxcomb! She lets the poor little butterfly flutter round her, and buz its empty
 nothing

nothing in her ear ; and, when it takes its flight, thinks no more of it, than of those insects which sparkle in the summer's blaze.

I am well aware, that if *this* ever meets the eye of those to *whom* I address it, they will set me down as a *disappointed, ugly*,—Old Maid ; but I deny the charge—I am not *old*, for I have not yet lived two and twenty years ; I think I am not *ugly*, provided I may believe the daily rhapsodies of at least half a dozen of these popinjays ; and I *know* I am *rich*. So I make out, I am neither the *disappointed*, the *ugly*, or the *old*.

ANECDOTE

OF

THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

SHORTLY after the first appearance of *Venice Preserv'd* in the dramatic world, the Duchess of Portsmouth, (then the favorite of Charles the Second) inquired of Lord Rochester after Otway, saying, she had not seen him for some time. His Lordship, with a sneer, said, he supposed he could not make as respectable an appearance

pearance as his play; and was therefore resolved, like many other ragged bards, to amuse himself, with dressing his muse with all the finery of Parnassus. "That may be the case," said the Duchess, "and your Lordship must acknowledge Mr. Otway dresses his muse in much more elegant attire than all the dramatic poets now living can possibly do theirs. As a proof of my esteem for his genius, will your Lordship be so kind to convey this fifty-pound note to him?—'Tis a debt I owe him; and (if he is as you say) this is the best opportunity of discharging it."

THE MISTAKE.

AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE.

"**E**VERY one has his fault," says the proverb; and I believe it may with equal truth be said, that there are few characters, however vicious, who cannot boast some share of virtue. But such is the prejudice of the world, that the former are remembered with increasing rancour, while the latter scarcely engage attention; or, at most, are but slightly noticed. When a man is led astray by the allurements of vice, the recording

cording hand of Envy seldom fails to blazon to the world his departure from virtue; nor would such an exposure be at all matter of regret, if there were some friendly hand as ready to proclaim his return, and depicture those actions which are allied to Benevolence, Compassion, and Justice. Such were my thoughts on a very recent transaction, described in the following short narrative.

Eumenius, a *barrister* of considerable eminence in Lincoln's Inn, a few days back, was waited on by a Lady, who had mistaken him for an *attorney* of the same name, to accommodate a lawsuit that had been instituted against her husband, then absent from home. Eumenius, on hearing a relation of the business, readily discovered the error into which she had been led from the name: but, perceiving in the lady's countenance evident marks of inquietude, he politely offered his mediation in settling the business—which admitted no defence—on the best terms possible, with the plaintiff's attorney. After some little conversation, the lady accepted his friendly offer, and leaving her address with Eumenius, who promised to communicate the result of his application, took her leave.

By

By this time the reader may have imbibed a suspicious idea, that the motives by which Eumenius was actuated to take upon him the office of mediator, were not drawn from that pure, disinterested source, which, regardless of selfish reward, seeks to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate. The justice of that opinion I am not inclined to dispute; since I should certainly offer violence to truth, were I to contend that they were at all favourable to morality.

The lady in question was a lovely brunette; and, though her form could not, perhaps, boast the waving line of beauty so ably portrayed by the pencil of the matchless Hogarth, yet there was a certain air in her deportment, a *je ne sais quoi* in the whole assemblage of her person, that imperceptibly arrested the attention, and excited from every beholder involuntary admiration. Perhaps, the anxiety of mind under which she at that moment laboured, and the pensive melancholy which commonly diffuses itself over the human features in the hour of distress, might give a softness to her beauty, and heighten the natural graces of her person, that to the susceptible heart of youth rendered her irresistible. Be this as it may, Eumenius felt himself interested in her behalf;

half ; and instantly discarded from his thoughts all other business, eagerly bent on accommodating that of the lovely stranger.

Lauretta, on her return home, after a slender repast, was sitting in the parlour with her little brood, consisting of three infants, emblems of their parent stock, reflecting on the occurrences of the day, when a loud knocking at the door roused her from her meditations ; and, before she could apply her handkerchief to her eyes, to wipe away the tears of sad anxiety, Eumenius entered the room. Surprise, at this unexpected visit, deprived her for some moments of the faculties of speech : nor was the advocate less immured in silence. To find the person, for whom he had thus interested himself, the mother of a lovely offspring, was foreign to his expectations. "I have seen the plaintiff's attorney, Madam," said the barrister, recovering from his surprise ; "who is willing to make an abatement of two guineas in his bill of costs, on condition that the remainder, with the debt, amounting together to the sum of six guineas, be immediately paid."

"I am infinitely obliged to you, Sir," returned the lovely mourner, "for the trouble you have taken

taken in this business; but the sum demanded, small as it is, is more than I at present can command. My husband is from home——”

“ Distress yourself no more about it,” interrupted Eumenius; “ there is a receipt for the debt and costs.”

“ To what motive, Sir, may I impute this extraordinary act of friendship?” enquired Lauretta, with astonishment. “ I fear, Sir,” continued she, “ that you have mistaken the object of your bounty!”

“ I confess, Madam,” replied the barrister, “ that the motives by which I have been actuated, reflect no credit on me as a man. I am disappointed in my pursuit: but that disappointment, so far from giving me pain, has excited in my breast the most pleasurable sensations; and instead of involving you in distress, I have happily been the means of rescuing you from it. As to the pecuniary obligation, your husband may repay it me whenever it shall be convenient to himself: and my wishes are, that you may uninterruptedly enjoy every felicity.” Then, bowing, he withdrew, happy at his mistake; and leaving his lovely auditor to the enjoyment of her own thoughts, while he had the satisfaction to reflect, that, by the
unerring

unerring hand of Providence, he had been prevented from increasing the number of his offences; and when he was seeking the temple of Vice, his better genius conducted him to the mansion of Virtue.

Reader, shouldst thou ever meet, in the walks of life, any similar case; if thou shouldst ever be tempted, by the false blandishments of Vice, to taste of her intoxicating goblet; may thy guardian angel, like that of the learned advocate, dash from thy lips the poisonous draught, and bring thee back a profelyte to Virtue!

THE DEPARTURE OF THE OLD YEAR.

THE departure of the OLD YEAR, and the entrance of a NEW ONE, cannot but suggest many useful and very important reflections to a thinking man. We cannot take a final leave of any thing to which we have been accustomed without a sentiment of concern. Objects, otherwise of the most indifferent nature, claim this, and they never fail of obtaining it, at the hour of parting. The idea of the *last* is always a melancholy

lancholy idea ; and it is so, perhaps, for this among other reasons ; because, whatever be the immediate subject, an application is presently made to ourselves. Thus, in the case before us, it is recollected—and let it be recollected—it is good for us to recollect it—that what has happened to the year, must happen to us. On each of us a day must dawn, which is to be our last. When we shall have buried a few more years, we must ourselves be buried ; our friends shall weep at our funeral ; and what we have done, will live only in their remembrance. The reflection is sorrowful : but it is just and salutary ; equally vain and imprudent would be the thought of putting it away from us. Meanwhile, let us cast our eyes back on that portion of time which is come to its conclusion, and see whether the good thoughts that have occurred to our minds, the good words that have been uttered, and the good deeds that have been performed by us, will ~~not~~ furnish materials with which we may erect a lasting monument to the memory of the departed year.

No year, certainly, should be permitted to expire without giving occasion to such a retrospect. The principal events that have befallen us in it should be recollected ; and the requisite improvements

ments be raised from them severally, by meditation. What preservations from dangers, spiritual or temporal, have been vouchsafed ; what new blessings granted, or old ones continued, to me and mine ; to my friends, my neighbours, my church, my country ; and how have I expressed, in word and in deed, my gratitude and thankfulness for them ? With what losses or crosses, what calamities or sicknesses, have we been visited ; and have such visitation rendered us more penitent, more diligent, devout, and holy, more humble, and more charitable ? If the light of heaven hath shined on our tabernacle, and we have enjoyed the hours of health and happiness, let us enjoy them over again in the remembrance : if we have lived under a dark and stormy sky, and affliction has been our lot, let us consider that so much of that affliction is gone, and the less there is of it to come. But whatever may be gone, or come, all is from God, who sends not without reason, and with whom if we co-operate, no event can befall us which will not in the end turn out to our advantage. Such reflections as these should indeed be always made at the time when the events do befall us. But if not made then, they should at some time ; which yet will not be done, unless some time be appointed for making them. And what time so fit as that, when one year ends
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and another begins ; when, having finished a stage of our journey, we survey, as from an eminence, the ground we have passed ; and the sight of the objects brings to mind the occurrences upon that part of the road ?

In the course of the foregoing year many good examples we must have seen or heard of ; and by means of books and conversation from without, and hints from our own consciences within, much wholesome advice, many faithful and kind reproofs, must we have met with. For all these admonitions are we the better, and have we profited by them ! When we examine ourselves as to the progress we have made in the Christian life since this day twelve-month, do we find that we have discarded any evil habits, or acquired any good ones ; that we have mortified any vices, or brought forward to perfection any virtues ? In one word, as we grow older, do we grow wiser and better ? These are the questions which should be asked at the conclusion of a year. And may the heart of every person return to them an answer of peace ! May we find pleasure in reviewing them ! But review them we must—and so must he, who is to be our judge, at the day of his second manifestation. That day draws on
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apace: That not only friends die, and years expire, and we ourselves shall do the same, but the world itself approaches to its end. It likewise must die. Once already has it suffered a watery death; it is to be destroyed a second time by fire. A celebrated Author, having in his writings followed it through all its changes from the creation to the consummation, describes the eruption of the fire, and the progress it is to make, with the final utter devastation to be effected by it, when all sublunary nature shall be overwhelmed and sunk in a molten deluge.

Let us reflect, says the above Author, upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of this habitable world. How, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing. All that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole earth.

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OF

SCHAH ABBAS.

SCHAH ABBAS, at the beginning of his reign, was more luxurious than became so great a Prince. One might have judged the vastness of his empire by the variety of dishes at his table. Some were sent him from the Euphrates and Persian gulph, others from the Oans and Caspian sea. One day, when he gave a dinner to his Nobles, Mahomet Ali, keeper of the three tombs, was placed next to the best dish of all the feast, out of respect for the sanctity of his office: but instead of falling to and eating heartily, as holy men are wont to do, he fetched a dismal groan, and began weeping. Schah Abbas, surprized at his behaviour, desired him to explain it to the company. He would fain have been excused; but the Sophi ordered him, on pain of his displeasure, to acquaint him with the cause of his disorder. "Know then, (said he,) O Monarch of the earth, that when I saw thy table covered in this manner, it brought to my mind a dream, or rather a vision, which was sent me from the Prophet whom I serve. On the seventh night of the

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moon Rhamazan, I was sleeping under the shade of the sacred tombs, when methought the holy ravens of the sanctuary bore me upon their wings into the air, and in a few moments conveyed me to the lowest Heaven, where the Messenger of God, on whom be peace, was sitting on his luminous tribunal, to receive petitions from the earth. Around him stood an infinite throng of animals of every species and quality, which all joined in preferring a complaint against thee, Schah Abbas, for destroying them wantonly and tyrannically, beyond what necessity could justify, or any natural appetite demand. It was alledged by them that ten or twelve of them were murdered often to compose one dish for the niceness of thy palate. Some gave their tongues only, some their bowels; some their fat, and others their brains or blood. In short, they declared such constant waste was made of them, that unless a stop was put to it in time, they should perish entirely by thy gluttony. The Prophet hearing this, bent his brows, and ordered six vultures to fetch thee alive before him. They instantly brought thee to his tribunal, where he commanded thy stomach to be opened, and examined whether it was bigger or more capacious than those of other men; when it was found to be just the common size. He permitted all the animals to make reprisals on the body of their
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their destroyer; but before one in ten thousand could get at thee, every particle of it was devoured, so ill proportioned was the offender to the offence." This vision made such an impression on the Sophi, that he would not suffer above one dish of meat to be brought to his table for ever after.

A BUCK PARSON.

A Reprobate buck parson, going to read prayers at a remote village in the west of England, found great difficulty in putting on the surplice, which was an old fashioned one: "D—n this old surplice," said he to the clerk, "I think the devil is in it!" The astonished clerk waited till the Parson had got it on, and then sarcastically answered—"I think as how a is Zirk!"

A N E C D O T E.

PATRONS are but too apt to reward their authors with compliments, when they want bread.

bread. Sorbiere, being treated in this manner by his friend Pope Clement IX. is said to have complained in the following humorous terms :—
“ Most holy father, you give ruffles to a man who is without a shirt.”—

AN ANECDOTE.

CHARLES IX. once sent an order to Viscount D'Orte, Governor of Bayonne, to massacre all the Protestant inhabitants there, to which he returned the following answer :

“ SIRE,
I have communicated the Royal Mandate to your Majesty's faithful subjects in the town, as well as to all those who compose the garrison. To a man, I have found them all most worthy citizens, and men of approved valour, but not one executioner among them ; wherefore, they and I most humbly beseech your Majesty, with all humility, to give us an opportunity of employing our swords for you in any practicable enterprize, no matter how big the danger. There, in obedience to your command, the last drop of blood shall chearfully be shed.”

ON

ON RETIREMENT.

THE season of the year inviting me for a time to quit scenes of hurry and confusion, I retired lately into the country to enjoy a calm retreat, breathe the salubrious air, and feast my eyes with nature cloathed in the blooming garment of the spring. Here I often contemplate the wonders of creation undisturbed, and think myself happier in solitude than the gaudy Courtier amidst the splendours, noise, and hurry of a Court.

This is safety's habitation ; silence guards the door against the strife of tongues, and all the impertinences of idle conversation. The swarm of temptations that beset us amidst the gaieties of life, are banished from these scenes of retirement. Here without disturbance, I can survey my own thoughts ; and ponder the secret intentions of my own heart. In short, here I can learn the best of sciences, that of knowing myself. The other evening I strayed into the fields, and, pleasing myself with that variety of objects that presented themselves on every side, night overtook me before I was aware. The whole face of the ground was soon overspread with shades, only a few of
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the lofty eminences were clothed with streaming silver, and the tops of the waving groves, and summits of the mountains, were irradiated with the smiles of the departing day. The clouds, expanding their purple wings, were tipped with a ray of gold, while others represented a chain of lofty mountains, whose craggy summits overshadowed the vales below, and along their inaccessible sides there appeared various pits and romantic caves.

A calm of tranquillity and undisturbed repose spread over the whole scene. The gentle gales fanned themselves asleep, so that not a single leaf was in motion: echo herself slept unmolested, and the expanded ear could only catch the liquid lapse of a murmuring stream. The beasts departed to their grassy couch, and the village swains to their pillows; even the faithful dog forgot his post, and slumbered with his master.

Darkness was now at its height, and the different objects were only rendered visible by the faint glimmering of the stars. This solemn scene brought to my remembrance the terrors which often invade timorous minds. "This (said I to myself) is the time when the ghosts are supposed to make their appearance, and spirits visit the
solitary

solitary dwellings of the dead. But what should terrify me, when I know I am encompassed by the hand of my Maker, and that in a short time I shall enter a whole world of unbodied beings? Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that numbers of invifible beings are, at this instant patrolling the fame retreat, and joining with me in contemplating the works of the Almighty Creator."

While I was thus reflecting on the excessive timidity that poffeffes many people's mind, when the fable curtain of the night is drawn, the moon darted her filver rays from the eastern part of the horizon, and difpelled the veil from the countenance of nature. Every object appeared more delicately fhaded, and arrayed in fofter charms. This beautiful profpect, more various than fancy itfelf can paint, brought to my mind that beautiful night-piece in Homer :

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heav'n's clear azure, fpreads a facred light ;
When not a breath difturbs the deep ferene,
And not a cloud o'ercafts the folemn fcene ;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And ftars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole ;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure fhed,
And tip with filver ev'ry mountains' head :

Then

Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the fight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

My thoughts were recalled from these pleasing ideas by the noise proceeding from the steps of an ancient inhabitant of a neighbouring cottage: his face, though wrinkled with age, had in it something majestic, and his hoary locks flowed loosely over his shoulders. He seemed surprized at seeing me alone in the fields, and, when he understood that the contemplation of the stupendous works of my Maker had alone detained me, he was filled with admiration. " Son, (said he,) I have for near fifty years been an inhabitant of yonder cottage: my youth was indeed squandered in pursuing the fashionable amusements of the age; but finding, on mature reflection, that true pleasure only consists in treading the paths of virtue, I abandoned the deceitful pursuits of the world, and retired to this solitary cottage, where I have continued in peace and tranquillity. Here I can contemplate the wonders of my Creator, and rejoice in a firm hope of a happy eternity. Is it not surprizing to think that mortals can be pleased with the ample dimensions of Ranelagh's dome, or the gay illuminations of Vauxhall grove,
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and not be touched with transport at the stupendous display of Omnipotent skill? At the august grandeur and shining stateliness of the firmament, that forms an alcove for ten thousand worlds, and is ornamented with millions of eternal luminaries? This must surely betray not only a total disregard of the Great Creator, but the most abject littleness of mind, and the utmost poverty of genius. Four-score years have revolved since I first breathed the vital air: such a term, to unthinking youth, may seem of a prodigious length; hours crowded behind hours exhibit an extensive plan, and flatter us with a long progression of pleasures: but how short and scanty to one who has made the experiment! It was, methinks, but yesterday, that I abandoned the gay, and retired to this lonely habitation, and I must shortly resign both for the sleep of death. As soon as we are born, we draw nearer to our end; and how small is the interval between the cradle and the tomb? A few minutes passed, and we plunge into eternity; and on this inconsiderable portion alone depends our final felicity. Defer not, therefore, my son, one single moment to cultivate a correspondence with the condescending Deity, and taste the pleasures of Divine Friendship. Then shall death, whenever he approaches, be stripped of his terrors, and

the grave become a mansion of tranquillity. Hark! the death-bell from yonder tower, laden with heaviest accents, saddens the air! It gives notice to surviving mortals that the last enemy has begun the chase, and has even now laid one of our neighbours in the dust. It is therefore high time for us to cultivate good works, and sow the seeds of virtue, that eternity may yield us a joyful harvest.—Farewell, my son; reflect on these observations of mature age, and pursue the path that leads to the regions of everlasting felicity.”

THE GENEROUS SULTAN.

AN EASTERN TALE.

SHAH ABBAS, sultan of Persia, swayed the sceptre of his ancestors with wisdom and magnanimity; his enemies trembled at his name, and his subjects revered his power, and blessed his bounty. The luxuries of the east supplied his table, and the beauties of Circassia filled his seraglio. He governed his people with justice, enacted sage laws, and extended his generosity to the remotest parts of his dominions.

After

After several successful wars in which he had engaged to defend the just rights of Persia, he restored peace to his country, and returned in triumph to his palace, to enjoy, in undisturbed ease, the pleasures of that tranquillity and plenty, which by his martial labours he had procured for his people

One day, while he was in his seraglio, and surveyed the lovely females by whom he was surrounded, he observed one of them, of extreme beauty, who appeared sunk in grief and melancholy; despondence sat on her cheek, and the tear glistened in her eyes. At the approach of the powerful lord of the half of Asia, she scarcely deigned to raise her head, but appeared abandoned to sadness, and overwhelmed with sorrow and despair.

The Sultan, awhile, viewed her with admiration. The beauties of her transcendent form and countenance outshone the charms of her companions around her, as the silver beam of the luminary of night dims the lustre of the host of heaven. Her grief added the divine and inexpressible grace of sensibility. Her inattention to the presence of her sovereign had also its effect; and, instigated at once by admiration and curiosity,

fity, he gave her the signal to attend him to a private apartment.

When there, he thus addressed her :—" I perceive that you are agitated by anxiety and fear ; imagine not, fairest creature, that you are fallen into the power of some ferocious and irrational animal, eager to gratify its passion, and regardless alike of justice and generosity. While I survey the beauty which nature has so lavishly bestowed upon you, I feel myself restrained by a secret awe, from violating the most lovely of her works, and excited by an irresistible impulse to employ my power to promote your happiness, and change your grief into joy. Speak to me, therefore, with confidence : unfold to me your whole history, and disclose your whole soul. I swear, by our Prophet, that in me you shall find, not a violator, but a friend and protector. Most unworthy were I of my power and exalted station, were it possible that I should see you even appear to suffer, and not enquire the cause, or, knowing that you had cause for sorrow, not endeavour to redress your wrongs, or soothe your affliction, as far as in my power. Again, therefore, I command you, I entreat you, to unfold to me all your story, and all your sorrows. If it is in my power to grant you relief, they are at an end ; if not,

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my heart shall at least sympathize with you in your sufferings."

At this address, the astonished Selima raised her beauteous eyes, which now glistened with hope and esteem; and kneeling before her generous sovereign, she thus began:

"The words of my Lord are reviving to his sorrowful handmaid, as the dew of the morning to the rose of Erivan. They instil consolation into my heart, and open my lips to declare my griefs:—I was born, far from the splendors of your court, in the fruitful plains of Circassia, and passed the morning of my life in cheerfulness and simplicity. My heart was a stranger to care or ambition, and acquainted only with the sweet enjoyments of friendship and affection. I was the delight of my fond parents, and they were mine. Unrestrained by the more rigid custom of the east, as I was not born to riches or honours, I and my companions bounded over the smiling meadows as the gazelles traverse the extensive plains. In these excursions I frequently saw Sadak, a youth of my country,—a youth, in his person blooming, as the newly opening flower, and in his manners generous as the bounty of heaven.—Sadak, who preserved the life of my father.

father.—Sadak, who fondly loved me. We were to have been united in the tenderest bonds; but the reputation of my beauty prevented my happiness, by treachery and abused power, I have been brought to your seraglio. How often have I cursed my fatal charms, if indeed I possess them; for Sadak would love me without beauty! If ever I regain the tranquillity of my former life,—if ever I am restored to true happiness,—it must be the effect of your boundless generosity. The beauty of the Houris of Paradise is the due of my Lord: but the woman who can no longer command her heart ought not to receive his attention.”

“Excellent creature,” exclaimed the Sultan; “monarchs, wanting a treasure like thee, are indeed poor. Yet shalt thou be restored to the simple happiness thou hast wisely chosen; nor shalt thou be separated from that youth whom thou hast honoured with thy praise and invaluable affection.”

Scarcely had the Sultan left the seraglio when he was informed that a youth, apparently of no very high rank, had demanded to see him, alleging that he had something to communicate of the utmost importance, which he would not confide

to

to any other person. The Sultan immediately gave orders that he should be admitted.

The youth entered, kneeled before the sovereign of Persia, and thus addressed him :—" May the monarch, whose beneficence is equal to his power, long sway the sceptre over a happy and grateful people. But royal beneficence cannot extend to all, and power is too frequently abused. May his sublime majesty condescend to hear my complaint. Your officers, acting without your knowledge, have acted unworthy your high character. They have carried away, by treachery and force, the beauteous flower of our country, the delight of her fond parents, the joy of the fond eyes of her lover :—Selima, the beauteous, the unrivalled Selima, is in your seraglio : I know she is there unwillingly : restore her, O ! restore her, most gracious sovereign !" " Youth," replied the Sultan, " knowest thou what thou askest ? Selima is more lovely than the Houris, and wisdom and tenderness are enthroned in her heart."

" I know it well," replied the petitioner : " I have also heard of the justice, the generosity, and the magnanimity of the illustrious Shah Abbas."

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“But why,” replied the Sultan, “are monarchs raised above others, but to chuse their pleasures, and to have their enjoyments preferred to those of their subjects?”

“The true pleasure of the noble mind, whether of monarch or peasant,” replied the youth, “is to do good, to act with justice, and exercise beneficence: every pleasure incompatible with these is unworthy not only of the monarch but the man.”

“Your sentiments are generous,” replied the Sultan, “and your petition is granted. You shall receive Selima, of whom you appear nearly the equal. Remain at my court, and I will try your abilities in some employment.”

Thus was Selima restored to Sadak: they were united and happy; and the Sultan, after having tried the fidelity and abilities of the youth in offices of inferior importance, advanced him by degrees, until he became his confidential favourite, and one of his principal ministers, rewarded by a continual accession of wealth and honours,—of wealth, which he liberally expended for the good of the country at large,—and honours, which

which reflected a lustre on the discernment of his sovereign, and his own abilities and virtue.

THE VISION OF HASSAN.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

HASSAN, the merchant, having through the favour of Alla, and an unexampled industry, accumulated an immense fortune, in the prime of life, declined the fatigues of commerce for the luxury of splendor, and the enjoyment of ease.

His palace seemed the seat of enchantment; his haram was filled with the choicest beauties, and his banquets were worthy a potentate. The sounds of music and dancing were continually heard in his hall, all who came were welcome; and the residence of Hassan was signalized by the appellation of the *Mansion of Hospitality*. Every one bowed as he passed; his name was celebrated in songs; and the prayers of the poor were continually offered up for his welfare. Every thing about him wore the appearance of felicity; his superiors courted him; his equals flattered and

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envied

envied him; and his inferiors sought his patronage, in preference to that of princes. All were astonished at his magnificence, and all united in pronouncing him *happy*.

But Hassan was an instance that the estimates of mortals are generally erroneous. On a sudden, an extreme languor possessed him. He found not pleasure among his women; retired from the banquet disgusted; and heard the voice of adulation unmoved. Music could no longer lull him to repose; he was absent by day, and restless by night. In vain he affected the alacrity of cheerfulness; for his countenance displayed the settled gloom of melancholy and dissatisfaction.

In this disposition of mind, reclined on his sofa, he was ruminating on the uncertainty and subtilty of happiness, when he was alarmed by a violent clap of thunder, and in a moment a supernatural form stood before him.

“Hassan,” said the spirit, in an encouraging tone, “attend! I am the Genius of Instruction; the bountiful and omniscient Alla has seen thy dissatisfaction, and has permitted me to direct thee in thy search after happiness. Mark well what is before thee!”

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A plain, bordered on each side by a thick wood, and enchantingly diversified with fruit-trees and flowers, was extended to his view; so large, that a temple at the farther end was scarcely discernible, to which a numerous quantity of children, who instantly made their appearance, were directed by a venerable personage; and warned against turning out of the path, or stopping by the way, excepting to refresh themselves with the fruits or flowers growing immediately on its borders; which they were allowed to do, as the journey was both long and fatiguing, in consequence of bogs and brambles frequently obstructing the way.

The majority, however, instead of attending to the injunction, dispersed at random over the plain, amusing themselves with flying kites, catching butterflies, blind-man's buff, leap frog, hunt the slipper, and many other juvenile sports. Some gathered nosegays, while others culled the most beautiful flowers to ornament their hair; and some greedily devoured the various fruits, while others filled their pockets with them. Many, nevertheless, seemed to obey the command given them. But the greater part of these were seduced from the path, at various stages of the journey: some, to go over to former companions; others, attracted by the luxuriant appearance of some particular species

species of fruit, or the variegated tints of a glaring flower: and few, indeed were they who reached the temple. These had scarcely entered, when from the two woods rushed out a large troop of beasts of prey, while the air darkened with innumerable descending vultures and every other description of carnivorous birds. They immediately attacked the juvenile multitude; who, defenceless as they all were, fled every way to avoid them. A few took refuge in a miserable hovel, on the right side of the plain; and many sought the woods, whither they were instantly pursued. Of these who could not escape, some were left dead on the plain; others shockingly mangled, on whom the birds and smaller beasts began immediately to glut their carnivorous appetites, while the larger beasts dragged their unfortunate victims into the woods, to devour them, at leisure, in their dens.

“What means,” exclaimed the astonished Hassan, “the scene before me?”—“What thou hast seen,” replied the Genius, “is a picture of human life; the plain is the world, and the children are its inhabitants. The temple to which they were directed by the sage, Wisdom, is that of Virtue, the only residence of Happiness; and the hovel, from whence there is a subterraneous
passage

passage into the temple, the abode of Repentance. Happiness is the universal hope of mankind ; yet, like the little children who disobeyed the command given them, they perversely seek it in the rounds of folly, and the gratification of sense : thence the various cares and diseases represented by the birds and beasts of prey, which render life a burden to some, destroy it in others, and impel many to wander in the horrid woods of madness and despair. Such has been thy pursuit after happiness. Then industry was prompted by the hope of gain, and the desire of riches, for the purposes of sensuality ; vanity has made thee profuse, and thou hast extended thy patronage to obtain the despicable incense of servile adulation. The countenance of princes, and the homage of the herd, at first inflated thy little mind ; and novelty made thee experience a deceitful satisfaction. But the charm is removed ! thy senses are palled with excess ; adulation is become familiar ; and thou hast reaped nothing from the company of the great, but the envy of those with whom it was thy interest to have preserved a confidence. Thou hast flatterers without friends, and plenty without enjoyment ; hence melancholy lowers on thy countenance, and discontent preys on thy heart. Know, then, whatever is undertaken without a view of promoting

moting the interests of virtue, must necessarily end in disappointment and chagrin. Such is the moral to be drawn from the scene thou hast contemplated: be wise, observe it, and be happy."

Here the Genius withdrew, in a blaze of effulgence; and the sun-beams, at that moment playing on the eyes of Hassan, awaked him from his profitable vision.

He prostrated himself in grateful adoration before the indulgent Alla; conformed his life to the precepts of the Genius; and enjoyed, to a good age, the felicity which he had been told it would produce, and which will seldom or never fail to result from an uniform adherence to similar pursuits.

ANECDOTE

KITTY CLIVE and Quin were invariable green-room foes: whether he had met with a rebuff in paying his addresses to her in the juvenile part of his life, or whether this antipathy arose

arose from spleen and dramatic jealousy, we cannot determine. One night Quin, who had been gormandizing at a turtle feast, fell fast asleep in the settee, and snored so outrageously, that he might be heard across the stage, in one of Kate's most favourite airs. Upon her return she made heavy complaint of the ill treatment she had received from him, and concluded with advising him to take a stall in the next stable he met. "Madam, (said Quin,) I advise you to take a lodging at the next gin-shop; and though you breathe it at every pore, it need not be known to all the neighbourhood, how often your maid went with the snug bottle, to the nominal wine-vaults, but real gin-shop."

LOVE WITHOUT HOPE.

"ONCE more we tread on English ground," said the young Baron De Courcy, to his friend Carleton, as they stepped from the vessel which had brought them from the Continent. "From hence the castle of Lord Palmerton is some eight or ten miles distant; for which place, after having taken a little refreshment, I will shape

shape my course, while you pursue your way to London. There, as I am by letter informed, lives the lovely widow of Ridley's deceased lord; to whom, in obedience to the commands of her father, she gave her hand—her heart, if I may trust the flattery of words, was wholly mine."

"This sudden desertion of Italia's shores, then," said Carleton, "is to receive in the fair one's breast the smothered flames of love?" "Even so, my friend. And tell me what there is to oppose the completion of my wishes. Elinor once loved me, and perhaps still breathes a sigh for him who so long has mourned a disappointed passion. Lord Palmerton was a stranger to the affection I bore his daughter, and in giving her to Lord Ridley was innocent of the violence he did to her inclinations. But come, let us enter this inn, and recruit our exhausted spirits."

The union of Lord Ridley with Elinor, was the reason of De Courcy's leaving England; and the dissolution of that tie urged his return. His arrival at the castle was extremely acceptable to Lady Ridley; who, having passed her year of mourning, had for some time been pestered with the addresses of Ludlow, Lord Ridley's brother,
who

who was passionately fond of her, and though conscious of the illegality of his passion, found it too violent to be subdued by reason.

Lord Palmerton, who till now had been a stranger to the attachment of De Courcy to his daughter, assented to the Baron's solicitations; and, in a conversation with Elinor, found De Courcy's information confirmed. At the same time, he learned, that her marriage with her deceased lord, was in obedience to his commands, and not from any inclination of her own.

Ludlow finding his hopes thus disappointed gave a loose to rage, and swore revenge against his rival. In this frame of mind, he met the cousin of Lady Ridley, the wily Evelina: who cherishing in her breast a hopeless passion for De Courcy, took advantage of Ludlow's weakness, and by dark and distant hints, raised in his perturbed mind suspicions dishonourable to Elinor's virtue. She knew his credulous and unsuspecting nature would listen to the invidious tale; and, while his mind was racked by passion, would prosecute any plot, that was likely to prevent the union of the young widow with the Baron. Nor did she doubt that De Courcy might be so far prevailed on to believe the rumour, as to relate

it to Lord Palmerton, whose pride would take the alarm, and break off the match.

On the success of this infernal scheme she built her hopes of gaining De Courcy for herself. Ludlow's attention to her insinuations was indeed a favourable omen. "You give me hopes," said he, "that this hated union, near as it appears, may yet be prevented. But tell me, Evelina, from whence those thoughts arise that taint her honour with suspicion? What reason have you to think she was false to my brother's bed?"

"You may remember," returned the artful Evelina, "that some three months from your brother's marriage, the Count Orsini, with whom his Lordship became acquainted at Florence, arrived in England."—"I do well remember," said Ludlow, eagerly listening to the treacherous tale.

"The marked attention," resumed Evelina, "which this young lord paid to the wife of his friend, though it escaped the notice of Ridley, I watched with the guarded eye of conscious suspicion. The ill state of your brother's health often confined him to his room; and Elinor and Orsini frequently strayed by themselves to the remotest parts of the plantations which surrounded

rounded the house. Prompted by curiosity, I one morning watched their steps, and followed them to a tuft of trees that formed a small grove on the edge of the park: here I saw them in amorous dalliance. The Count was seated on the turf with Elinor on his knee: one arm was folded round her yielding form; and, while she hung with winning fondness on his neck, and joined her lips to his, Orfini—

“Damnation!” exclaimed the enraged Ludlow. “Here stay thy murdering tale, for every word strikes daggers to my heart. Curfed, perfidious woman! were these wondrous charms, these outward beauties, only given to lure men to ruin, and hide the foul deformity within? By Heaven! her look is innocence itself; and I would have pledged my life that her mind had been as pure, as free from spot or blame, as her matchless form appears. But, see where the unsuspecting lover comes. It were fit that he should know the virtues of his intended bride. Leave me, Evelina; but yet be within hearing, that, should he doubt, you may confirm the tale I mean to give his ear.”

Evelina retired; and De Courcy, with a smile of chearfulness, saluted Ludlow. “You look merry,

“merry, my lord,” said the latter. “My face, Ludlow,” replied De Courcy, “is a mirror, wherein all who look may see what passes in my mind. If the surface is polished, clear, and bright, pleasure revels in my breast; if it is full, overcast and cloudy, then sorrow rankles at my heart.”

“Would that the faces of all mankind were the index to their minds,” returned Ludlow; “we then might guard against the designs of knaves. But as it is, my lord, we are often tempted to our ruin by the resemblance of innocence. For instance, a beautiful woman has the appearance of innocence; she appears pure in thought, constant in affection, and yet she may be a very devil in reality. Where shall we find more seeming innocence than the matchless beauties of the widowed Elinor disclose! and yet—”

“And yet—what, Sir?” interrupted De Courcy, his eyes darting rage, and his breast swelling with passion.

“I ask your pardon, my lord,” said Ludlow. “I had forgot myself. You are the friend of my brother’s wife, and I should do wrong to injure her

her in your esteem." Here Ludlow offered to retire; the impatient De Courcy seized his arm, and held him. "Stay Sir," said he, in a menacing tone; "think not to escape me thus. The man who dares to suspect the virtue of the woman whom I love, shall not escape with impunity; and the wretch who thus loudly taxes her fame, who thus meanly blasts with scandalous envenomed tongue her innocence, has still less claim to forgiveness. Deny what thou hast said; proclaim thyself a liar; or, by the love I bear the dear object of thy foul reproach, thy life shall—"

"What my lord," interrupted Ludlow, disengaging himself from the Baron; "what, I ask, have I said, that I should disown?"

"It is true," said De Courcy "thou hast not yet pronounced the sentence that damns her honour, but thy speech plainly indicates that thou thinkest her false."

"I do indeed, my lord: nay, more—I know it."

"Ha!—know it! But by Heaven, it is a damned falsehood, invented to conceal some black attempt!"

tempt ! and thou, its coiner, art the veriest villian my soul ere knew. Draw, caitiff, draw !”

“ You will not find me tardy, my lord,” said Ludlow, drawing his sword, and placing himself in a posture of defence. “ And now, my lord,” added he, “ since you thus urge me to reveal her guilt, I here brand her with a strumpet’s name ; and, but that you may think I dread your sword, I could bring a living witness to prove the fact.”

De Courcy, fully persuaded of his mistress’s innocence, would have proceeded to extremities, had not the entrance of the artful Evelina prevented him. This woman, who, like Ludlow, loved without hope, and careless whom she sacrificed to her revenge, confirmed the assertions which Ludlow, from her instructions, had pronounced ; and recited many “ damning proofs” of Elinor’s incontinence. De Courcy could no longer doubt the infidelity of Lady Ridley ; but flew, with maddening rage, to Lord Palmerton, and proclaimed the baseness of his daughter. Palmerton alarmed for the honour of his child and that of his family, drew on the Baron ; but before they had engaged, Ludlow, having discovered the perfidy of Evelina, whose disappointed love

love had forged the vicious tale, rushed into the apartment, and declared the charge to be false; and that, urged by his love for Elinor, he had framed it in hopes of preventing her union with De Courcy.

This declaration appeased the wrath of Palmerton, and made happy the noble De Courcy. Instant orders were given to prepare for the nuptials, which Lord Palmerton determined should be celebrated on the morrow; and Ludlow was commanded immediately to leave the castle. This violent and impetuous man, struck with remorse at the atrocity of his conduct, determined to obey the commands of Palmerton, and study to forget his imprudent and illegal passion. On his retreat from the castle, he met again the wily Evelina, whom he reproached for the imposition she had practised on him. Far from denying the falsehood, she lamented that it had not answered the purpose for which it was designed. Her own happiness was lost, and she eagerly sought the destruction of that of her rival. She called Ludlow a cowardly slave, who could tamely stand by and behold the woman whom he loved in the arms of another man; and, by other artful insinuations, urged him to attempt one efficient stroke to prevent the marriage taking place. Ludlow

low again grew desperate at the thought; and, instructed by Evelina, entered the house at the close of day, and sought the chamber of Elinor, determined to sacrifice her to his rage. Approaching with cautious step, he heard De Courcy pressing the mistress of his heart to forgive the unkind suspicions which he had been taught by the artifices of others to entertain against her honour; and to sanction, with her assent, the day appointed by her father, for the celebration of their nuptials.

Ludlow, whose passions had been raised to the highest pitch of madness, rushed into the room, and buried his dagger in the fair one's heart. De Courcy drew his sword, to revenge her death; but Ludlow had already fallen by his own hand. The noise alarmed the family: and, on the appearance of lights, it was discovered that the deceitful Evelina had fallen the victim of her own treachery; who, by Ludlow, as well as De Courcy, had been taken for Lady Ridley. The entrance of Palmerton and his daughter completed the happiness of the young Baron. Ludlow employed the last remains of life in imploring the forgiveness of Lord Palmerton and the lovers, and in acknowledging the justice of Providence. De Courcy, and his lovely Elinor were, shortly after this

this tragic event, united, and enjoyed many years of uninterrupted bliss, of bliss due to their virtue and their merits.

Hence the reader may learn the fatal effects of violent passion, and apply to his mind the moral which it infers.

THE LIFE OF AGAMUS;

AN OLD DEBAUCHEE.

TO indulge that restless impatience which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impressed, I have given you some account of my life, which, without farther apology or introduction, may, perhaps, be favourably received by the public

My mother died when I was very young; and my father, who was a naval commander, and had, therefore, no opportunity to superintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar school, and

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afterwards removed me to the University. At school the number of boys was so great, that to regulate our morals was impossible; and at the University, even my learning contributed to the dissoluteness of my manners. As I was an only child, my father always had allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwise than in the gratification of my vices: I had sometimes, indeed, been restrained, by a general sense of right and wrong; but I now opposed the remonstrances of conscience by the cavils of sophistry; and having learned of some celebrated philosophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleasure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the same year with queen Anne, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very considerable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the University, and came to London, which I considered as the great mart of pleasure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wisely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a scheme of life that was most agreeable to my temper, which was rather sedate than volatile, and regulated my expences with the œconomy of a philosopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified
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with greater convenience and less scandal, in proportion as my life was more private: instead, therefore, of incumbering myself with a family, I took the first floor of a house which was let into lodgings, hired one servant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery stable. I constantly frequented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almost every piece that was represented, particularly my resolution never to marry. In comedy, the action terminated in marriage; but it was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune; and the husband and wife of the drama were wretches whose example justified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpose than to warn mankind, that, whatever may be presumed by those whom indigence has made desperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independence, and felicity of life.

In this course I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my constitution; lessened my fortune, or incumbered myself with an illegitimate offspring; when a girl of about eighteen, just arrived from the country was hired as a chamber-maid by the person who kept the house in which I lodged: the native beauty of health
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and simplicity in this young creature, had such an effect upon my imagination, that I practised every art to debauch her, and at length succeeded. I found it convenient for her to continue in the house, and therefore made no proposal of removing her into lodgings: but after a few months she found herself with child; a discovery which interrupted the indolence of my sensuality, and made me repent my indiscretion: however, as I would not incur my own censure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants; and she was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new encumbrance; for though I did not consider myself as under parental or conjugal obligations, yet I could not think myself at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had still some degree of inclination; though I should have been heartily content never to have seen her again, if I could at once have been freed from any farther trouble about her; but as something was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at least till she could be subservient to my pleasure no longer: the child, however, I would have sent away; but she entreated me to let her suckle it, with an importunity which I could not resist. After much thinking, I placed her in a little shop
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in the suburbs ; which I furnished, at the expence of about twenty pounds, with chandlery ware ; commodities of which she had some knowledge, as her father was a petty shopkeeper in the country. She reported, that her husband had been killed in an engagement at sea ; and that his pay, which she had been impowered to receive by his will, had purchased her stock. I now thought I had discharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to subsist, at least as well as she could have done by her labour in the station in which I found her ; and as often as I had an inclination to see her, I sent for her to a bagnio.

But these interviews did not produce the pleasure which I expected : her affection for me was too tender and delicate ; she often wept in spite of all her efforts against it ; and could not forbear telling me stories of her little girl, with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wished to regard her only as a mistress. These incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I intended to gratify : my visits, therefore, became less frequent : but she never sent after me when I was absent, nor reproached me, otherwise than by tears of tenderness when she saw me again.

After

After the first year, I wholly neglected her; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to spend the summer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curiosity than desire to make some enquiry after her; and soon learnt, that she had died some months before of the small pox, that the goods had been seized for rent, and the child taken by the parish. At this account, so sudden and unexpected, I was sensibly touched; and at first conceived a design to rescue the child from the hands of a parish nurse, and make some little provision for it when it should be grown up; but this was delayed from day to day, such was the supineness of my disposition, till the event was remembered with less and less sensibility; and at length I congratulated myself upon my deliverance from an engagement which I had always considered as resembling, in some degree, the shackles of matrimony. I resolved to incur the same embarrassment no more, and contented myself with strolling from one prostitute to another, of whom I had seen many generations perish; and the new faces which I once sought among the masks in the pit, I found with less trouble at Cupor's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which

which have appeared during the last twenty years of my life.

A few weeks ago, I celebrated my sixtieth birth-day with some friends at a tavern; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I saw a hackney coach stop at the door of a house which I knew to be of ill-repute, though it was private and of the first class. Just as I came up, a girl stepped out of it, who appeared, by the imperfect glimpse I caught of her as she passed, to be very young, and extremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without hesitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and proposed that we should go to Haddock's: she hesitated with some appearance of unwillingness and confusion, but at length consented: she soon became more free, and I was not less pleased with her conversation than her person; I observed that she had a softness and modesty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual prostitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were prepared to go to bed, when, to my unspeakable confusion and astonishment, I discovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child:
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for I remembered, that the poor girl, whom I so cruelly seduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that she had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breast, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial she would ever have of a father. I was instantly struck with a sense of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and, therefore, felt all its force. The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my disorder with an officious solicitude, asked what sudden illness had seized me ; she took my hand, pressed it, and looked eagerly in my face, still inquisitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained sometime torpid : but was soon roused by the reflection, that I was receiving the caresses of my child, whom I had abandoned to the lowest infamy, to be the slave of drunkenness and lust, and whom I had led to the brink of incest. I suddenly started up ; first held her at a distance ; then catching her in my arms, strove to speak, but burst into tears. I saw that she was confounded and terrified ; and as soon as I could recover my speech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the secret. It is impossible to express the effect it had upon her : she stood motionless a few minutes ; then clasped her hands together, and looked up in an agony, which not to have seen is not

not to conceive. The tears at length started from her eyes ; she recollected herself, called me father, threw herself upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart by asking my blessing.

We sat up together the remainder of the night, which I spent in listening to a story that I shall hereafter communicate; and the next day I took lodgings for her about six miles from town. I visit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a stranger, and which are every day more frequent and more strong. I proposed to retire with her into some remote part of the country, and to atone for the past by the future: but alas! of the future a few years only can remain; and of the past, not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to those, upon whose daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which, by miracle, I have rescued my own! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expressed less kindness than brutes for their young; yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or seduced to prostitution, have been gazed at in the ardour of parental affection, till tears have started to the eye; had been caught to the bosom with transport, in the

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prattling simplicity of infancy ; had been watched in sickness with anxiety that suspended sleep ; had been fed by the toil of industrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monster is he, by whom these fears are verified, and this hope deceived ! and yet, so dreadful is the force of habitual guilt, I sometimes regret the restraint which is come upon me ; I wish to sink again into the slumber from which I have been roused, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment bursting for utterance : but I want words. Farewell.

AGAMUS.

The Cruelty of deserting Natural Children,

And the DANGER of

SLIGHT BREACHES OF DUTY.

AGAMUS's ACCOUNT of his DAUGHTER :

Transcribed from her own Words, as follows :

THE first situation that I remember was in a cellar ; where I suppose, I had been placed by the parish officers, with a woman who kept

kept a little dairy. My nurse was obliged to be often abroad, and I was then left to the care of a girl, who was just old enough to lug me about in her arms, and who, like other pretty creatures in office, knew not how to shew her authority but by the abuse of it. Such was my dread of her power and resentment, that I suffered almost whatever she inflicted without complaint, and when I was scarcely four years old, had learnt so far to surmount the sense of pain, and suppress my passions, that I have been pinched black and blue without wincing, and patiently suffered her to impute to me many trivial mischiefs which her own perverseness or carelessness had produced.

This situation, however, was not without its advantages; for instead of a hard crust and small beer, which would probably have been the principal part of my subsistence, if I had been placed with a person of the same rank, but of a different employment, I had always plenty of milk; which, though it had been skimmed for cream, was not sour, and which indeed was wholesome food; upon which I thrived very fast, and was taken notice of by every body, for the freshness of my looks, and the clearness of my skin.

Almost

Almost as soon as I could speak plain, I was sent to the parish school to learn to read; and thought myself as fine in my blue gown and badge, as a court beauty in a birth-night suit. The mistress of the school was the widow of a clergyman, whom I have often heard her mention with tears, though he had been long dead when I first came under her tuition, and left her in such circumstances as made her solicit an employment, of which before she would have dreaded the labour, and scorned the meanness. She had been very genteelly educated, and had acquired a general knowledge of literature after her marriage, the communication of which enlivened their hours of retirement, and afforded such a subject of conversation, as added to every other enjoyment the pleasures of beneficence and gratitude.

There was something in her manner, which won my affections and commanded my reverence. I found her a person very different from my nurse; and I watched her looks with such ardour and attention, that I was sometimes able, young as I was, to anticipate her commands. It was natural that she should love the virtue which she had produced, nor was it incongruous that she should
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reward it. I perceived with inexpressible delight that she treated me with peculiar tenderness ; and when I was about eight years old, she offered to take my education wholly upon herself, without putting the parish to any farther charge for my maintainance. Her offer was readily accepted, my nurse was discharged, and I was taken home to my mistress, who called me her little maid, a name which I was ambitious to deserve, because she did not, like a tyrant, exact my obedience as a slave, but like a parent invited me to the duty of a child. As our family consisted only of my mistress and myself, except sometimes a chair woman, we were always alone in the intervals of business ; and the good matron amused herself, by instructing me, not only in reading, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic, but in various kinds of needle work ; and what was yet of more moment, in the principles of virtue and religion, which in her life appeared to be so amiable, that I wanted neither example nor motive. She also gave me some general notions of the decorum practised among persons of higher class ; and I was thus acquainted, while I was yet a child, and in an obscure station, with some rudiments of good breeding.

Before

Before I was fifteen, I began to assist my benefactress in her employment, and by some plain work which she had procured me, I furnished myself with decent clothes. By an insensible and spontaneous imitation of her, I had acquired such a carriage, as gained me more respect in a yard-wide stuff, than is often paid by strangers to an upper servant in a rich silk.

Such was now the simplicity and innocence of my life, that I had scarce a wish unsatisfied ; and and often reflected upon my own happiness with a sense of gratitude that increased it. But alas ! this felicity was scarce sooner enjoyed than lost : the good matron, who was in the most endearing sense my parent and my friend, was seized with a fever, which in a few days put an end to her life, and left me alone in the world without alliance and protection, overwhelmed with grief, and distracted with anxiety. The world indeed was before me, but I trembled to enter it alone. I knew by no art by which I could subsist myself, and I was unwilling to be condemned to a state of servitude, in which no such art could be learned. I therefore applied again to the officers of the parish, who, as a testimony of respect to my patroness, condescended still to consider me
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as their charge, and with the usual sum bound ~~me~~ apprentice to a mantua-maker, whose business, of which indeed she had but little, was among persons that were something below the middle class, and who, as I verily believe, had applied to the church-wardens for an apprentice, only that she might silence a number of petty duns, and obtain new credit with the money that is given as a consideration for necessary clothes.

- The dwelling of my new mistress was two back rooms in a dirty street near the Seven Dials. She received me, however, with great appearance of kindness; we breakfasted, dined, and supped together; and though I could not but regret the alteration of my condition, yet I comforted myself with reflecting, that in a few years I should be mistress of a trade by which I might become independent, and live in a manner more agreeable to my inclinations. But my indentures were no sooner signed than I suffered a new change of fortune. The first step my mistress took was to turn away her maid, a poor slave, who was covered only with rags and dirt, whose ill qualities I foolishly thought were the only cause of her ill treatment. I was now compelled to light fires, go of errands, wash linen, and dress victuals, and, in short, to do every kind of household drudgery,

drudgery, and to sit up half the night, that the task of hemming and running seams, which had been assigned me, might be performed.

Though I suffered all this without murmur or complaint, yet I became penfive and melancholy; the tears would often steal silently from my eyes, and my mind was sometimes so abstracted in the contemplation of my own misery, that I did not hear what was said to me. But my sensibility produced resentment, instead of pity; my melancholy drew upon me the reproach of fullness; I was stormed at for spoiling my work with snivelling I knew not why, and threatened that it should not be long without a cause; a menace which was generally executed the moment it was uttered; my arms and neck continually bore the marks of the yard, and I was in every respect treated with the most brutal unkindness.

In the mean time, however, I applied myself to learn the business as my last resource, and the only foundation of my hope. My diligence and assiduity atoned for the want of instruction; and it might have been truly said, that I stole the knowledge which my mistress had engaged to communicate. As I had a taste for dress, I recommended myself to the best customers, and frequently

frequently corrected a fault of which they complained, and which my mistress was not able to discover. The countenance and courtesy which this gained, though it more encouraged my hope of the future, yet it made the present less tolerable. My tyrant treated me with yet more inhumanity, and my sufferings were so great, that I frequently meditated an escape, though I knew not whither to go, and though I foresaw that the moment I became a fugitive, I should forfeit all my interest, justify every complaint, and incur a disgrace which I could never obliterate.

I had now groaned under the most cruel oppression something more than four years; the clothes which had been the purchase of my own money I had worn out; and my mistress thought it her interest not to furnish me with any better than would just serve me to go out on errands, and follow her with a bundle. But as so much of my time was past, I thought it highly reasonable, and indeed necessary, that I should make a more decent appearance, that I should attend the customers, take their orders and their measure, or at least sit on the work. After much premeditation, and many attempts, I at length surmounted my fears, and in such terms and manner as I thought least likely to give offence, I entreated

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that I might have such clothes as would answer the purpose, and proposed to work so many hours extraordinary as would produce the money they would cost. But this request, however modest, was answered only with reproaches and insult. "I wanted, forsooth, to be a gentleman: yes, I should be equipped to set up for myself. This she might have expected, for taking a beggar from the parish: but I should see that she knew how to mortify my pride, and disappoint my cunning." I was at once grieved and angered at this treatment; and I believe for the first time expressed myself with some indignation and resentment. My resentment, however, she treated with derision and contempt, as an impotent attempt to throw off her authority; and declaring that she would soon shew me who was mistress, she struck me so violent a blow that I fell from my chair. Whether she was frightened at my fall, or whether she suspected that I should alarm the house, she did not repeat the blow, but contented herself with reviling the poverty and wretchedness which she laboured to perpetuate.

I burst into tears of anguish and resentment, and made no reply, but from this moment my hatred became irreconcilable, and I secretly determined at all events to escape from a slavery which

which I accused myself for having already endured too long.

It happened, that the next morning I was sent with some work as far as Chelsea: it was about the middle of May. Upon me, who had long toiled in the darkness and smoke of London, and had seen the sun shine only upon a chimney, or a wall, the freshness of the air, the verdure of the fields, and the song of the birds, had the power of enchantment. I could not forbear lingering in my walk: and every moment of delay made me less willing to return; not indeed by increasing my enjoyment, but by fear: I was tenacious of the present, because I dreaded the future; and increased the evil which I approached at every step by a vain attempt to return and possess that which at every step I was leaving behind. I found, that not to look forward with hope, was not to look round with pleasure; and yet I still loitered away the hours which I could not enjoy, and returned in a state of anxious irresolution, still taking the way home, because I knew not where else to go, but still neglecting the speed which alone could make home less dreadful. My torment increased as my walk became shorter; and when I had returned as far as the lower end of the Mall in Saint James's Park,

Park, I was quite overwhelmed with regret and despair, and sitting down on one of the benches I burst into tears.

As my mind was wholly employed on my own distress, and my apron held up to my eyes, it was some time before I discovered an elderly lady who sat down by me. The moment I saw her, such is the force of habit, all thoughts of my own wretchedness gave way to a sense of indecorum : and as she appeared by her dress to be a person in whose company it was presumption for me to sit, I started up in great confusion, and would have left the seat. This, however, she would not suffer ; but taking hold of my gown, and gently drawing me back, addressed me with an accent of tenderness, and soothed me with pity before she knew my distress. It was so long since I heard the voice of kindness, that my heart melted as she spoke, with gratitude and joy. I told her all my story, to which she listened with great attention, and often gazed steadfastly in my face. When my narrative was ended, she told me that the manner in which I had related it, was alone sufficient to convince her it was true ; that there was an air of simplicity and sincerity about me which had prejudiced her in my favour as soon as she saw me : and that, therefore, she was deter-
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mined to take me home ; that I should live with her till she had established me in my business, which she could easily do by recommending me to her acquaintance ; and that in the mean time she would take care to prevent my mistress being troublesome.

It is impossible to express the transport that I felt at this unexpected deliverance, I was utterly unacquainted with the artifices of those who are hackneyed in the ways of vice ; and the remembrance of the disinterested kindness of my first friend, by whom I had been brought up, came fresh into my mind ; I therefore indulged the hope of having found such another, without scruple ; and uttering some incoherent expressions of gratitude, which was too great to be formed into compliment, I accepted the offer, and followed my conductress home. The house was such as I had never entered before ; the rooms were spacious, and the furniture elegant. I looked round with wonder ; and blushing with a sense of my own meanness, would have followed the servant who opened the door into the kitchen, but her mistress prevented me. She saw my confusion, and encouraging me with a smile, took me up stairs into a kind of dressing-room, where she immediately furnished me with clean shoes and

and stockings, a cap, handkerchief, ruffles and apron, and a night gown of genteel Irish stuff, which had not been much worn, though it was spotted and stained in many places : they belonged, said she, to her cousin, a young lady for whom she had undertaken to provide ; and insisted upon my putting them on, that I might sit down with her family at dinner ; “ for, ” said she, “ I have no acquaintance, to whom I could recommend a mantua-maker that I kept in my kitchen.”

I perceived that she watched me with great attention while I was dressing, and seemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. “ I see,” said she “ that you was made for a gentlewoman, and a gentlewoman you shall be, or it shall be your own fault.” I could only curt’fy in answer to this compliment ; but notwithstanding the appearance of diffidence and modesty in the blush which I felt burn on my cheek, yet my heart secretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down stairs, I was introduced by my patroness, (who had told me that her name was Wellwood) to the young lady her cousin, and three others ; to whom, soon after we were seated, she related my story, intermixed with much invective against my mistress, and much flattery

flattery to me, with neither of which, the truth be confessed, I was much displeased.

After dinner, as I understood that company was expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was shewed up stairs into a small chamber very neatly furnished, which I was desired to consider as my own. As the company staid till it was very late, I drank tea and supped alone, one of the servants being ordered to attend me.

The next morning, when I came down stairs to breakfast, Mrs. Wellwood presented me with a piece of printed cotton sufficient for a sack and coat, and about twelve yards of slight silk for a night gown, which, she said I should make up as a specimen of my skill. I attempted to excuse myself from this benefaction, with much hesitation, and confusion; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be silent. I was told, that, when business came in, I should pay all my debts; that in the mean time, I should be solicitous only to set up; and that a change of genteel apparel might be considered as my stock in trade, since without it my business could neither be procured or transacted.

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To work, therefore, I went ; my clothes were made and worn ; many encomiums were lavished upon my dexterity and my person ; and thus was entangled in the snare that had been laid for me, before I discovered my danger, I had contracted debts which it was impossible I should pay ; the power of the law could now be applied to effect the purposes of guilt ; and my creditor could urge me to her purpose, both by hope and fear.

I had now been near a month in my new lodging ; and great care had hitherto been taken to conceal whatever might shock my modesty, or acquaint me with the danger of my situation. Some incidents however, notwithstanding this caution, had fallen under my notice, that might well have alarmed me ; but as those who are waking from a pleasing dream shut their eyes against the light, and endeavour to prolong the delusion by flumbering again, I checked my suspicions the moment they rose, as if danger that was not known would not exist, without considering that enquiry alone could confirm the good, and enable me to escape the evil.

The house was often filled with company, which divided into separate rooms ; the visits were

were frequently continued till midnight, and sometimes till morning ; I had, however, always desired leave to retire, which had hitherto been permitted, though not without reluctance ; but at length I was pressed to make tea, with an importunity I could not resist. The company was very gay, and some familiarities passed between the gentlemen and ladies, which threw me into confusion, and covered me with blushes ; yet I was still zealous to impose upon myself, and therefore was contented with the supposition, that they were liberties allowed among people of fashion, many of those polite levities I had heard described and censured by the dear monitor of my youth, to whom I owed all my virtue and all my knowledge. I could not, however, reflect without solicitude and anxiety, that since the first week of my arrival I heard no more of my business. I had, indeed, frequently ventured to mention it, and still hoped, that when my patroness had procured me a little set of customers among her friends, I should be permitted to venture into a room of my own ; for I could not think of carrying it on where it would degrade my benefactress, of whom it could not without an affront be said, that she let lodgings to a mantua-maker ; nor could I without indecorum distribute directions where I

was to be found, till I had removed to another house. But whenever I introduced this subject of conversation, I was either rallied for my gravity, or gently reproached with pride, as impatient of obligation. Sometimes I was told with an air of merriment, that my business should be pleasure; and sometimes I was entertained with amorous stories, and excited by licentious and flattered descriptions, to a relish of luxurious idleness and expensive amusements. In short, my suspicions gradually increased, and my fears grew stronger, till my dream was at an end, and I could slumber no more. The terror that seized me, when I could no longer doubt into what hands I had fallen, is not to be expressed, nor indeed could it be concealed: the effect which it produced in my aspect and behaviour afforded the wretch who attempted to seduce me no prospect of success: and as she despaired of exciting me by the love of pleasure to voluntary guilt, she determined to effect her purpose by surprise, and drive me into her toils by desperation.

It was not less my misfortune than reproach, that I did not immediately quit a place in which I knew myself devoted to destruction. This, indeed, Mrs. Wellwood was very assiduous to prevent, the morning after I discovered her purpose, the
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talk about my business was renewed; and as soon as we had breakfasted, she took me out with her in a hackney-coach, under pretence of procuring me a lodging; but she had still some plausible objection against all that we saw. Thus she contrived to busy my mind, and keep me with her the greatest part of the day; at three we returned to dinner, and passed the afternoon without company. I drank tea with the family, and in the evening, being uncommonly drowsy, I went to bed near two hours sooner than usual.

To the transactions of this night I was not conscious; but what they had been, the circumstances of the morning left me no room to doubt. I discovered with indignation, astonishment, and despair, which for a time suspended all my faculties, that I had suffered an irreparable injury in a state of insensibility; not so much to gratify the wretch by whom I had been abused, as that I might with less scruple admit another, and by reflecting that it was impossible to recover what I had lost, became careless of all that remained. Many artifices were used to soothe me; and when these were found to be ineffectual, attempts were made to intimidate me with menaces. I knew not exactly what passed on the first fury of my destruction, but at length it quite exhausted me.

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In the evening, being calm through mere langour and debility, and no precaution having been taken to detain me, because I was not thought able to escape, I found means to steal down stairs, and get into the street without being missed.

Wretched as I was, I felt some emotions of joy when I first found myself at liberty; though it was no better than the liberty of an exile in a desert, where, having escaped from the dungeon and the wheel, he must yet, without a miracle, be destroyed by savages or hunger. It was not long, indeed, before I reflected, that I knew no house that would receive me, and that I had no money in my pocket. I had not, however, the least inclination to go back. I sometimes thought of returning to my old mistress, the mantua-maker; but the moment I began to anticipate the malicious inference she would draw from my absence and appearance, and her triumph in the mournful necessity that urged me to return, I determined rather to suffer any other evil that could befall me.

Thus destitute and forlorn, feeble and dispirited, I continued to creep along till the shops were all shut, and the deserted streets became silent. The busy crowds, which had almost borne me before them, were now dissipated, and every one was retired

retired home, except a few wretched outcasts like myself, who were either huddled together in a corner, or strolling about not knowing whither they went. It is not easy to conceive the anguish with which I reflected on my condition : and perhaps it would scarcely have been thought possible, that a person, who was not a fugitive from justice, nor an enemy to labour, could be thus destitute even of the little that is essential to life, and in the danger of perishing for want in the midst of a populous city, abounding with accommodations for every rank, from the peer to the beggar. Such, however, was my lot. I found myself compelled by necessity to pass the night in the streets, without hope of passing the next in any other place, or indeed of procuring food to support me till it arrived. I had now fasted the whole day; my langour increased every moment ; I was weary and fainting; my face was covered with a cold sweat, and my legs trembled under me; but I did not dare to sit down, or to walk twice the same street, lest I should have been seized by the watch, or insulted by some voluntary vagabond, in the rage of wantonness, of drunkenness, or lust. I knew not, indeed, well how to vary my walk ; but imagined, upon the whole, I should be more safe in the city than among the brothels in the Strand, or in streets, which, being less frequented,

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are less carefully watched: for though I scarce ventured to consider the law as my friend, yet I was more afraid of those who should attempt to break the peace, than those who were appointed to keep it. I went forward, therefore, as well as I was able, and passed through St. Paul's Church-yard as the clock struck one; but such was my misfortune, that the calamity which I dreaded overtook me in the very place to which I had fled to avoid it. Just as I was crossing at the corner into Cheapside, I was laid hold on by a man not meanly dressed, who would have hurried me down towards the Old Change. I knew not what he said, but I strove to disengage myself from him without making any reply: my struggles were weak, and the man still keeping his hold, and perhaps mistaking the feebleness of my resistance for some inclination to comply, proceeded to indecencies, for which I struck him with the sudden force that was supplied by rage and indignation; but my whole strength was exhausted in the blow, which the brute instantly returned, and repeated, till I fell. Instinct is still ready in the defence of life, however wretched, and though the moment before I wished to die, yet in this distress I spontaneously cried out for help. My voice was heard by the watchman, who immediately ran towards me, and finding me upon the ground,

ground, lifted up his lantern, and examined me with an attention which made me reflect with great confusion upon the disorder of my dress, which before had not once occurred to my thoughts: my hair hung loosely about my shoulders, my stays were but half-laced, and the rest of my clothes were carelessly thrown on in the tumult and distraction of mind, which prevented my attention to trivial circumstances, when I made my escape from Wellwood's. My general appearance, and the condition in which I was found, convinced the watchman that I was a strolling prostitute; and finding that I was not able to rise without assistance, he also concluded that I was drunk; he therefore set down his lantern, and calling his comrade to assist him, they lifted me up. As my voice was faltering, my looks wild, and my whole frame so feeble that I tottered as I stood, the man was confirmed in his first opinion; and seeing my face bloody, and my eyes swelled, he told me with a sneer, that to secure me from further ill treatment, he would provide a lodging for me till the morning, and accordingly they dragged me between them to the Compter, without any regard to my intreaties or distress.

I passed the night in agonies, upon which even now I shudder, to look back; and in the morning
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I was carried before a magistrate. The watchman gave an account of his having found me very drunk, crying out murder, and breeding a riot in the street at one o'clock in the morning. "I was scarcely yet sober," he said, "as his worship might see, and had been pretty handsomely beaten; but he supposed it was for an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, at which I must have been very dexterous indeed, to have succeeded in that condition."

This account, however injurious, was greatly confirmed by my appearance: I was almost covered with kennel dirt, my face was discoloured, my speech was inarticulate, and I was so oppressed with faintness and terror, that I could not stand without a support. The magistrate, however, with great kindness, called upon me to make my defence, which I attempted by relating the truth: but the story was told with so much hesitation, and was in itself so wild and improbable, so like the inartificial tales that are hastily formed as an apology for detected guilt, that it could not be believed; and I was told, that except I could support my character by some credible witness, I should be committed to Bridewell.

I was thunderstruck at this menace, and had formed ideas so dreadful of the place to which I
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was to be sent, that my dungeon at the mantua-maker's became a palace in the comparison, and to return thither, with whatever disadvantages, was now the utmost object of my hope: I therefore desired that my mistress might be sent for, and flattered myself that she would at least take me out of a house of correction, if it were only for the pleasure of tormenting me herself.

In about two hours the messenger returned, and with him my tyrant, who eyed me with such malicious pleasure, that my hopes failed me the moment I saw her, and I almost repented that she was come. She was, I believe, glad of an opportunity effectually to prevent my obtaining any part of her business, which she had some reason to fear; and therefore told the justice who examined her, that "she had taken me a beggar from the parish four years ago, and taught me her trade; but that I had always been sullen, mischievous and idle; that it was more than a month since I clandestinely left her service, in decent and modest apparel, fitting my condition; and that she would leave his worship to judge, whether I came honestly by the taudry rags which I had on my back." This account, however correspondent with my own, served only to confirm those facts which condemned me; it appeared incontestibly,

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that I had deserted my service, and been debauched in a brothel, where I had been furnished with clothes, and continued more than a month. That I had been ignorant of my situation, prostituted without my consent, and at last had escaped to avoid farther injury, appeared to be fictitious circumstances, invented to palliate my offence: the person whom I had accused lived in another county, and it was necessary for the present to bring the matter to a short issue: my mistress, therefore, was asked, whether she would receive me again upon my promise of good behaviour; and upon her peremptory refusal, my mittimus was made out, and I was committed to hard labour. The clerk, however, was ordered to make a memorandum of my charge against Wellwood, and I was told that enquiry should be made about her.

After I had been confined about a week, a note was brought me without date or name, in which I was told, "that my malice against those who would have been my benefactors was disappointed; that if I would return to them, my discharge should be procured, and I should still be kindly received; but that if I persisted in my ingratitude, it should not be unrevenged." From this note I conjectured, that Wellwood had found means to stop

stop an enquiry into her conduct, which she discovered to have been begun upon my information, and had thus learnt where I was to be found: I therefore returned no answer, but that I was contented with my situation, and prepared to suffer whatever Providence should appoint.

During my confinement, I was not treated with great severity; and at the next court, as no particular crime was alledged against me, I was ordered to be discharged. As my character was irretrievably lost, as I had no friend who would afford me shelter, nor any business to which I could apply, I had no prospect but again to wander about the streets, without lodging and without food. I therefore intreated, that the officers of the parish to which I belonged, might be ordered to receive me into the work-house, till they could get me a service, or find me some employment by which my labour could procure me a subsistence. This request, so reasonable, and so uncommon, was much recommended, and immediately granted; but as I was going out of the gate with my pass in my hand, I was met by a bailiff with an emissary of Wellwood's, and arrested for a debt of twenty pounds. As it was no more in my power to procure bail than to pay the money, I was immediately dragged to Newgate.

gate. It was soon known that I had not a farthing in my pocket, and that no money either for fees or accommodations could be expected; I was therefore turned over to a place called the common side, amongst the most wretched and the most profligate of human beings. In Bridewell, indeed, my associates were wicked, but they were overawed by the presence of the talk-master, and restrained from licentiousness by perpetual labour; but my ears were now violated every moment by oaths, execrations and obscenity; the conversation of Mother Wellwood, her inmates, and her guests, was chaste and holy to that of the inhabitants of this place; and in comparison with their life, that to which I had been solicited was innocent. Thus I began insensibly to think of mere incontinence without horror; and, indeed, became less sensible of more complicated enormities, in proportion as they became familiar. My wretchedness, however, was not alleviated, though my virtue became less. I was without friends and without money; and the misery of confinement in a noisome dungeon was aggravated by hunger and thirst, and cold and nakedness. In this hour of trial, I was again assailed by the wretch, who had produced it only to facilitate her success. And let not those, before whom the path of virtue has been strewed with
flowers,

flowers, and every thorn removed by prosperity, too severely censure me to whom it was a barren and a rugged road, in which I had long toiled with labour and anguish, if at last, when I was benighted in a storm, I turned at the first light, and hastened to the nearest shelter: let me not be too severely censured, if I now accepted liberty, and ease, and plenty, upon the only terms on which they could be obtained. I consented, with whatever reluctance and compunction, to return, and complete my ruin in the place where it was begun. The action of debt was immediately withdrawn, my fees were paid, and I was once more removed to my lodging near Covent Garden.

In a short time I recovered my health and beauty; I was again dressed and adorned at the expence of my tyrant, whose power increased in proportion to my debt: the terms of prostitution were prescribed me; and out of the money which was the price not only of my body but my soul, I scarce received more than I could have earned by weeding in a field. The will of my creditor was my law, from which I knew not how to appeal. My slavery was most deplorable, and my employment the most odious; for the principles of virtue and religion, which had been
implanted

implanted in my youth, however they had been choaked by weeds, could never be plucked up by the root ; nor did I ever admit a dishonourable visit, but my heart sunk, my lips quivered, and my knees smote each other.

From this dreadful situation I am at length delivered. But while I lift up my heart in gratitude to him who alone can bring good out of evil, I desire it may be remembered, that my deviation to ill was natural, my recovery almost miraculous. My first step to vice was the desertion of my service ; and of this, all my guilt and misery were the consequence. Let none, therefore, quit the post that is assigned them by Providence, or venture out of the straight way ; the bye-path, though it may invite them by its verdure, will inevitably lead them to a precipice ; nor can it, without folly and presumption, be pronounced of any, that their first deviation from rectitude will produce less evil than mine.

Such is the story of my child, and such are her reflections upon it ; to which I can only add, that he who abandons his offspring, or corrupts them by his example, perpetrates greater evil than a murderer, in proportion as immortality is of more value than life.

SON-

SONNET TO HOPE.

OH, ever skill'd to wear the form we love!
 To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,
 Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
 The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
 Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;
 Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom!
 That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
 Shall soften, or shall chase misfortune's gloom.
 But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
 Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye!
 Oh shew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way,
 The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die.
 Visions less fair will sooth my pensive breast,
 That asks not happiness, but longs for rest.

AN ALLEGORICAL VISION.

IN a dream, I thought myself on a wide ex-
 tended plain. At my left appeared a steep
 and rugged mountain, on the top of which stood
 a temple. The path on my right led into a valley
 so beautiful and flourishing that I conceived a
 strong

strong desire to enter it. The distant sounds of various instruments, wafted to my ears by ambrosial gales, heightened the beauties of the place, and excited in my breast the most pleasing sensations. While I thus attentively listened to these sounds of melody, a female form issued from the valley, and directed her steps towards the place where I stood. As she approached me, I perceived she was most exquisitely beautiful. A robe of roseate hue, in careless negligence, covered her graceful form, the transparency of which displayed the symmetry of her limbs, and heightened the beauty of those charms it was intended to conceal. Her mien was bold and assuming; her unguarding eye spoke pleasure and delight; and her whole deportment was free and unrestrained. With an air of bewitching fondness, she threw her alabaster arms around me; and with a magick voice, thus addressed me—

“Is happiness, fair youth, the treasure which thou seekest? then, fearless, follow wheresoever I lead. Attend my steps, and thou shalt undisturbed range through regions of ineffable delight. No care shall interrupt thy joys; no pain shall reach thy heart; but peace, content, and happiness, be ever thine.” Charmed by her accents,
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and by her matchless form subdued, I prepared to follow the beauteous phantom, when a voice, from some unseen object, arrested my steps; and, turning to learn from whence the sound proceeded, I beheld a nymph arrayed in a snow white vest, with an air of unaffected modesty and majestic step, approaching from the mountain.

“Pause, fatal mortal,” said the fair stranger, with severe and awful dignity, “and ere to the allurements of pleasure thou resignest thyself, hearken to the voice of virtue. Wouldst thou attain the summit of thy wishes, wouldst thou really reach the blest abode of happiness, know, that the path by which thou must ascend, is steep and rugged, and only to be maintained by pain, by toil, and by perseverance. The timorous and indolent, the base and pusillanimous, in vain attempt to gain the bright reward, which Virtue, on the good, the generous, the brave, alone bestows.

“Hearest thou, sweet youth,” said the fiend of Pleasure, “what dangers, toils, and perils, thou must undergo, to reach the ideal pleasure of this austere dame! Heed not her precepts, but follow me. In my arms repose thy weary form, and

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lull thy cares to rest. The flowery paths through which I will conduct thy easy steps harbour no dangers, conceal no perils, to interrupt thy pleasing progress, nor dash with bitterness the current of thy joys. With me dwell bliss, delight, and everlasting pleasure.

“ Yet stay, mistaken youth,” indigent Virtue cried; “ and hear my friendly admonitions. Within yon smiling valley, tempting to the view of inexperienced youth, dwells guilt, disease, and pain. There myriads of thy wayward race, won by the false blandishments of Pleasure, drink of the cup of wretchedness; and view, with fond and lingering regret, this steep and rugged rock, which once, like thee, they shunned for fancied joys, and imaginary bliss.” Then, waving a rod which she held in her hand, the valley expanded to my view, and exhibited a group of wretched objects, composed of either sex; whose emaciated forms, and ghastly looks, pourtrayed the misery into which intemperance had plunged them. Struck with horror at the sight, I turned to my guide; and falling in her arms, implored her protection from the artifices of Pleasure. With transport the heavenly maid clasped me to her swelling breast; and as I gazed on her face,

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new beauties rose to view ; and that severity of aspect which at first struck my soul with dread and awe, was now softened by a pleasing smile.

The veil of error thus drawn from my eyes by the hand of false Experience, the siren Pleasure, the bewitching beauty, whose dazzling charms misled my understanding appeared in her native form. The sparkling lustre of her eye was extinguished, the crimson of her cheek was faded, every charm was vanished ; and all that before appeared beautiful was now turned to foul deformity.

This sudden transformation impressed more forcibly on my mind the dangers I escaped ; and turning to address my guardian genius, with the effort I awoke, and the vision vanished : but I will cherish, with increasing fondness, this illusion ; and by its remembrance fortify myself against the insinuations of every vice, however specious the appearances under which they may court attention.

SIR

SIR PHILIP MORDAUNT.

SIR PHILIP MORDAUNT was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of his king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasure before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came; tasted the entertainment; but was disgusted, even in the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be in youth so displeasing, (cried he to himself), what will it appear when age comes on? If it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us, the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live, and serve that society, by his future assiduity, which he safely injured by his desertion.

AN-

ANECDOTE OF CASSANDER.

CASSANDER was one of the greatest geniuses of his time ; yet all his merit could not procure him a bare subsistence. Being, by degrees, driven into an hatred of all mankind, from the little pity he found amongst them, he even ventured, at last, ungratefully, to impute his calamities to Providence. In his last agonies, when the priest entreated him to rely on the justice of heaven, and ask mercy from him that made him ; “ If God (replies he,) has shewn me no justice here, what reason have I to expect any from him hereafter ?” But being answered, that a suspension of justice was no argument that should induce us to doubt of its reality : “ Let me entreat you, (continued his confessor,) by all that is dear, to be reconciled to God, your Father, your Maker, and Friend.” “ No, (replied the exasperated wretch); you know the manner in which he left me to live ; and, (pointing to the straw on which he was stretched,) you see the manner in which he leaves me to die !”

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THE ADVANTAGES OF PATIENCE.

EXPECTATION is the buoy of life; but we often retard, and sometimes entirely frustrate the success of our endeavours, by our impatience in the pursuit. Impatience distracts the mind, sours the temper, and emaciates the body. It counteracts the best concerted schemes of prudence, and renders all her operations ineffectual. So far from accelerating the happiness we wish for, it often anticipates, sometimes creates misfortunes.

Though this disposition of the mind is the very reverse of idleness, yet it often ends in a total inactivity.

We are all alike subject to various disappointments; but we are not all equally prepared to sustain the shock they occasion. Eager tempers are always immoderately affected; and, though some by the help of philosophy, are able to withstand repeated attacks, yet, in general, they are too apt to succumb and fall into a lethargic inertness.

Because they cannot attain the end they pursue, and enjoy the full extent of their inordinate wishes,

wishes, they devote themselves to sloth, and will seek after nothing.

Thus one extreme produces another, and impatience gives birth to indolence. To live with ease and flourish with prosperity, we ought to blend them together ; and neither be too hastily solicitous in pursuit of darling acquisitions, nor despondingly dejected at the adverse checks of ill-fortune.

Those who are impatient in adversity are greatly to be pitied ; for it requires more than common fortitude to sustain the weighty pressure of misfortune's load ; but they who enjoy all the conveniences of life, and are only anxious for an increase of prosperity—they are to be despised.

But men, ungrateful for the past, unthankful for the present, live only upon visionary hopes of future enjoyments.

It argues a weak and restless spirit to bewail the present hour as insupportable ; for, however heavy our uneasiness may be, it will become easier to support, when we reflect on the situation of others, whose condition is equally, if not more to be lamented.

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If it is weak to indulge in grief and be impatient, when we labour under real calamities—surely it is impious to bemoan our fate in the lap of good fortune ; and, through the wantonness of felicity, pine in imaginary bliss.

To assuage the misery we endure, we should carry our thoughts beyond ourselves, and reason comparatively, by considering their state who suffer more grievous hardships. To set a true value on the happiness we enjoy, we should confine our thoughts at home, and learn to prize the portion we possess, without envying others their greater share.

Envy is commonly occasioned by our mistaking the condition of others, which leads us to undervalue our own. If we were thoroughly sensible of the inconveniences attending the eminence our wishes soar to, we should find, that what draws our emulation rather deserves our pity.

To judge of our present circumstances by comparison, though it is particularly serviceable to the afflicted, yet it might be of use even to the fortunate ; and, as it relieves the distress of the former, so it may confirm and increase the felicity of the latter. But men, on whom Providence
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has bestowed the means of living at ease, create themselves anxiety ; and, whenever they examine their own condition in a relative light, they do not look down on such as enjoy less than themselves, but still invidiously elevate their eyes towards those who possess more. This canker of the mind often begets that restless impatience which corrodes our peace. We lose the relish of what we have, by coveting what we do not want.

We do wrong to arraign Providence of partiality, and complain of unequal distributions. It is through our ignorance, that we lament an imaginary inequality. If the proud Peer is pampered in all the luxury of ease, the humble peasant is blessed with all the vigour of health. If the pride of the one is gratified with riches and honours, the un aspiring soul of the other remains satisfied without such splendid distinctions, and is free from the torment of ambition.

Wealth and titles always obtrude upon our narrow view, and even stand foremost in our visionary scene of happiness. For these the eager multitude prefer their petitions ; and these Providence often confers on the meanest of the

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pressing throng, to intimate of what vile estimations are the things we pray for.

But few can read its secret lessons. Those who can, know that Providence is just and uniform. They are sensible that content, its choicest gift, is the reward only of the virtuous. Such alone deserve, and on such only it bestows the divine blessing.

Its other gifts deals as it were in mockery, and mortifies the unworthy by gratifying their wishes.

These reflections make the wise patient in adversity, and moderate in prosperity; they consider each extreme as trials of their virtue, and from hence they acquire that fortitude of mind, which is neither depressed at the lowest ebb of ill-fortune, nor yet elevated at the high tide of success. Some speculative philosophers confound patience with insensibility; and inconsiderately destroy the merit of the virtue they propose to recommend. They preach an equanimity of behaviour under all the various vicissitudes of life, and direct mortals to preserve the same unalterable countenance and comportment, both in the exquisite sensa-
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tions of joy, and the severe extremities of torment.

But nature rejects such impracticable doctrine she is susceptible not only of extreme changes, but even of the slightest alteration. Where she is not, languid apathy deadens her functions; and he merits no commendation, who remains unaffected by her different emotions.

To be insensible of the alternatives of pain and pleasure, is to be more or less than man. The pangs of mind and body will shock our tender frames; but, if we exert our reason, it will enable us to withstand the most sharp and violent attacks.

As mortals, the boldest of us need not be ashamed to betray a sensibility of the various affections of human nature; but we expose the weakness of the soul, and disgrace that immortal part, when we suffer them to triumph over us; and meanly submit to be conquered, without exposing that godlike shield of defence, which will never fail to protect us.

He, who makes vigorous and unwearied resistance, against the passions incident to mankind,
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is endued with patience and constancy : Though he feels their violence, yet, in the end, he will prove himself superior to their force ; and the more severe his sufferings, the more glorious will be his conquest.

ANECDOTE

of the celebrated

MR. HOGARTH.

A Few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled a *Tail-Piece*, the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. My next undertaking said Hogarth, shall be the end of all things.

If that is the case, replied one of his friends, your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the Painter ; there will so replied Hogarth, sighing heavily, and therefore the sooner my business

business is done the better. Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension (as the report goes) he should not live till he had compleated it.

This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the end of all things; a broken bottle; an old broom worn to the stump; the butt end of an old musquet; a cracked bell; a bow unstrung; a crown tumbled in pieces; towers in ruins; the sign-post of a tavern, called the world's end, tumbling; the moon in her wane; the map of the globe burning; a gibbet falling, and the body gone, the chains which held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses being dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, and the last whiff of smoke going out; a play book opened, with the *excunt omnes* stamped in the corner; an empty purse, and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature.

So far so good, cried Hogarth, nothing remains but this, taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing the similitude of a painter's pallet broken. *Finis*, exclaimed Hogarth, the deed

deed is done, all is over.—It is a very remarkable fact, and little known, perhaps, that he died about a month after this Tail-Piece; and it is well known he never again took the pallet in hand after he had finished it.

THE PREVALENCE OF HOPE.

THERE is no passion at once so prevalent and powerful as Hope. Of other propensities, which elevate or degrade mankind; some are peculiar to youth, and others to age; some can only be indulged at stated seasons and particular opportunities, and others require a foundation from which they may spring and gradually unfold themselves into action: but Hope is a passion which suits every condition, and actuates every class of men; and which, in the various and singular modes of operation which it displays, appears to mock those limits by which Providence hath wisely circumscribed the other principles of human industry.

Impelled, it should seem, by this earnest, as it were, of success, the soldier bravely faces the dangers

dangers of the field, and the statesman warily circumvents the intrigues of the closet ; it is this which opens to the gamester the prospect of renovated fortune, and which supports the adventurer through the shifting policy of defeated schemes and detected villainy. It is this, too, which counteracts the inveterate habits, and stifles the most violent suggestions of nature : through which, contrary to the calculations of the most obvious chances, the avaricious man still looks to an increase of property from some remote contingency ; and through which, in the last agonies of a debilitated frame, the old man still cherishes the fond idea of returning health.

This confidence of expectation, and this perseverance of Hope, were most undoubtedly imparted to man, as subservient, under proper restrictions, to useful purposes and rational ends. The misfortunes which indiscriminately afflict the virtuous and deserving, are sometimes too heavy to be endured by the feeble assistance of Reason alone. Human nature is inadequate to the support of calamities of which it can see no end, and of which it cannot indulge itself in the probability of alleviation. Resignation, in this case, becomes despair ; and the misery of despair is too exquisite, experience informs us, to admit of any
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cure but what results from remedies of the most violent and dangerous effects. Here, then, it is, that a favourable anticipation of futurity becomes necessary and useful. Too distracted in his thoughts, soberly to compute the means of his situation; and too much burdened already, to bear with patience the result of computation; the scholar of Adversity shuns the slow and impartial inductions of Reason, and gladly reposes on the flattering consolations of Hope.

Such is the influence and utility of this propensity, when measured by the desires, the wants, or the misfortunes of mankind. But admitting it, which we do, as a necessary incentive to enterprize, and a serviceable lenitive in affliction; we are not thereby obliged to admit it as a substitute for activity in the one, or as an apology for idleness in the other. There is, indeed, scarce any propensity more injurious to society, than that of indulging expectations which can never be fulfilled. The superiority of one combination of men over another, whether we consider that combination in an enlarged sense as a nation, or in a more contracted import as a profession, certainly depends on the comparative aggregate of their labours. The use of that man, therefore, to society, is very questionable, who dedicates to the formation of
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imaginary schemes, and consumes, in the delay of preposterous expectations, that time which should be expended in the exercise of rational industry and substantial employment.

It may, perhaps, be objected, that the delusions of Hope are too powerful and seducing to be resisted by common minds; that men of quick and lively spirits will eagerly embrace, and ardently pursue, any schemes, however visionary and impracticable, which present to the view a wider scope for exertion, and a fairer prospect of success, than the surer and more circuitous road of common application; and that we must change the nature of man, before we can eradicate from it so constituent a principle as that of Hope. Now, considered as containing mere abstract truths, this objection claims, and is entitled to, our most unqualified assent; but, when applied to the point in question, it is purely evasive. As partakers of human misery, we allow, in many situations of life, the advantages, nay, we admit of the necessity of Hope; but we contend, that in imputing folly and injury to the behaviour of those men who rely too implicitly on its promises, we are perfectly justified by the consequences. Let those who constantly proportion their expectations to their wishes, compare the instances in which

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their hopes have been realized, with those in which they have failed ; and then, if in defiance of this unanswerable calculation, they still persist in indulging ideas which can only be disappointed, their pretensions, if they raise any, to the character of prudent men, may provoke our surprize, but can never obtain our sanction. If, indeed, those men who, in the pride of confident sagacity, boldly ascribe errors to the moral government of the world, and triumphantly endeavour to exemplify those errors in the unequal distribution of good and evil ; if such men would attentively consider this point, they would discover, that many of the afflictions of which they complain, are rather negative than positive evils, and are, in fact, rather the necessary disappointments of inordinate wishes, than the undistinguishing impositions of actual misery. Virtue is ever respectable, and generally rewarded : but, if the virtuous man rates his services too high, and voluntarily amuses his imagination with idle dreams and visionary prospects, shall the general order of human affairs be interrupted, in order that individual tranquillity may rest undisturbed ?

In short, Hope is a passion which, under reasonable bounds, contributes in a great measure to the enjoyments and happiness of life ; but
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which, beyond those bounds, never fails to superinduce the anguish and vexations of disappointment. Assured, then, of this; let us, with laudable moderation, apply it as an active principle to objects of obvious importance: no longer engaged in fanciful speculations, and no longer seduced by exorbitant hopes; let us fix our wishes, and consequently our expectations, where they will ultimately be fulfilled with satisfaction to ourselves, and utility to mankind.

A WISE OBSERVATION.

WHEN old Dioclesian was called from his retreat, and invited to resume the purple, which he had laid down some years before, "Ah, (said he,) if you could see those fruits and herbs at Salona, which I cultivate with my own hands, you would never talk to me of empire."

ON

ON FRAUD AND RETALIATION.

WHEN the man of benevolence and humanity suffers, as he too often doth, by fraud and imposition, our indignation is very deservedly excited at the rascal who takes that advantage of the goodness of the heart, which he would, perhaps, in vain have befought from any weakness in the head, of the person on whom he means to impose.

Frequent instances of imposition do, indeed, manifestly tend to restrain and check not only the benevolence of the persons of whom the advantages are taken, but also that of others who chance to be witnesses of such imposition.

Nor is this the worst consequence of fraud and imposition, practised by the rascally upon the honest part of the community; for, although all acknowledge the excellency of that admirable precept of "doing as they would be done unto;" yet are most very much inclined to make a small variation in the reading of the divine command, and, instead of "doing as they would be done unto," to "do as they are done unto."

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This cannot indeed be defended upon the strict rules of morality ; but mankind are somehow, most exceedingly inclined to consider the community in an aggregate light ; and a man even of a naturally honest disposition, who hath often suffered by the imposition of some, doth in general feel a small inclination to make reprisals on others of the community. This is so much the case that the French have a proverb, chiefly indeed used in reference to gaming, but capable most certainly of very general application—"That he who begins by being dupe, finishes by being rogue."

But although honest men are too often cheated by those who are not so honest as themselves, yet such is the retribution of Divine Providence, that this is much more often the case of the knave than it is that of the honest man. Were we inclined to select a character for the subject of imposition in any transaction, we should certainly look out for one whose object we should suppose it would be to impose ; for (exclusive that the consideration that the person whom you have cheated would have cheated you, if it had been in his power, converts robbery, as it were, into a fair war, and gives that sanction to injustice which we often see injustice take no small pains to obtain)

obtain) we should look upon ourselves as in much more likelihood of success in our aim, when dealing with one of an acute, tricking, over-reaching, in short, dishonest, than another of a fair, open, candid, and honest disposition; as influencing, those most intent upon assailing their adversaries, lay themselves the most open to a home-thrust; whilst those, indeed, who like Pistol; consider the world as their oyster, but who chuse rather to use wit than steel to get at the fish, confine their operations to persons of a similar disposition; we cannot say that we feel any very ardent desire of disturbing them in their vocation, and indeed so well versed are those gentry in common in human nature, that we generally see their attacks pointed at the very persons who are according to our ideas the most easily, and, at the same time, the least unjustifiably, imposed upon.

Thus we find those respectable personages of either sex, who travel about the country, under the idea of being people of great estates; but which they are kept out of, according to the old phrase, by the right owners; and who are in want of only very small assistance to raise both themselves and those who will be so far their own friends as to afford them such assistance, to the
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pinnaele of affluence, generally apply to those amongst the country people who are most esteemed by their neighbours and by themselves for discernment and sagacity, and that such their well-judged applications very seldom fail of success. The usual plan also of those gentlemen who labour in the vocation of money-droppers about this town, is to pick out for their intended dupe some one who has no small opinion of himself, whom they persuade to join with them in a plan to cheat their own gang, who assumes the garb of folly for the occasion. It is, indeed, so almost constantly the case upon these occasions, that he who goes home shorn, came with the intent of shearing; that we have, when present at the trials of persons accused of such offences, had our doubts whether the jury ought to convict the man whose ability has made him triumph over equal rascality.

We are, indeed, no small admirers of the *lex talionis*, and much delight in the punishment of offences without the intervention of the law, or which the law hath not adverted to. Of the latter kinds are those frauds which persons of the turn we have been adverting to, very often attempt to practise upon the liberal professions, such as the endeavouring to steal the advice of the physician

physician or the lawyer, in the course of accidental conversation. The former is commonly obliged to parry these attempts with as much decency as possible, as the consequences which might attend any attempt at punishment might perhaps be rather more serious than would be wished to be inflicted.

ANECDOTE

or

MR. SHENSTONE.

WHEN a certain popular Preacher was travelling on his mission through the country, they were one evening nearly benighted on the Birmingham road, near Hales-Owen. As they walked on, they saw an object, amidst the woods, on the edge of the hill, which, upon inquiry, they were told was called *Shenstone's Folly*. This is a name, which, with some sort of propriety, the common people give to any work of taste, the utility of which exceeds the level of their comprehension.

As they ascended the hill, through a shady lane, they observed a Gentleman, in his own hair,
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giving directions to some labourers who were working beyond the usual hour, in order to finish a receptacle for a cataract of water; a glimpse of which appeared through the trees on the side of the road. As Mr. W—d and his friend, partly out of curiosity, and partly to take breath, made a little pause, the Gentleman turned his face towards them, when Mr. W—d immediately discovered him to be no other than his old acquaintance, the celebrated Mr. Shenstone, whose place began to be frequented by people of distinction from all parts of England, on account of its natural beauties, which, by the mere force of genius and good taste, Mr. Shenstone had improved, and exhibited to so much advantage: and this had discovered to the world his own fine poetical talents and polite learning, which, from his modesty, would otherwise probably have been buried in solitude and obscurity.

Mr. Shenstone soon recollected his old academical friend and associate; and with that warmth of benevolence for which he was so remarkably distinguished amongst those that knew him, insisted upon his staying, that night at least, with him at the Leafowes; which invitation Mr. W—d was sufficiently inclined to accept.

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As they passed towards the house, Mr. Shenstone pointed out to his friend many of the beauties of his place. He showed him his cascades, which were so deservedly admired, and the reservoirs they supplied; the prospects of the country from various points of view; his grove, dedicated to Virgil; his urns, statues, and his admirable inscriptions. He mentioned several people of the first quality, and what Mr. Shenstone valued more, of the first taste, who had done him the honour to visit his place: and particularly he informed him, "that he expected Lord D—tm—h, and some other company, the very next day; on which account he had been inspecting his reservoirs, got his walks cleaned out, and made the men work so late in order to finish the cataract, where his friend had first seen him."

As Mr. W—d knew the elegance of Mr. Shenstone's taste, he could not but add his suffrage to those of the rest of the world, in admiring his place; and observed, "that, doubtless, the pleasures we receive from gardens, woods, and lawns, and other rural embellishments, were the most innocent of any *amusements*; but then we should consider them as *amusements* only, and not let them engross too much of our attention; that we ought to spiritualize our ideas as much as possible; and

and that it was worth while to inquire, how far too violent a fondness, for these merely inanimate beauties might interfere with our love of God, and attach us too strongly to the things of this world.

This gave Mr. Shenstone an opportunity, in his turn, of combating his friend's enthusiastic notions, who (he found by his own account) had deserted the station in which his own choice, and his mother's approbation, had fixed him, to sally forth and preach the Gospel, without any other call to that office than what a warm imagination had suggested, and which a romantic view of converting sinners at large, had prompted him to undertake.

The two friends, however, supped together very amicably; and, after drinking a cool tankard, and spending a pretty late evening in talking over the incidents of their youth, which they had spent together in the University, Mr. Shenstone shewed his friend into an elegant bed-chamber, fitted up in a Gothic taste, and wished him a good night.

As soon as Mr. Shenstone rose in the morning, he went up to his friend's apartment to summon him to breakfast; when, to his surprise, he found
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both him and his companion departed, without taking leave of him, and upon Mr. W—'s table was left the following letter :

“ My good Friend,

“ I am called hence by the spirit : in the visions of the night it was revealed unto me. I must own, that, like the good Publius, you have received and lodged us courteously ; and my bowels yearn for your salvation. But, my dear friend, I am afraid you have set up idols in your heart ; you seem to pay a greater regard to Pan and Sylvanus, than to Paul or Silas. You have forsaken the fountains of the living Lord, and hewn you out cisterns, broken cisterns, that will hold no water. But my conscience beareth testimony against this idolatry. Bel boweth down ; Nebo stoopeth. I have delivered my own soul, and will pray for your conversion,

“ I am

“ Your brother in the Lord,

“ G. W.”

This extraordinary letter, and his friend's abrupt departure, greatly alarmed Mr. Shenstone ; but, going out to view his principal cascade, he soon discovered

discovered the mystery ; that his friend, imagining he was too much affected with the applauses that were bestowed on his good taste in laying out his place, had forced open his sluices, and emptied his reservoirs, so that in a literal sense, his cisterns *could hold no water*, nor his cascades make any great figure that day ; and, what was more distressful, he had thrown down a leaden statue of the Piping Fawn, from its pedestal, which was a damage that could not easily be repaired before the arrival of his illustrious guests.

Mr. Shenstone was a little provoked at the first discovery of this incident ; but upon reflection, could not forbear laughing at his old friend's frantic proceedings ; and thought the singularity of the adventure would afford his guests as much entertainment, as a greater flash from his cascades, or, as viewing his place in more exact order.

THE GOLDEN NAIL.

AN ALCHEMICAL TALE.

THURNISSERUS, a man of infinite whim and madness, was the author of some works which sufficiently prove that his natural temper was

was not much to be relied on. The story of his golden nail is curious. Having worked away his fortune in alchemy, and finding his schemes vain, he had a mind at once to get into the service of a certain prince, and to establish a character of himself to all the world, as if possessed of the grand alchemical secret. To this purpose he declared, that he had found out a liquor which would immediately convert all metals plunged into it into gold. The prince, the nobility of the place, and all the *literati*, were invited to see the experiment; and the chemist having prepared a large nail, the half of which was iron and the other gold, well joined together, coated over the gold part with a crust of iron, which he joined so nicely to the rest of the iron, that no eye could discover the fallacy. Having this ready, he placed his vessel of liquor on the table, which was no other than common *aqua fortis*. Then, sending a servant to a shop for some nails of the same kind, he, by an easy piece oflegerdemain, when he had desired the company to examine them, and see that they were real nails, took out his own, and after turning it about before the company, plunged it half way into the liquor: a hissing and bubbling noise arose, and the *aqua fortis* immediately dissolved, and washed off the iron coat, and the gold appeared. The nail was handed round

round to all the company, and finally delivered to the prince, in whose cabinet it now remains. The gold-maker was desired to dip more nails, and other things, but he immediately threw the liquor away, telling them they had seen enough. He was made happy for the rest of his life ; but all the entreaties in the world never could get him to make any more gold.

TURPITUDE *and* INFAMY *of* BETRAYING PRIVATE CONVERSATION.

AMONGST all the beauties and excellencies of the ancient writers, of which I profess myself an admirer, there are none which strike me with more veneration, than the precepts they have delivered to us for our conduct in society. The fables of the poets, and the narrations of the historians, amaze and delight us with their respective qualifications ; but we feel ourselves particularly concerned, when a moral virtue, or a social obligation, is set before us, the practice of which is our indispensable duty ; and, perhaps, we are more ready to observe these instructions, or at least acquiesce sooner in the propriety of them,

them, as the authority of the teacher is unquestionable, the address not particularly confined or levelled, and the censure consequently less dogmatical.

Of all the virtues which the ancients possessed, the zeal and fidelity of their friendships appear to me as the highest distinctions of their characters. Private persons, and particularly affinities amongst them, have been long celebrated and admired; and if we examine their conduct as companions, we shall find, that the rites of their religion were not more sacred, more strongly ratified, or more severely preserved, than their laws of society.

The table of friendship, and the altar of sacrifice, were equally uncontaminated: the mysteries of Bacchus were enveloped with as many leaves as those of Ceres; and the profanation of either deity excluded the offenders from the assemblies of men; the revealer was judged accursed, and impiety was thought to accompany his steps.

Without inveighing against the practice of the present times, or comparing it with that of the past, I shall only remark, that if we cannot meet together upon the honest principles of social beings,

ings, there is reason to fear, that we are placed in the most unfortunate and lamentable æra since the creation of mankind. It is not the increase of vices inseparable from humanity that alarms us, the riots of the licentious, or the outrages of the profligate; but it is the absence of that integrity, the neglect of that virtue, the contempt of that honour, which, by connecting individuals, formed society, and without which, society can no longer subsist.

Few men are calculated for that close connection, which we distinguish by the appellation of friendship; and we well know the difference between a friend and an acquaintance: the acquaintance is in a post of progression; and after having passed through a course of proper experience, and given sufficient evidence of his merit, takes a new title, and ranks himself higher. He must now be considered as in a place of consequence; in which all the ornaments of our nature are necessary to support him. But the great requisites, those without which, all others are useless, are fidelity and taciturnity.

He must not only be superior to loquacious imbecility, he must be well able to request the attacks of curiosity, and to resist those powerful engines

gines that will be employed against him, wine and repentment. Such are the powers that he must constantly exert, after a trust is reposed in him : and that he may not overload himself, let him not add to his charge, by his own enquiries ; let it be a devolved, not an acquired commission.

There are as few instigations in this country to a breach of confidence, as sincerity can rejoice under. The betrayer is for ever shut out from the ways of men, and his discoveries are deemed the effects of malice. We wisely imagine, he must be actuated by other motives than the promulgation of truth ; and we receive his evidence, however we may use it, with contempt. Political exigencies may require a ready reception of such private advices ; but though the necessities of government admit the intelligence, the wisdom of it but barely encourages the intelligencer. There is no name so odious to us, as that of an Informer. The very alarm in our streets at the approach of one, is a sufficient proof of the general abhorrence of this character.

Since these are the consequential conditions upon which men acquire this denomination, it may be asked, what are the inducements to the treachery. I do not suppose it always proceeds from the
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badness of the mind, and indeed I think it is impossible that it should : weakness discovers what malignity propagates ; till at last, confirmation is required, with all the solemnity of proof, from the first author of the report ; who only designed to gratify his own loquacity, or the importunity of his companion. An idle vanity inclines us to enumerate our parties of mirth and friendship ; and we believe our importance is increased by a recapitulation of the discourse, of which we were such distinguished sharers : and to shew that we were esteemed fit to be entrusted with affairs of great concern and privacy, we notably give in our detail of them.

There is, besides, a very general inclination amongst us to hear a secret, to whomsoever it relates, known or unknown to us, of whatever import, serious or trifling, so it be but a secret : the delight of telling it, and of hearing it are nearly proportionate and equal. The possessor of the valuable treasure appears indeed rather to have the advantage ; and he seems to claim his superiority. I have discovered at once in a large company, by an air and deportment that is assumed upon such occasions, who it is that is conscious of this happy charge : he appears restless and
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full of doubt for a considerable time; has frequent consultations with himself, like a bee undetermined where to settle in a variety of sweets; till at last one happy ear attracts him more forcibly than the rest, and there he fixes, "stealing and giving odours." In a little time it becomes a matter of great amazement, that the whole town is as well acquainted with the story, as the two who were so busily engaged; and the consternation is greater, as each reporter is confident, that he only communicated it to one person.

"A report," says Strada, "thus transmitted from one to one, is like a drop of water at the top of a house; it descends but from tile to tile, yet at last makes its way to the gutter, and then is involved in the general stream." And if I may add to the comparison, the drop of water, after its progress through all the channels of the street, is not more contaminated with filth and dirt, than a simple story, after it has passed through the mouths of a few modern tale-bearers.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS

ON THE

Inconveniences of Narrow Criticism.

WHEN men are habituated to the study of the fine arts, to the reading of elegant authors, and to receive these delicate impressions of beautiful imagery which the hand of genius alone can stamp, and the nicer traits of which congenial minds alone are capable of perceiving, their taste, in proportion as they advance, becomes refined : what once excited their admiration serves but to provoke their criticism. Performances which have been regarded with a degree of enthusiastic rapture, are exposed to ridicule ; and they look down with a kind of self-applauding risibility on what they once thought the strongest efforts of the human mind. It is a truth which few are willing to acknowledge, yet every one feels, that men receive their greatest, if not their only happiness from vanity. Vanity hinders them from owning it. To this alone can we attribute the excessive propensity which we hourly find in men to depreciate the performance of others ; but more especially among those who exercise the same professions. It is likewise a truth, that

that when we discover any real or imaginary beauty in any work, there is more applause, however we may deceive ourselves, bestowed upon our penetration, than upon the author. The triumph of self-love is far more exulting, when we gain an opportunity of finding fault : our criticisms too often, especially among the half-initiated, are expressed by contempt : experience only can correct the mistakes of vanity. Zoilus no doubt imagined himself superior to Homer, consequently to all mankind. Dennis was too incorrigible to be lashed, or laughed out of his imaginary consequence. Let us beware of falling into the same errors. Hasty criticisms are frequently false ones. In proportion as the means of acquiring knowledge becomes more general, false critics increase ; and we too frequently hear all pretensions to merit denied to those performances where the name of the author cannot insure success.

Works of genius under this disadvantage, are buried for a time. The herd of mankind are incapable of judging or thinking for themselves ; but, like parrots, prate as they are taught. It is said that true genius is generally conscious of its own superiority ; and every petty scribbler will confirm the observation.

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Altho' I believe it to be impossible for a great mind to remain utterly unacquainted with its own superior powers, yet that very vanity which at one time serves as a spur to impel the mind forward, becomes at another a curb. The dread of doing wrong acts very powerfully on those who clearly perceive how very hard it is to do right.

To be taken no notice of, is as painful to that greedy desire of praise, which is always an attendant upon genius, as to be found fault with; nay more so, for in the latter case it finds a resource: genius gains an opportunity of displaying itself by vindication. It is worth our while to enquire how it happens that the human mind is seen to expand and enlarge its powers during some remarkable periods; and why it is constantly observed to contract itself within its usual limits; from whence nothing but the utmost degree of emulation can rouse it.

There were, no doubt, a chain of causes, which all contributed to the production of all these great performances which have dignified particular times, and which reflects so much honour on the extensive faculties of the mind. Among the most powerful of these we may place an universal disposition to admire, among the people
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for whose instruction or amusement these performances were intended, a propensity likewise among the authors to do each other justice : for when men of known, or supposed abilities, are heard recommending a work, every pretender to criticism is eager to speak from his authority. Nothing can be so powerful an incentive to a great genius to excel any former production of his own, as to hear that production praised. He can always discover blemishes in his own works : he imagines he can always surpass them.

Praise is the food of the mind, and when administered in a proper medium, renders it healthful and strong. To find yourself enraptured at the perusal of those great works of genius which have received the universal suffrage of mankind, and to emulate them in imagination, are noble signs ; to look up despondingly at them is the reverse. The dormity of superior genius, particularly in works of imagination, may therefore, in a great measure, be imputed to the great number of pretended critics, and the great scarcity of real ones.

Books are become so general, and Magazine and monthly critics of all kinds so plentiful, that almost every man who reads is a critic, and every
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body reads now, more or less. The discovery of faults meets with far more encouragement than the pointing out of beauties. The reason lies, as I observed before, in vanity. The mind is flattered by being capable of discovering error, and immediately claims a superiority. To find fault is a much easier task likewise, than to bestow just praise; hence critical authors are become far more industrious in the search after blemishes than beauties. Writers now are little more than compilers, invention is almost totally neglected; altho' genius never had before so many materials. When authors engage themselves now in works of imagination, they have so many dry rules to observe, which like a large rod in a school, are hung up *in terrorem*, that invention is in continual dread of the critical birch; many of these rules too are drawn from authors whose extensive genius was above all rules, except such as nature immediately points out, and who never had the least intention of writing a critical code. The wild and gigantic, yet delightfully pleasing form which imagination used to wear, is dwindled even below the standard of speculative reason: her features are become entirely regular indeed, which is the greatest defect they could have, and which are far more characteristic of physical philosophy than of fancy. Imagination has always

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been most prevalent in half-enlightened ages: Homer, Shakespeare, Ariosto, are noble proofs of this truth; and though her studies are vast, and her steps irregular, they conduct her votaries through every blooming wild, over precipices horribly beautiful, and place them amidst landscapes, which, though frequently tremendous, are eternally variegated, are ever pleasing.

Had Shakespeare worn the critical fetters which are now so plentifully forged to chain down the fancy, we had never been terrified at his ghosts and witches, delighted with his fairies and goblins, nor amazed and diverted at his airy spirits and earth-born monsters. Homer is superior to criticism when describing his Syrens, his Circe, and his Cyclops; men were then willing to be pleased and amused while they were instructed: they were also willing to praise and admire their instructors,

The throne of criticism is too frequently filled by tyrants and usurpers, who wantonly deal out vengeance either ignorantly, maliciously, or with a narrow and confined mind, and a butchering hand. Let the sons of genius therefore stand boldly forth, and drive those usurpers from that throne which none but the legitimate sons of genius should

should dare approach : let them be eager to render justice to each other : let them try to turn the current of little witticisms and envious detraction, into the bold, free, and clear stream of emulative praise and laudable candour. Let them shew themselves hardy enough to break and shake off those useless shackles with which the numb hand of speculative dulness hath loaded them ; then shall we behold the realms of fancy enlarged, even beyond their ancient boundaries : then shall we behold them frisk o'er the lawns among the shepherds, dance by moonlight with the fairies, bound o'er the mountains and shagged rocks, with her various robe lightly waving o'er her antic waist ; then shall we view her rise upon her dappled wing, and soar majestic and meand'ring through the milky-way, even to the heaven of heavens, or sink again profound ten thousand thousand fathoms into the remotest territories of chaos and old night.

CONJUGAL HEROISM:

A MORAL TALE.

THOSE who have devoted a great deal of their time to the writings of the most ancient historians of all nations will find, in the earliest
ages

ages of which we have any accounts well authenticated, many shining proofs of conjugal affection: and if they are also admirers of the fair sex, they will not be a little pleased to see several women exhibited in the most favourable colours for their exemplary conduct in the marriage-state. Women, who would have made distinguished figures even in *this age*; in which, though *separations* are numerous, and divorces frequent, there are still wives to be met with, from the court to the cottage, who cannot be too highly extolled for their merit. The *heroine*, as she may be justly called, of the following tale, has not yet been *brought forward* to the public in the manner she deserves; as none of the popular historians, whose works are now in circulation, have mentioned her: but their silence concerning so bright a character in the female world, is no positive proof (though some people may think it a presumptive one) that such a character never existed. Even in our *Histories of England* the names of many illustrious women (illustrious for their virtues, if not for families and fortune) are omitted, which would have done considerable honour to their recording pages; though their actions were not of so brilliant a nature as to be transmitted to posterity; though they did not shine in the *cabinet*, and though they did not distinguish themselves in the *field*; we want
not

not female warriors nor female politicians ; they may dazzle and astonish us by their military achievement, and political abilities, but they must certainly give us more pleasure by acquitting themselves at once with dignity and grace in their domestic apartments : in *them*, they are, without the least approximation to a pun—*at home*.

During the course of those centuries, in which the Romans, after the expulsion of their kings, made a spirited appearance by their *martial exploits*, and in which many heroes were at the same time remarkable for their *poverty* and their *patriotism*, *Licinius*, a plebian by birth, but justly entitled to the highest patrician honours, by his intimate acquaintance with every branch of legislation, as well as by his military prowess, added to a considerable share of military knowledge, was naturally desirous (from a consciousness of being equally fitted for the *forum* and the *camp*, by his elocution as an orator, and by his courage as a soldier,) to conduct any operation for the glory and advantage of the Republic, and to *stand out* (in the language of painting) in a *masterly manner* ; of convincing his fellow-citizens that he thought himself of too much consequence to be overlooked by them. His *internal* merit was, certainly, considerable ; but there was a *something* in his *external* behaviour

behaviour which, while it sufficiently *marked* him as a *patriot*, rendered him more odious than amiable as a *man*.

This *something* (for want of a better word) was a strong tendency to shew his various powers with a self-sufficient air, and to discover the high sense he had of his own importance, in a style which denoted ineffable contempt for those before whom he with much vanity displayed them. By this ill-judged behaviour he created himself many enemies, and was always opposed with violence; whenever he attempted to make a push for the first employments in the state; the only employments which flattered his ambition: nor could he ever find friends enough in a contest for the post he aimed at, to bear him through the waves of opposition, to the animating point in view. He was continually unfortunate in all his public undertakings, and never *carried his election*, because he never took the proper steps to secure a majority of votes in his favour. Licinius, after a number of disappointments, finding that he had no chance for a *civic* or a *mural* crown, turned his thoughts towards a lucrative marriage; and he was very much encouraged to adopt this mode of proceeding, by the smiles which a lady of high rank in Rome bestowed upon him, the only daughter

daughter of a Patrician; who plumed himself upon his progenitors, and boasted that the founder of this family was a *Trojan*. This Patrician, inflamed with all the pride of ancestry, was particularly active against a man, whose presumption, he thought, was excessive, though he could not help owning that he had parts under proper management, equal to any thing which he undertook. Licinius, though he was certain of drawing down upon his head the severest displeasure of Metella's noble father, by taking advantages of the overtures she made to him, depended so much upon the force of his paternal affection, that he determined to unite himself to her by the strongest ties.—But before we proceed to the Temple of Hymen with this Roman pair, it may not be amiss to give a sketch of the character of the bride.

Metella was happily formed by nature to charm the eye, and possessed of all the feminine virtues which are the best calculated to make her outward attractions appear with redoubled lustre. The most assiduous connoisseur could not find a material blemish in her person, and she had numberless graces which were irresistible. Her mind had been cultivated with great care, as she had the best of masters of all kinds to superintend her education ;

cation; and the improvements which she made under their instructions, raised her to a superiority over the *million* among her sex, which would have proved extremely offensive to many of her acquaintance, commonly called friends, had she not prudently kept them under before them, that they might not point at her the charge of ostentation; and she behaved with such consummate discretion, that she was praised, even by her own sex, for the modesty of her deportment: and *these* eulogiums were the most pleasing compliments which could have been paid her: but she received them with a chastized satisfaction, which increased the meritoriousness of her conduct. She had a much nicer part to act with regard to her *father* and her lover. She was in a situation critical beyond expression; and the struggles which she endured, occasioned by her filial duty, and her prepossessions in favour of Licinius, are not to be described. By the severest trials which she had ever experienced, was her gentle bosom now assaulted; and she was for a long time in such a state of agonizing uncertainty, that she knew not how to come to a decision with respect to the very interesting debate carried on in her mind between *duty* as a plaintiff, and love as defendant; both of them were the disputants; and both of them had a great deal to say of their respective opinions.

While

While Metella remained in this state of uncertainty—"perplexed"—as Othello was, upon another occasion—"in the extreme,"—a slight incident turned the scale of dubitation entirely in Licinius's favour. Metella having wandered one evening, the finest she had ever seen, with a servant, in some fields belonging to her father's elegant villa, full of reflections on her embarrassing situation, painfully divided between her duty and her love, she was suddenly accosted by a man who had something very savage in his appearance, and, from the roughness of whose first addresses to her, she had reason to expect still more offensive behaviour. She was not alarmed without cause.

Turning from him with horror and affright, she bade her attendant keep close to her, and hurried from him as fast as she could move her feet; but not being able to walk as fast as her pursuer, she was obliged to halt. She then screamed, called upon the goddesses of chastity, the immaculate Diana, to save her from the imminent danger to which her person was exposed. The virgin goddesses heard her prayers, and sent Licinius, her lover, the lord of her heart, to her assistance. At his unexpected, but most welcome approach, all her alarming apprehensions immediately

diately vanished: she no longer dreaded her formidable foe; but, flying into the friendly arms of her Licinius, which were opened to receive her, sunk upon his bosom, at once overcome by her past terrors, and her present tenderness.—At the sight of Licinius the supposed ravisher, who was well acquainted with his valour and who did not chuse to enter into a personal engagement with him of any kind, retreated with precipitation. Licinius, therefore, was left quite at liberty to attend his dear Metella; and being powerfully assisted by her faithful companion, he had soon the satisfaction to see a perfect restoration of her faculties. The interview between them became then more tender—more animated—more embarrassing.—On their near approach to the villa of Metellus, whose parental severity was equally dreaded by them both, the amiable and sincere lovers separated, but not without exchanging vows of perpetual constancy, and mutually assuring each other, that nothing should shake their fidelity, to the preservation of which they had solemnly invoked, as witnesses, all the divinities in their pantheon.

From this time Metella felt her heart so strongly attached to Licinius, that he became the god of her idolatry, and filial duty now held but a secondary

condary place in her enamoured bosom. From this time she resolved to embrace the first opportunity to throw herself under her lover's protection, if he pressed for her consent to be removed from her father's house ; but she could not bring herself to depart so far from her natural delicacy, as to make the first motion for an elopement.—She did not, however, long remain thus delicately distressed. Licinius, impatient to get her into his possession, in a very short time proposed a removal. His request was immediately, though decently, granted ; and all the operations relating to the projected releasement were carried on without being impeded by any considerable interruptions. The most sensible people are too apt, when they are under the influence of their ruling passion, to act with more precipitance than discretion. Licinius and Metella, both of them, had the most respectable understandings ; but they did not, when they schemed the perpetual enjoyment of each other's society ; reflect with due attention on the probable consequences with which the consummation of their wishes would be attended. The ardour of their loves, and the sincerity of their affection, were notorious ; but the prudence of their conduct was extremely questionable—If Licinius had been as intimately acquainted with the character of Metellus as his daughter was, he
would

Would not have ventured, perhaps, to risk the full force of his displeasure: and if *she*, who certainly could not be ignorant of the private movements in her father's mind, with regard to her tender attachment, had bestowed the proper degree of consideration upon that *patrician pride*, which strongly marked his character, she would have been still more averse to any measures directly tending to inflame it.

When these two lovers had been united by Hymen, they gave themselves up to the engagements of their conjugal felicity, and were too much flattered by the indulgence of their chaste delights to be apprehensive of a speedy diminution of them. Intoxicated with their nuptial joys, they were not quite prepared for a change of the nuptial scene. In proportion, therefore, to the happiness which they felt from the completion of their desires, was the shock which they received when they heard of the manner in which the resentment of Metellus had operated against them. Licinius, however, when he was informed of his designs by a particular friend, did not wait till they were formally executed in a *senatorial way*: he banished himself from Rome; and as his amiable Metella declared her readiness to accompany him in his exile voluntarily, and compulsive at
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the same time, he quitted the capital without reluctance, and hastened to the place which he had pitched upon for his retreat, without delay.

When Metellus found that Licinius had removed himself from Rome, he was not a little disappointed, though he had taken every step in his power to procure his banishment. It was the operation of his *pride* which prevented him from enjoying the fullest satisfaction from it ; and it was the same pride which excluded all reconciliation between him and his daughter. Frequently did he wish, indeed, in spite of his strong sense of the affront offered to his *family*, to receive *her* whom he had always looked on with the most affectionate eyes ; and frequently were the feelings of the *parent* ready to get the better of the haughtiness of the *patrician* ; but the latter always prevailed in every contest between them, and became at last immoveably firm against his own peace.— From the moment of his daughter's departure from him, he was robbed of all his tranquillity. For his paternal disquietudes he was to be pitied ; but for his pride he was deservedly punished, by every pang which it occasioned.

Licinius and Metella having embarked on board the vessel which was to convey them to the place

place they had chosen for their residence, ~~till~~ they could return to Rome with more agreeable prospects before them, could not at first help discovering some concern at being obliged to give up all the most agreeable connections; but they soon reconciled themselves to their situation, by reflecting upon the strength of their mutual attachment; each of them considering the other as the first object of attention: and each felt, at the same time, that in no part of the world they could be completely wretched, while their conjugal affection and fidelity were unshaken. In this situation they waited with anxiety for the moment of departure from their native country, though not in the manner they wished.

Metellus, as soon as he heard that Licinius had designed to banish himself from Rome, and to convey himself to a distant country, was rather pleased than disturbed by the information; but when he began to consider that his daughter also was on the point of going into exile with her husband, he was somewhat staggered and perplexed. By an act of disobedience, which, in his estimation, was unpardonable, she had greatly offended him as a parent; and by uniting herself to a man of low extraction, she had considerably wounded his senatorial pride. Severe, therefore, were the

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the conflicts which he endured upon his daughter's marriage, and he actually resolved never to see her again: but the intelligence relating to Licinius's proceedings gave a new turn to his ideas. He then employed a person in whom he thought he could place an unlimited confidence, to separate Metella from her husband; to bring the former to him, and let the latter remain on board the vessel in which he had taken his passage. By as artful a *manœuvre* as ever was practised for the accomplishment of such a design, Spurius, whom Metellus had employed as his *confidential* friend, *did*, indeed, separate the happy pair, by throwing them into a state of insensibility: but instead of conducting Metella to her father, agreeably to his promise, he put her on board another vessel for *his own use*; and easily prevailed on the master of it, by considerable presents, to direct its course according to his inclination.

By this plan of operation, Licinius and Metella, to their extreme surprize and affliction, were torn from each other; and the sensations which they mutually must have felt upon their being divided, may be conceived by those married pairs who, with similar sentiments, have been in circumstances equally distressful; but even by them they can hardly be described.

Licinius

Licinius had no reason to complain of any of those to whose care he had committed his person: he found in all of them a great readiness to render his voyage as pleasant as possible, by their civilities and attention, which he rewarded with liberality; yet the kindness he received was insufficient to remove the load which oppressed his spirit, when he thought of his separation from his truly beloved Metella. His uncertainty with regard to *her* fate gave him the most poignant disquietude, and he wearied the *immortal gods* with prayers for her safety, not without intermixing the fervent petitions to be restored to her affectionate arms. The remembrance of past scenes sometimes unmanned him to such a degree, that he could not refrain from bursting into tears; the sight of which melted the hearts of those among his companions, who were not remarkably susceptible of tender impressions;—melted them to compassion.

During the course of the voyage they met a ship belonging to a nation then at war with the Romans, and a fierce engagement ensued, Licinius was rejoiced to see his countrymen triumph, in consequence of their superior valour and address, and made their enemies captives; but he was pained to find that the ship
had

had received injuries during the vigorous contest which disabled her from proceeding to the spot he had marked for his future residence. She was obliged to stop at an island in the way, to be repaired.

In this island Licinius, though he was at first too much taken up with the peculiar unhappiness of his condition to make any topical remarks, met with so many beautiful prospects, and so much politeness from the inhabitants, that he became almost pleased with his insular situation.

Metella, in her separated state, met with very different treatment. She was in no part of *her* voyage indulged with any consolation to alleviate the pressure of her conjugal griefs; they were piercing, and she had too much reason to believe that they would be permanent. The only consolation she received in her unfortunate circumstances was, *that* which *virtue* always affords her true votaries under the severest trials with which they can be visited.

With all the intrepidity, but without the arts of a professed libertine, Spurius made innumerable attempts to shake the virtue of Metella, to alienate her affections from her husband, and to

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seduce

seduce her to falsify her nuptial vows; but all his efforts were unsuccessful: her attachment to Licinius was not to be weakened by any thing which he could urge to render her constancy to Licinius questionable. In consequence of the continual firmness of her behaviour to the man whose head teemed with designs detrimental to her reputation, and destructive to her peace, Metella found herself in a state greatly to be pitied, but as she was perpetually on her guard against her *declared* enemy, (his actions were the strongest *inimical* declarations) she effectually prevented him from throwing her into a state to be deplored.

While she was one day exerting herself with particular spirit against the attacks of her prosecuting companion, a storm arose, and drove the vessel quite out of the course in which he wished to see it; and he was soon convinced that he had little or no chance of arriving at that port to which he had been directed. Instead of arriving at that port, he was driven to the very island on which Licinius had been thrown by a disappointment of another kind.

In this island Metella was indeed protected by Spurius, but it was impossible for her to be happy with

with any man but Licinius; and as she despaired of ever seeing him again, she spent the greatest part of her time in solitude, when she was not immediately discomposed by the impertinence of her prosecutor; before whom she always appeared with a melancholy which seemed to be rooted:—it was not, indeed, to be removed by any thing which he could advance in the conciliatory stile.

While she was one day rambling about, not very well knowing whither she went, she found herself imperceptibly in one of the most delicious gardens she had ever beheld. Great was the pleasure which she felt in the midst of her sorrow, from the richness of the scenery around her; from the beautiful variety in the flowering shrubs and fruit-trees, and from the fragrant odours which perfumed the circumambient air. Charmed as she was with the new objects presented to her eyes, and refreshed as she was with the new scents emitted from them, she could not help, however, exclaiming with an audible voice, “Had I my dear Licinius in this delicious situation, I should be the happiest of women; but without him even this paradise will prove unable to—.”

Here

Here she stopped :—the remembrance of past scenes overpowered her ;—she sat down and gave herself up to the tears which that remembrance brought suddenly into her eyes.

In this condition she had not been long before Licinius, having heard his name mentioned in a very tender manner, and in a voice which forcibly struck his ears, as it sounded like the voice of his Metella, hurried to the place from which he thought it proceeded, but fearing, at every step, that his ears had deceived him.

To describe the astonishment and the joy which he felt when he beheld his Metella is not in the power of words : it is equally out of their power to express Metella's sensations when she folded her dearly beloved husband in her fond and faithful arms.

When the first effusions, resulting from their mutual satisfaction, were over, the two lovers, married lovers, related to each other every thing which had happened to them during a situation scarcely supportable ; and they both closed their narratives with the most grateful acknowledgments to the Creator of the world for the happiness

pinels of the moment. They had only to regret the severity of Metellus's behaviour, from which all their sufferings had originated. While they were lamenting that severity, Spurius made his appearance.

Metella started at the sight of him, and clung closer to Licinius, who, in consequence of what he had heard relating to his unwarrantable conduct, looked sternly at him, and bade him retire, lest he might be provoked to a criminal action, by correcting him for it. Spurius, instead of retiring, or appearing intimidated by the fierceness of his looks and language, threw himself on his knees, implored his pardon for all his indefensible behaviour to Metella, and with great fervency also solicited her forgiveness. He then offered his service to carry them both safe to Rome.

Licinius, struck with his humility, moved by his intreaties, and pleased with his concluding offer, directly forgave him for what had passed, and Metella readily followed her beloved husband's example, joined her pardon to his.—Spurius then rose, and thus proceeded:—"As you have now, most worthy Licinius, so freely forgiven me for having divided you from your
amiable

amiable wife, I shall with redoubled pleasure communicate the news which I have just received, for the increase of your felicity. Metellus having discovered, by making the most diligent enquiries, that his daughter was in this island, dispatched a messenger to inform me that I should, on my return to Rome with her, receive a full pardon for the very abuse I had made of the confidence he reposed in me; adding, that if I could by any means, find the place to which Licinius had banished himself, and bring him also to his native country, he should render his happiness complete.

By the communication of this intelligence, Licinius was sincerely delighted, and Metella was overwhelmed by it.—Spurius, soon afterwards, conducted them to the vessel which had drove him to that island, and which had now been sufficiently repaired; and they arrived, after a prosperous voyage, at Rome. At Rome they were received by Metellus with open arms, and from that happy moment met with no interruptions to their conjugal felicity.

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THE EARL OF NORTHAMPTON;

THE learned Earl of Northampton being troubled with atheistical suggestions, put them all off this way, viz. If I could give any account how myself, or any thing else, had a being without God; how there came so uniform and so constant a consent of mankind, of all ages, tempers, and educations, (otherwise differing so much in their apprehensions,) about the being of God; the immortality of the soul, and religion; in which they could not likely either deceive so many, or, being so many, could not be deceived; I could be an atheist.

ANECDOTE

RELATING TO

THE BEDFORD FAMILY.

THE late Duke's great-grandmother, wife of the fifth Earl of Bedford, and mother to the excellent Lord Ruffel, died before her husband was advanced to the Dukedom. The manner of her death was remarkable:—She was very accomplished

completed in mind, as well as person, though she was the daughter of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, by the dissolute Countess of Essex. But the guilt of her parents, and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, had been industriously concealed from her; so that all she knew was their conjugal infelicity, and their living latterly in the same house without ever meeting. Coming one day into her lord's study, her mind oppressed and weakened by the death of Lord Russell, the Earl being suddenly called away, her eye, it is supposed, was suddenly caught by a thin folio, which was lettered, *Trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset*. She took it down, and, turning over the leaves, was struck to the heart by the guilt and conviction of her parents. She fell back, and was found by her husband dead in that posture, with the book lying open before her.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

THE shortness of time, and the instability of human affairs, form an inexhaustible fund, from whence the moralist and the divine will ever draw cogent reasons for the exercise of
virtue,

virtue, and submission to Providence; yet, if we were to make an estimate by the conduct of most people, we should almost doubt whether these things were not matter of speculation, instead of fact. What anxiety do we see among mankind to provide for their existence on earth? Not content with what is sufficient to satisfy the demands of nature or moderation, the more Providence is pleased to bestow, the greater is often their cravings after the perishing commodities of this world. Avarice had been what is called an industrious man, whose only study was the accumulation of wealth. By an unwearied labour of forty years, he was enabled to realize the sum of thirty thousand pounds, with which he resolved to spend the remaining years of life in ease and happiness. How soon is the Bable of human bliss demolished! Scarcely were his affairs arranged, and himself retired from business, when Death, that unwelcome messenger, summoned him to another place, for which it would have been well had he so amply provided. Poor man! where now are thy riches? Descended to a prodigal son. He, too, had been long forming speculations of happiness in the riches he should one day inherit. Lorenzo shed a tear at his father's funeral; but it was the tear of custom—not of affection.—Wretched mortal! he could not discern

the ills that were in store. One direful night of gaming deprived him of all his treasure; and in a fit of despondency, he terminated his existence.

How blinded is man to his real peace! how eager to entail misery on himself! This should teach us never to repine, because we are not so rich as our neighbour; nor suppose, if we could obtain what we wish, that it would increase our happiness. "A contented mind," says the proverb, "is a continual feast;" and if satisfaction is not in the mind, no addition of wealth or honours will ever give it. When we feel too much attachment to this world; let us reflect on the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death: these considerations will calm the inordinate desires of the heart, and produce resignation to all the dealings of Omnipotence. Let us all remember we are immortals, destined to exist when the pleasures of time are no more; who must witness the dissolution of Nature itself, and stand before the judgment seat of God—

"Amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

There is not any better remedy for ambition, than reflections of this nature. It would have been well for mankind, if many conquerors and
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whom prejudice has dignified with the title of heroes, amidst their disgraceful triumphs, had considered that themselves were but mortals, and that human life was uncertain.

THE HAPPINESS

RESULTING FROM

A BELIEF OF DIVINE REVELATION.

IN this state of trial, where the storms of Adversity beat heavy on the weary traveller, the mind looks in vain for solid repose or firm support to any doctrines of Nature and Philosophy. The fond illusions of felicity but play with our grief; or, if gained, fall infinitely short of expectation: indeed, our situation here may be well compared to a traveller lost in a stormy night. He looks around for some friendly light to direct his way; perhaps, allured by false meteors, he is led into the midst of a track of bogs, where he sinks, almost exhausted, till the brighter stream of day disperses the clouds, and enables him with fresh ardour to pursue his journey.

Thus

Thus it is with the human mind ; which, tho' immortal, is ever too much attracted by the meteors of Time. Lost amid a variety of plans, it looks for a guide to direct its purposes into a proper channel. Philosophy offers,—its promises are specious, but often prove destructive, and always fail to afford a competent support. Fired with the fruitless toil, the soul almost despairs of real good ; when the splendour of Revelation intervenes, dispels the mental night, and raises the mind to a due sense of dignity, and a firm reliance on Providence, amidst all the uncertainties of life.

Such are the pleasures to be derived from Scripture and Christianity : from these alone flow lasting happiness ; nothing short can satisfy a mind formed with desires for, and capable of enjoying those exalted pleasures experienced in the regions of eternal glory.

The belief of Revelation invigorates the moral principles and stimulates the soul to perfection. The great doctrines of a future judgment, and eternal existence, are only to be found in its pages ; doctrines which tend to check vice, and to promote virtue and universal peace. How miserable then must be the state of those who
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disbelieve the word of truth ; for, when once we are deprived of that, the mind is a chaos of wild conjectures, and unable to bear the calamities incident to mortality.

The origin of scepticism is generally pride, a wish to appear singularly learned, and a qualified judge of things reason can never determine. A sceptic is a character as unhappy as uncertainty can make him ; his mind is a field of doubts respecting the most momentous truths, and even distrustful of certainties ; he acts like one fearful of every shadow ; and is whirled, like the weather-cock, by every breeze. Nor is the character of him who professes a belief of Revelation, without knowing its truths, and examining its principles a less contemptible, but often more dangerous person.

To such we may ascribe all the feuds of superstition and bigotry. The opinion of superiors is theirs ; whatever the Church says must be right ; and what justice could not, the sword was called in to defend.

The principles of religion will never lose by a proper investigation ! but it is the blindness of bigots that has retarded their progress, more than
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the stratagems of open enemies. It is the happiness of these days, that the mist which has dimmed the glory of Revelation is fading, to return no more; and men will embrace it, not because it is established in their country, or believed by their parents, but from an inward satisfaction of its divine origin and purpose, to benefit man here, and prepare him for an eternity to come.

The advantages enjoyed by the sincere believer in Revelation are so obvious, that I shall no longer expatiate on them; but conclude with a remark, to the honour of the female sex, lately made by a lady—"That by a belief in Revelation we have every thing to gain, but nothing to lose."

The FOLLY and ABSURDITY of NEGLECTING BUSINESS, and the DUTIES we owe the SUPREME BEING, for the SAKE of TRIFLING and SUPERFLUOUS RECREATIONS.

I Have often remarked, that one half of the pleasures so eagerly prosecuted by the generality of mankind, if changed in their appellations, and ranked under the denomination of labour

hour, would be shunned with as much assiduity as they are now followed, and rendered every wit as disgusting to the fancy as they are now flattering and agreeable. Through some unaccountable infatuation we are ravished, in the literary sense of the expression, with the whistling of a name, and infinitely fatigue ourselves more in the bare pursuit of our several amusements, than in the closest attention to the duties of our respective vocations, though these avocations are the only means which we have of raising a necessary provision for our families.

The truth of this position was never more evidently ascertained than in the character of poor Bob Beetle. Bob is engaged in a very extensive way of business; and is, at once, the most lazy and the most industrious fellow in the world: he is fatigued to death if he writes a few lines to a correspondent, but he will ride after a pack of dogs for a dozen hours together, and call it glorious sport, when he has ventured his neck over a score or two of gates, and come home as dirty as a ducked pick-pocket, from a forty miles chase in the middle of winter. When he is in town he complains of it as a prodigious hardship if he rises at ten o'clock in the morning, though in the country he makes no scruple whatsoever
to

to get up at three or four to drag a fish-pond; and will scarcely walk a street's length to receive a hundred pounds in the way of his business, though he would trudge eight or ten miles with the greatest satisfaction for a brace of partridges. I met Bob a few days ago in the city, and stopping him on the privilege of an old acquaintance, demanded what was the reason of his seeming out of temper:—"Seeming," (replied he,) it is more than seeming; I am half inclined to hang myself: here, in such a roasting day as this, must I trudge to 'Change, and broil for two whole hours under the intense heat of a perpendicular sun. Damn it, Sir, I lead the life of a galley slave, and it is better not to live at all, than be liable to such continual anxieties." I was ill-natured enough to smile at his distress; but giving him a cordial shake by the hand, I wished him a good morning, and so we parted. Next day, about twelve o'clock, going to dine at a relation's near Hammer-smith, who should I see stripped and playing at cricket in a field near Ken-sington, but Bob: though the weather was rather warmer than when I met him the preceding day, he was engaged in that violent exercise, with all the appearance of a most exquisite satisfaction, and scoured after the ball with as much agility

agility as he could possibly use to get himself into a heat on a frosty morning.

If we take but ever so slight a survey of mankind, we shall find that most people are actuated pretty much in the same manner with my friend Bob Beetle. Looking upon that as an insupportable toil which is most conducive to their interest, they absolutely find a pleasure in fatigue, and run into downright labour in hopes of enjoying a little recreation. I would by no means be understood as an arguer against a moderate share of manly exercise or rational amusement: on the contrary, I look upon such relaxations to be essentially necessary; both because they add considerably to our health, and give us a fresh inclination of returning to the business of our various employments. What I am offended at, is, to see men of excellent understandings, in total opposition to the dictates of their good sense, applying themselves wholly to the prosecution of their pleasures, and creating a number of imaginary difficulties, to embitter every moment which they set apart for the management of their most necessary employments.

Were temporal concerns, however, the only ones which we sacrifice to our idleness, nay, our most

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culpable amusements, something still might be said in our defence ; but our happiness hereafter, as well as our interests here, are obliged to give way to the meanest dissipations ; and a fox-chace or a cricket-ball ; a hunting-match or a dice-box, are not only able to stifle every impulse of regard which we ought to entertain for our families, but every sentiment of adoration which we ought to entertain for our God. The duties of religion, like our domestic concerns, are utterly neglected ; and even the awful business of eternity is thrown aside, for a contemptible game at whist, or a despicable pack of hounds.

The parallel between the neglect of our temporal and spiritual concerns, will be found considerably stronger, when we recollect that where unavoidable necessity compels a momentary attention to either, we enter upon them with an equal degree of reluctance and ill-will. But in the consequence, however, there is the widest difference : our disinclination does not often interrupt the business of our callings, while we continue in opposition to the natural bent of our tempers to carry it on ; many a man, though he hates his profession, nevertheless, by subduing his antipathy to it, and managing his affairs with discretion,

discretion, makes a good fortune ; but let us be ever so diligent in the discharge of our religious obligations, yet if our hearts are not actually engaged in the service of our Creator, all our personal attendance on his worship, will be so far from availing us, that it will rather encrease the enormity of our guilt, and expose us more inevitably to the thunders of his hand.

Reluctance is an aggravation of our crime, and we become less and less excusable, the more we appear in his temple, unless we approach it with the most exalted fervency of inclination. Let us be careful, therefore, whenever we steal an hour from the elysium of our amusements, and condescend to enter a church, that we do not suffer so precious a part of our time to be lost. Let us take the greatest pains we are able to prevent that hour from being an evidence against us at the dreadful day of judgment ; and consider, in the language of the Poet ;

“ That unless we desist from our crimes ;
“ ’Tis blasphemy surely to pray.”

THE

THE THREE HATS,

A characteristic Story.

GRACCHUS was the the issue of a noble family, not less distinguished by the dignity of his birth, than by the services which he had rendered the state ; but, impoverished by divers accidents, he was at length reduced to absolute indigency. The heir to a celebrated name, although wanting the necessaries of life, he thought he should supply by his talents, what he had lost by his misfortunes. He imagined he could repair every thing by labour. The idea was good, but it was still only an idea. How many of the most plausible projects have been attempted without success ; fine in theory, and fertile in practice, nothing is wanting to these agreeable chimeras, but the power of realizing them ; but this is a talent of which their authors are incapable. Even in the flower of his age, Gracchus had the unusual fortitude of applying voluntarily to science, Born with a taste for the belles lettres, he dedicated to them the fairest and freshest of his years. He passed in the recesses of his cabinet those moments of effervescence which, in a more splendid situation, he would

would have sacrificed to wine or women. The love of glory, animated by that happy impossibility of figuring in the gay world, stifled in his heart that penchant which, at his age carries us naturally and forcibly to dissipating pleasures. Instead of *enjoying* he *instructed*; but unluckily, he choose a path rather agreeable than useful. Instead of fitting himself for the bar or the senate, which frequently leads to every thing, he paid his court to the muses; who, for the most part, lead to nothing at all. Unfortunately, the first efforts of his pen announced a talent which marked a poetical genius. Encouraged by this, he was animated to new endeavours, and those endeavours succeeded. His verses were greatly applauded, and they deserved applause: one might fairly compare them to the most able compositions of his times. The compliments which he received, the praises which every way pursued him, fired his fancy, and rendered him still more poetically enthusiastic. Sometimes young authors are spoiled by being too much fondled, as they are at other times by being too much censured. At last he was worked up to such a poetical ardour, that he talked on the most ordinary occasions in the language of the gods. Any thing less had been unworthy of him. Without wealth,
estate,

estate, or resource, there was no office of the court, however lucrative, which he would have accepted, had he been obliged to purchase it by a discourse in plain prose. "Particularly cursed of the gods must he be (says the poet) who is always versifying." Poetical enthusiasm is the most declared enemy of good sense; it is a situation absolutely convulsive. The head of Gracchus was not so solidly organized as to withstand that divine fury with which it was continually agitated; the trial was too strong for him. A thousand literary and whimsical anecdotes are related of Gracchus, during his poetical phrenzy. Amongst others is recorded his passion for introducing new modes of salutation. He projected a scheme to address every person according to his rank. This cost him much meditation, for he had been long shocked with that uniformity which confounds all, and distinguishes nothing. "If in the streets (he would often say) a Counsellor, a Constable, and a common Tradesman, should pass by me, is it not monstrous that a man who piques himself on a knowledge of life and manners, should be obliged to salute all three in the same form, without marking the different degrees of respect that is due to the quality of each." To Gracchus this abuse of general compliment

pliment appeared one of the principal faults of Government, and like a good citizen, he resolved to provide a remedy for it.

His endeavours were not unsuccessful; the endeavours of a poet are never unsuccessful in his own opinion. After having reflected for some time on the difficulties that rose up against the execution of his project, he started up suddenly, as if struck with a lucky thought, and went with all expedition to his hatter: "I want three hats, Sir, (said he,) each a little bigger than the other; and, upon the faith of a poet, I promise to pay you, with good interest, as soon as I receive the recompence of my invention, for which I shall certainly have a patent and a premium." Though the hatter did not very willingly acquiesce in this precarious mode of payment, he wisely considered that it was impossible, in trade, to gain much without venturing something; and so he gave credit to our author. No sooner was Gracchus in possession of the hats, which he put one within the other, then he triumphantly departed to put his scheme into execution. "Now for my experiment," said he, putting on the three hats, and falling into the street. He walked forwards. When he met with an ordinary man, whom he knew to be without titles or estate, he
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took off only one hat ; in passing a man of condition, he took off two hats ; and upon meeting a person of the first rank and quality, he paid him the compliment of taking off all the three hats.

This innovation, however, was attended by some little difficulty : for the very boys hooted him through the streets. Gracchus had yet sufficient enthusiasm to construe these hissings into congratulatory eulogiums. " My project must needs be exceedingly well formed, (said he) since the very children pursue me wherever I go with shouts of approbation." His invention appeared to him so excellent, that he gave himself the title of public benefactor, and expected the most illustrious reward of Government in consequence. I doubt vanity had more to do with a petition which he afterwards penned, than merit ; for the memoir which he drew upon the occasion, was garnished in all the embellishments of verse, which the ministers whom he addressed, did not think proper to reply to. Ministers, indeed, either from want of taste or leisure, are not often captivated by the charms of poetry ; but the poet was so enraged at the neglect shewn to his verses, that he fell sick upon it. Some charitable souls took pity upon his malady, attempted his cure :
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but it was impossible ; the blow which his self love had received, proved mortal. He lingered out some days, and at last died, just as he was putting the finishing stroke to a most bitter satire against the ingratitude of the three hats on his head, his fellow citizens, and with all, swearing with his last breath, that he was so angry with the whole world, which had neither taste for poetry or improvements, that he would not make another bow to any man living. *I go into the next world (said he) without ceremony.*

ANGELICA AND MEDORO;

OR THE

UNHAPPY ESCAPE.

A ROMAN TALE.

IN the days of King Cambyfes, the youthful Medoro, whose great services in the time of battle had always gained him access to the Roman Emperor, now fell in love with the divine Angelica, the only daughter of the King. But Medoro knowing his humble situation, and think-

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ing birth and parentage were wanting to entitle him to the honour of Angelica's hand, feared to make known his love either to his royal master, or the fair mistress of his heart, so ignorant therefore how to quell the corroding pangs he felt within, he resolved to entrust the promising Demetrius with the secret of his love. His flattering friend seemed to partake of his sorrow ; but alas ! it was all an outward shew of affection, for Demetrius loved her himself.

The credulous Medoro accordingly consulted with his unknown rival, who still dissembling with the honest lover, promised him every assistance he could give ; but instead of fulfilling his vows, and making known to Angelica the undissembled passion of her constant admirer, he painted him in the worst colours, and represented him as a man who sought her life.

The unhappy and timorous Angelica would accordingly shun the sight of Medoro ; the more he sought her the more she evaded his search, till at last, depressed entirely with sorrow, and thinking that his love was disagreeable, he went to his supposed friend, and demanded an explanation.

Demetrius

Demetrius, upon seeing him, assumed all that melancholy which his artifice required. His utterance he pretended to be at first so feeble, that he could not speak the sad things he had to tell: but upon Medoro's declaring he would know the worst, Demetrius proceeded.—

“ Ah, my friend, you have a rival, and the fair Angelica loves him, nay more, Angelica hates you, and vows to inform her father of your unseasonable passion. Pray then consider the consequence: her royal fire will impute your honest love to *madness*; for such are the failings of these degenerate days, that when a man aspires to what is above him, though he speaks ever so sensibly and writes ever so properly, he is called insane, and no doubt will be committed to perpetual confinement, which is in itself sufficient to make a tame man mad. This I am sure is contrary to your well known valour: a Roman could not brook one thought of captivity, but would rather forfeit his life than the loss of his freedom. Medoro during this, felt all the pangs of disappointed passion, and the triumphant Demetrius flattered himself that he had sufficiently erased his love. But he little knew how near the fair Angelica was, who was all this while concealed behind a shady tree, where responsive echo carried

carried her the sounds of each, and discovered the treachery of Demetrius. As soon, then, as the villain had departed, still promising his further assistance, and Medoro had vented all his grief, as he thought, in private, the lovely Angelica appeared, and contradicted what Demetrius had told.

Extatic joy elated the heart of the young lover, and each imparted to the other how much they loved; but Demetrius returning with another fabricated tale, at a distance perceived the happy pair, and confounded at this unexpected discovery, withdrew.

Medoro, during the interval, told all the feelings of his heart; which the fond Angelica, who was never before in private with a man, heard with a secret delight.

Oh, happiness! too great to last for ever. By the means of Demetrius the Emperor had sent a guard to apprehend the unoffending Medoro, whom he suspected for some dishonourable action with his daughter. They were accordingly separated, and the unhappy lover brought before his royal master.

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With true Roman fortitude, however, Medoro pleaded his love ; and having accused Demetrius of treachery, left to Cambyfes himself to determine his fate. But Cambyfes being partial to Demetrius, ordered Medoro to be sent to prison, there to remain till further examination.

While Medoro was now contemplating within his gloomy dungeon the sorrows of his love, the artful Demetrius appeared. The lover at first, spurned at his false friendship, till the villain declaring that his safety was only his aim, and wishing him to avoid the anger of Cambyfes, formed accordingly his tale. The credulous Medoro still listened to his promises.

“ You shall now, cried Demetrius, be convinced of my esteem. I shall this moment liberate you, and lead you to the very happy spot where the fair Angelica is bathing. You shall then, since you have fortunately won the maid, fly away with her ; and depend upon your Demetrius ; he will, as long as possible, delay a search.”

So fair did this proposal seem, that Medoro accepted it, and as Demetrius had said, so found he the divine Angelica half attired. She was, no doubt,

doubt, surprized ; but a few minutes explained all. They were accordingly determined to fly ; and Angelica, hoping to evade all detection, put on a dress of her lover's, which, at the request of Demetrius, Medoro brought with him, intending to wear it during the excursion, it being the habit of an enemy whose spoils he had taken.

Angelica, whose fears were only for Medoro, preceded him, but, unfortunate event ! some hired ruffians, who according to Demetrius's commands, were waiting for the lover, rushed out, and on account of the deception of Angelica's dress mistook her for Medoro. The unhappy fair one fell—never to rise again. The conscious villains, seeing what they had done, fled for their safety ; but being pursued by the hopeless Medoro, were slain near the Emperor's palace. All Rome was in an uproar. An explanation being demanded by the Emperor, the said Medoro unwillingly confessed. The ruffians' bodies were immediately examined, and under the garb of one had been concealed the false Demetrius. This corroborated all that Medoro had declared. His pardon was procured ; but, like a true Roman, he scorned to keep a life which he thought was due to his love. Therefore, seeing the unhappy place where the breathless Angelica lay,
and

and having joined his lips with her cold ones, he fell upon his sword.—Sad fate!—May all true lovers never meet it.

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTES

OF AN

Imperial Ambassador, M. de Brognard,

AT CONSTANTINOPLE;

AND OF THE

Outrages committed on the Ladies of his Family,

In a RIOT in that City.

THE Emperor's great and deserved reputation, and his powerful influence in Europe, kept the Turks in such awe that even in cases wherein they have had reason to complain of the conduct of the Imperial minister at Constantinople, they have suppressed their complaints, and have quietly submitted to the violation of their most sacred rights.

An instance of this kind occurred during the late war between the Turks and the Russians, of so singular a nature, that it merits an ample relation

lation of all its circumstances, in this place. The ceremony of exposing the sacred standard of the prophet Mahomet, by carrying the grand procession through the principal streets of Constantinople, previous to its being transported to the camp, is a solemnity held in the highest veneration by the Turks, and so sacred, that they will not permit any person, of any rank or religion whatever, except Musselmens, to behold it; for which reason, three days before the procession, heralds are sent to proclaim in every street of Constantinople, that on such a day the standard of the prophet will be carried through the city, on its way to the army, and that no persons, not of the Mahometan religion, are to be in the streets through which it passes, or looking out into them from any houses, under the pain of death in case of disobedience. Notwithstanding this absolute prohibition, the Imperial minister, unmindful of his public character, which should have made him more delicate than a private person upon such an occasion, was persuaded to gratify the curiosity of his wife and two daughters, who were determined to see this grand procession. For this purpose, he agreed for a chamber in the house of a Moulah, situated in one of the streets through which it was to pass; the price was fixed at fifty piastres; but two days before solemnity

Solemnity was to take place, the minister found out a more convenient apartment at an inferior price, which he immediately took, and relinquished the first. The Moulah in vain represented that Europeans generally kept their words, but more especially public ministers; he was refused every kind of satisfaction, and was dismissed with taunts, the minister well knowing that no tribunal would dare to proceed against him, and that though the order of the Moulahs have the most powerful interest with the government, yet their dread of offending his royal master was superior to every other consideration. The Moulah submitted, in appearance, without murmuring at his hard lot, but he secretly meditated vengeance, and only waited a proper opportunity to gratify this darling passion in the breast of a Turk.

In the very moment, then, that the holy standard was passing through the street in which the ambassador, his lady, and two daughters had taken a chamber, and as it approached the house, from a window of which, half opened, they were looking at the splendid show, the Moulah set up a loud cry, that the holy standard was profaned by the eyes of Infidels, who were regarding it through the latticed window of such a house.

The multitude, which was immense, as all the orders of the people attend the solemnity, instantly took the alarm; and a party, consisting of near three hundred enraged Janissaries, detached themselves from the procession, and broke open the door of the house, determined to sacrifice to the prophet those daring Infidels, who had profaned his holy standard. The imprudent minister in vain represented to them that he was the Imperial ambassador, he was instantly knocked down, and the inner doors being forced, they found the ambassador, whom they stripped of her jewels and cloaths, and nothing but her age protected her from further insults. As for the young ladies, they had fallen senseless upon the floor in a swoon; from which they were only recovered by the extreme torture of having their ear-rings torn from them with such violence, that part of their ears went with them. They were likewise stripped to their shifts, and what they suffered besides no mortal can tell, as it was reported that some of the Janissaries had compassion on their youth and beauty, joined to their tears, and the wretched situation to which they were reduced, while another party were deaf to all entreaties; be this as it may, after they had plundered them, they retired, and in the evening this deplorable family were secretly conveyed to Galata.

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As soon as the grand Visier received information of the horrid outrage committed on the person of the ambassador and the ladies, he communicated it to the Grand Signor, who condescended, though the ambassador was so much in the wrong, to send him compliments of condolence and excuse in his own name, accompanied with a rich pelice, which is a distinguishing token of peace in Turkey; and as his sublime Highness knew the minister loved money, a very handsome sum was sent to him privately, and separate purses to the ladies, besides jewels far superior to those the Janissaries had taken from them. Having received such ample indemnification, the whole family seemed perfectly satisfied, and the young ladies being recovered from their fright, related the adventure to their Christian friends, in a manner that did no great honour to their modesty.

Had the piece finished with this act, all would have been well; but, unfortunately, the Divan thought something was due to public decorum, and that an example of severity was requisite in point of policy, that other foreign ministers might be assured of the safety of their persons and property. The strictest search was made to discover the individuals who were guilty of the particular personal insults and indignities to the ambassador,

ambassador, and to the ladies, but without effect : but the heads of 300 persons, Janissaries and others concerned in the riot were cut off, and information of this bloody execution was sent to the ambassador, with a request to know if it would satisfy him ; to which he replied, that so far as respected his own person and his family he was content ; but that having sent dispatches to Vienna upon the subject, he could say no more till the answer arrived. The courier, impatiently expected on both sides, at length arrived, and brought such an answer as might well be expected from so discerning and equitable a prince as the Emperor. It contained no complaints against the Porte, for there were none to make ; but an order of recal to the minister, couched in terms that struck him to the heart, for he instantly fell sick, and either died by his own hands, or a natural death, in a few days. His wife and daughters soon after returned in a private manner to Vienna, where the story of the young ladies had arrived long before them, and represented in such a light to the Empress Dowager, who was still living, and absorbed in devout exercises, that they were ordered to retire to a convent, as parlour borders, for the remainder of their days.

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REFLECTIONS ON THE SUN.

WHAT then can this globe be, which alone
 causes a general renewal, at the very
 instant of its appearance? In vain do I cast my eyes,
 and fix my attention upon it: I can by no means
 bear its aspect, and its inmost nature escapes all my
 researches. Is it a globe wholly composed of
 fire? What are the fire and light which it casts
 from all parts? Are the light and fire but one
 and the same material being? Or are they two
 distinct things which go together, and one
 whereof continually pushes forwards the other?
 How can that globe operate so powerfully, and
 at so vast distances? How comes it, during the
 six thousand successive years it has given light
 and heat to nature, not to have lost the greatest
 part of its substance by the constant effluvia
 emitted from it? Has it then a reservoir that
 repairs all its losses? Is there a perpetual circula-
 tion of fire and light, that incessantly replaces in
 the sun what is uninterruptedly emitted from it?
 Or is the action of the sun no more than a pow-
 erful pressure of its fires on the body of the light,
 so that that star communicates its action to us,
 without undergoing the least diminution or loss?
 We shall, perhaps, hereafter explore the most
 plausible

plausible answers that can be made to these sublime queries.

Let us for the present confine ourselves within what is past all dispute, and inform ourselves of what may be relied on with certainty, on the measure, distance, and operations of that globe. God at present hides from us nothing but what is useless or dangerous; and it would be acting contrary to our interest, (to which God has proportioned the knowledge he gives us of his works,) should we reject the truths he reveals to us.

Geometricians have a way equally plain and sure to measure inaccessible bodies. When they know the measure of one side and two angles of a triangle, they quickly determine the quantity of the third angle and the length of the two other sides. Or, when two sides and one angle are known, they immediately find out the other two angles and the unknown side. By this skill it is, that they daily inform us, what the exact height of a tower or hill will be, without ascending it; what the depth of a well, without going down to the bottom of it; and the breadth of a river, without coming near the other shore. In like manner astronomers know how to describe a triangle,

angle, of which they know one side exactly, which represents the semidiameter of the earth. They, besides, know the exact measure of the two angles formed upon that side, by two lines that meet together in the centre of the sun. Thus they know the exact measure of the two sides, that represent the distance of the earth from the sun. By these, or some other no less certain operations, being matters of fact on which you may surely depend, they judge of and determine the magnitude of the stars. 'Tis true, the observations of the moderns have greatly swelled the calculations of those that were before them; which is a proof, not that this science is frivolous, but that the instruments therein made use of every day, require a new degree of perfection. However, as a single minute, or even a part of it, added or retrenched, immediately makes a difference of several hundreds of thousands, or even millions of leagues; let us take the grossest calculations and sums, that can have no other fault but their being inferior to the reality of things. Thus we shall run no risk, but that of setting on the works of God a price inferior to their true value, and avoid the danger of admiring a beauty that is not in them, or any thing extraordinary, of the existence of which we may not be sufficiently assured.

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There is now no astronomer but knows by evident proofs, and by the plainest calculation, that the sun is almost a million of times bigger than the earth. Let us here be contented with asserting, that the mass of the sun is a hundred thousand times bigger than that of our sphere. Besides which there is no astronomer that does judge the sun to be distant from us above five thousand times the breadth of a diameter of the earth. And, as that diameter is above three thousand of our leagues long, take only two thousand fathom for each league, if we multiply 5000 by 3000, we are sure that the sun is 15,000,000 of leagues distant from the earth.

We should be frightened at the thought of what the most learned and most exact astronomers, in their calculations, add to these measures. Messrs. Cassini and Newton judge the earth from the sun to be ten thousand diameters of the earth, which makes thirty or even thirty-three millions of leagues. If I confine myself to half the product of their calculations, notwithstanding the exactness and regularity which nobody will refuse to ascribe to these great men, of course I shall not be suspected of any intention here to augment the marvelous.

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To be made the more sensible what a prodigious space that half still is, imagine to yourself a horse and cannon-ball that start from the earth, in order to get to the sun, and continue their way with a steady pace, without any faintness or interruption. Let us suppose the horse to make his journey of 25 leagues a day, and the ball to go through the space of 100 fathom every second: in multiplying 25 leagues, by 365 days, the horse will make 9125 leagues in a year. After having travelled at this rate for 1550 years, he would yet have made no more than 14,143,750 leagues. The ball that goes through a space of 100 fathom in a second, will make 60 times as much in one minute, that is, 180 leagues every hour. This would make 4320 leagues a day, and 1,576,800 leagues a year.

Thus the ball, after having continued its motion for nine years running, yet would have gone through but 14,191,200 leagues. If nine years are not sufficient to the cannon-ball: if fifteen ages and more are not enough for the horse to arrive to the sun, according to our calculation, which falls so very short, nay, which is not even half of what is demonstrably known, and matter of fact; at what period of time would they arrive, were they to complete the just measure

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which

which escapes our sight, and which may considerably be lengthened for one single third or fourth of a minute, which neither our eyes, nor any of our instruments are able to take in?

This distance, which surprizes us, is however very inconsiderable, in comparison of that between the earth and planet Saturn; between the moon and fixed stars; between one star and another.

But that he who dispenses existence at his will, and is absolute master of matter, should multiply, extend, enlarge it, and add a kind of immensity to his works, is not properly what surprizes me; or at least my amazement is chiefly founded on my own extreme littleness. But what astonishes and affects me with much greater reason, is to see that, notwithstanding this my extreme littleness, a hand no less benevolent than masterly has vouchsafed to regulate that distance by the advantages I was designed to receive from it; and has placed the sun, with regard to the earth, on which I was lodged, at such a distance, that it might be near enough to warm me, and sufficiently removed from it not to set it on fire.

The rays that proceed from a globe of fire, a hundred thousand, nay, a million times bigger than
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than the earth, must needs have an inconceivable activity and force, so long as they remain close to one another, and act as it were in concert. They afterwards must necessarily be divergent, that is, more and more distant from each other, as they advance from their common centre towards the vast circumference which is enlightened by the sun, and their force diminishes in proportion to their distance at their extremities. This divergency of the rays of light may be easily conceived from the emblem of the spokes of a wheel, which are very close at the nave whence they spring; whereas towards the felices or jaunts, where they end, they become more distant, as the circle of these jaunts enlarges.

Our earth, had it been placed in a point in which these rays would have been still too numerous, and too near each other, could never have borne their burning heat. Had it been placed farther off towards the extremities of the solar world, it would have received from it but a faint dim light, insufficient for its usual productions. It stands in that very place, where it is secured from all those inconveniences which it had to fear, and within the reach of all the advantages and blessings it could desire.

The

The heavens, more especially, declare the grandeur and glory of God. Nothing is more proper than the firmament to manifest God in his own handy work. Each day commissions the following to declare God to us: every night to the following leaves the care of pointing out our Maker to us. The instructions which the heavens afford us, are not a speech or language barbarous or foreign to us. They are not weak sounds difficult to be heard. The voice of the heavens is familiar and intelligible: it is strong, sonorous, and unwearied: it reaches from the heavens to the earth: it is conveyed from one end of the world to the other: there is no nation, nor man on earth, that does not understand it: the whole universe is instructed.

But the sun alone teaches us better and affects us much more than all the beauties the heavens can display to our sight. The heavens are nearly like a pavilion to the sun. The veils, richly embroidered, which seem to take away from us the light of that star, are removed when it advances towards us: they are withdrawn, and he alone remains visible. He is a young bridegroom coming out of his nuptial chamber, to shew himself on the solemnest day of his life. His splendor

dor is then full of mildness. All admire him at his arrival. All eyes are fixed on him, and he makes himself easy of access to them all, in order to receive their first salutations. But he is commissioned to convey the heat and the life, as well as the light, every where. He hastens to discharge this important office ; he darts more and more fire as he ascends. He passes from one end of the heavens to another, and runs like a strong indefatigable wrestler. He enlivens whatever he lights. There is nothing that can either be hid from his light, or subsist without his heat ; and by his penetrating fires he reaches those very places which are inaccessible to his rays.

THE REFINED LOVERS:

A MORAL TALE.

WHEN a lady happens to feel tender prepossessions in favour of a man very much inferior to her in point of rank and fortune, she may be allowed to make the first overtures to him, especially if she has reason to believe from his behaviour that he feels prepossessions of the same

same kind with her own, and that he is only prevented by a delicate consciousness of his inferiority from making an avowal of his passion for her. In this situation, however, though appearances may be very promising, a woman cannot be sure of disinterestedness on the side of him who has made an impression on her heart: she cannot be certain that his affection is pure and unmixed with any mercenary considerations, without making some trial of it; without bringing it to the test. An artful woman is not, in general, an amiable character, but, in these supposed circumstances, no woman can be fairly blamed for the exertions of her address.

Olivetta, a rich heiress in one of the most fertile parts of Spain, lived upon the lands she inherited in a stile which at once proved the grandeur of her sentiments, and the delicacy of her taste; the strength of her understanding, and the goodness of her heart. In the various arrangements of her household, she discovered a considerable deal of judgment, happily steering between the two extremes of parsimony and extravagance; and while she exhibited a splendid appearance to the world, had not recourse to any domestic meanness for the support of it. Her liberality was extensive, but it was ever under the guidance of discretion: the

the objects of her beneficence were numerous, but they were objects deserving of her compassion before they tasted of her generosity.

It may be easily imagined that such a woman, unmarried, had a train of admirers. Olivetta's admirers were innumerable, and many of them were in a situation to justify their pretensions to an alliance with her; but as she had discernment enough to see that the majority of them only wanted to increase their consequence by the addition of her fortune, she very prudently declined coming to any serious conversations with them.

Among those who wished to be united to Olivetta, there was one, however, whom she particularly distinguished from the rest, and for whom she felt emotions of which she had not before he came in her way been sensible. With nothing to recommend himself to her first notice but an agreeable person, and a genteel deportment, he drew her attention: by his modest and respectful behaviour afterwards he became of so much importance in her eyes that she could not help secretly wishing he was in a situation to throw himself into the line of her opulent lovers; a line which he avoided with a decency which heightened the favourable opinion she had entertained of him.

Julio,

Julio, the timid, silent, sincere lover of Olivetta, was by birth a gentleman, but the sport of fortune. His parents having met with a series of bitter disappointments, sunk at last under the oppressive load of them, and left him to struggle with an income just sufficient for a decent subsistence ; an income by no means equal to what he had reason to expect in his early days, to the education which his father bestowed upon him when he was in a flourishing state, and had no presentiment of the change he was destined to feel in his circumstances. With that income, however, he made himself, by dint of œconomy, fit to mix with the best company. His figure, his conversation, and his manners, were extremely engaging ; and he was as much praised as pitied by all who knew him. Every body said that he deserved to be placed in a very different sphere, but nobody offered to promote his advancement to it. A man, cramped in his affairs by the mere caprice of fortune, without having done any thing to merit his adversity, may derive some pleasure, indeed, from the good wishes of his friends, but if those who declare themselves to be his friends are not active in his service ; if they take no steps to remove the distresses which excite their compassion, he is under very slight obligations to them. Julio could not but be pained by

by the inactivity of his friends, yet he was cheerful; and moved in his small circle uncomplaining, unrepining, with a dignity which threw a lustre upon his character, and shamed many illustrious personages, who looked down upon him with the cold eye of commiseration.

This was the man whom Olivetta beheld in the most favourable light, and whom she thought worthy of that affluence which she herself enjoyed. At first she viewed him with a kind of reverence, so much was she struck with the philosophic part of his character: veneration was soon followed by esteem, and esteem in a short time ripened into love. Such was the succession of feelings in Olivetta's bosom, and the last gave no small disturbance to her gentle breast. Many were the tender lines which she remembered from the soft pages of the most elegant Spanish poets; lines of which she had not till then felt the full—the more poetic force. She blushed whenever she thought of loving a man in a station so much beneath her: not because she deemed Julio undeserving of her sincerest affection, but because she clearly perceived that he would not venture to offer himself to her for a husband, and that she could not of course hope to be united to him in the manner she wished, without deviating from

the decorum which she could not bring herself to violate.

While she was sitting one day in this painful perplexing situation, in a pensive attitude, over one of her favourite poets, a young lady, for whom she had a great regard, who lived with her as a companion, endeavoured to divert her melancholy by some sprightly reflections on the havoc made among the two sexes by the belle passion: but poor Olivetta was too much under the influence of that passion to be amused with her companion's vivacities. She only, sighing, replied, that those were, in her opinion, the unhappiest of human beings who were denied the satisfaction of a marriage agreeable to their inclination.

Francisca, who knew as well what passed in Olivetta's heart at that moment as she did herself, told her, that "if she was in her place, she would marry the man she liked, however inferior he might be to her, if he was not unworthy of her, and if she could be assured of his loving her, without any lucrative views, in return.

"Would you have me condescend to make the first advances to a man?"

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"The first advances from a woman to a man," replied Francisca, "are not, I confess, in general, to be defended; but circumstanced as you are, a few female delicacies may, I think, be dispensed with. You love Julio—nay, you need not be ashamed of loving him—I am sure he is necessary to your happiness. He is very much your inferior, I grant, with respect to rank and fortune, but he is a gentleman by birth and education, and intrinsically superior to all his richer competitors. From the modesty of his behaviour, in consequence, no doubt, of his elevated sentiments, I will presume to say, that he will never speak first upon the subject.—"

"Then I am doomed to be miserable," exclaimed Oliyetta, hastily interrupting her, rising, and walking across her chamber inexpressibly agitated.

"Perhaps not," answered Francisca: "your amiable lover, though his extreme diffidence, a diffidence which enhances his merit, prevents him from disclosing the sensations which wound his peace on your account, may be drawn into the very declaration you wish to extract from him. I do not pretend to put myself upon a footing with you, in any shape, yet I fancy I can point out

out a way to you by which you may arrive at the summit of your desires, without being reduced to any indelicate measures."

Olivetta, after having listened very attentively to her concluding words, earnestly intreated her to proceed with the greatest freedom and unreservedness.

Francisca obeyed, proceeded, and gave Olivetta so much pleasure by her communications, that she resolved to avail herself of her advice without delay.

While Olivetta and Francisca were engaged in this manner, Julio, unable to remain in a place where he was perpetually beholding the woman he loved to distraction, but with whom he dared not to expect an alliance, determined to remove himself to a distant part of the country, and endeavour, by absence, to cure the wounds which love had inflicted on his heart. It was not, however, till after the severest conflict which he had ever endured, that he resolved to take a step so little likely to produce the intended effect.

When he had packed up the few moveables in his possession, he repaired to Olivetta's magnificent

cent mansion, in order to pay his grateful acknowledgments for all the civilities he had received from her, and bid his eyes "take their last farewell."

The reception which he met with from the "goddeſs of his idolatry" would have probably encouraged any other man to tell his "fond tale;" but he, from the extreme refinement of his ideas, was as ſilent upon the ſubject in which he was moſt intereſted, and only announced his departure, after having poured out his moſt grateful effuſions. During the delivery of thoſe effuſions Olivetta's cheeks were alternately pale and red, and the concluding words affected her in ſuch a manner, that ſhe was almoſt on the point of fainting away. Recovering herſelf however in a few moments, ſhe took a diamond ring of conſiderable value from her finger, and preſented it to him, with the following ſpeech :

"Having long entertained a high opinion of your merit, Sir, I have long wiſhed to reward it; and if I ſhould happily have it in my power to be of ſervice to you, I ſhall certainly prove myſelf your friend. In the mean time, I beg you to accept this trifle (preſenting the ring to him) as a ſmall token of my regard, and let me be acquainted

acquainted with your route, if you are absolutely determined to leave this place, that I may know whither to dispatch a messenger should I hear of any thing to your advantage."

If Julio had observed Olivetta's looks while she delivered the above speech with the penetrating eyes of a truly-touched innamorato, he would have derived the highest satisfaction from them, as they forcibly assured him, as forcibly as a thousand words could have done, that she earnestly wished to reward him personally for the merit which had won her heart, and that she wished with the utmost impatience for his making the first overtures, to save her from the indelicacy of having recourse to the still plainer mode of utterance for the consummation of her desires: her chaste desires, for she loved Julio with an affection of the purest kind; loved him more for his internal worth, than for his external accomplishments.

Julio, overwhelmed at once with gratitude, love, and delicacy, was unable to return an answer to the most friendly expressions with which the brilliant donation was accompanied.

It is an old saying, and a pretty true one, that a man sincerely in love is very apt to look like a fool

fool in the presence of his mistress. It is not quite clear that Julio's appearance would have been silly before a woman to whom he might have made, he thought, pretensions without being guilty of impertinence, or presumption; but Olivetta's superiority operated upon him in such a manner, that all the encouragement she gave him to disclose his tender sensations, was insufficient to remove the obstructions which delicacy threw in his way. After much hesitation, and many strong marks of irresolution in his whole behaviour, he muttered out something very grateful, but very awkwardly pronounced, and retired.

It is not easy to describe what Olivetta suffered when her timid lover had taken his leave. Ordering her attendants to withdraw, she thus unbosomed herself to her faithful companion :

“ The behaviour of this amiable man, my dear Francisca, is not to be endured. I have gone as far as I can with propriety to make him see that his addresses to me would be favourably received, but to no purpose. You are continually assuring me, that he loves me as much as I love him. Would he not, then, encouraged as he had been, make a declaration? Besides, how can you reconcile
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his intended departure from this place for ever, (these were his words, Francisca,) with the violence of his attachment to me?"

"The violence of his attachment," replied Francisca, smiling, "is the cause of his departure. If he was quite indifferent about you, he would not, I imagine, have thought of it. His diffidence, his delicacy—call it what you will—prevents him from revealing the secret he longs to discover, (you cannot yourself long more to have the disclosure of it,) and he is, therefore resolved to fly from a spot which is become so distressing to him."

"You are right, I believe, my dear; but what can I do? how can I act? I cannot say directly to him 'I love!' and he will not, you perceive, give me a decent opportunity to tell him so."

"You are two of the most refined lovers in Spain, but were I in your situation I would—"

Here Francisca was interrupted by the arrival of a letter to Olivetta, who, upon breaking it open, and seeing the name of Julio at the bottom of the page, read it with her spirits more fluttered than she had before ever felt them.

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“ The unfortunate Julio, unable to express his gratitude in the terms he wished when he received the generous Olivetta’s valuable present, accompanied with assurances of a very flattering kind, cannot help embracing this opportunity, before his departure, to inform her that her noble behaviour has strengthened his resolution never to return. The recollection of her promised friendship will afford him, wherever he goes, as much consolation as he can possibly enjoy while he feels himself in a situation which forbids him to expect an alliance with the only woman in the world whom he can ever love: from the presence of her he flies into a voluntary exile, because he cannot bear the sight of that beauty which he ardently longs, but dares not hope to call his own.—May she never endure the pangs of love, sharpened by despair !”

The perusal of this letter occasioned a variety of mixed emotions in the fluttered bosom of Olivetta, but the pleasing ones were predominant. Supposing that she might now venture to reward the merit which had long engrossed her attention, she dispatched a note to her despairing lover, sufficiently animating, she imagined, not only to make him give up all thoughts of banishment, but to bring him in haste to her palace.

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Having sent it away by a trusty and active messenger, she waited for his coming back with a restlessness much more easily to be conceived than communicated.

The messenger, hearing that Julio had set out from his apartment some hours before his arrival, made all the enquiries in his power concerning the road he had taken, but not being able to gain the least intelligence about it, returned with his dispatches.

Olivetta, on the return of her domestic, was inexpressibly disappointed, discontented, and distressed; and while she regretted the loss of the only man who had kindled the flame of love in her breast, reproached herself severely for that refinement which, by driving him into exile, had deprived her of the exquisite pleasure she had promised herself from the contents of her answer to his desponding epistle.

Day succeeded day, week followed week, moons performed their revolutions, and no Julio appeared. At last, her pain on his account increasing, and her patience being quite exhausted, Olivetta, dead to all the enjoyments of the world, resolved to seclude herself from it;
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to spend the remainder of her melancholy days in a convent. Having made over the greatest part of her fortune to Francisca, she proceeded to carry her monastic designs into execution.

When she arrived within sight of her retreat, the very man for whose sake she was going to bury herself alive, Julio, surprized her with his appearance. The moment he saw her he advanced with an uncommon agility towards her; but perceiving on a nearer approach that she looked like the picture of death, he started, and could hardly believe his eyes.

Olivetta, while her lover was advancing to her, had fainted away in the arms of her attendants. As soon as she recovered, he enquired with the greatest anxiety into the cause of the melancholy alteration in her looks. On her acquainting him with her sufferings on his account, and with her conventual intentions, in consequence of them, he rapturously told her that it was in his power, by the decease of an opulent relation, to reinstate her in her former stile of life; and that if she would consent to share his unexpected acquisition with him, he should deem himself the happiest being in the universe.

Olivetta

Olivetta was charmed with a behaviour which left her no room to question the sincerity of her Julio's attachment to her, but threw out of a few difficulties, originating from a new species of delicacy: those difficulties were however, soon surmounted, and the union of their hearts was cemented by the union of their hands.

ANECDOTE OF MR. NASH.

OF the many instances of humanity recorded of the celebrated Mr. Nash, King of Bath, the *Spectator* takes notice of one, though his name is not mentioned. When he was to give in his accounts to the Masters of the Temple, among other articles, he charged, "For making one man happy, *ten pounds*." Being questioned about the meaning of so strange an *item*, he frankly declared, that, happening to overhear a poor man declare to his wife and a large family of children, that ten pounds would make him happy, he could not avoid trying the experiment. He added, if they did not choose to acquiesce in his charge, he was ready to refund the money. The Masters, struck with such an uncommon instance
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of good-nature, publicly thanked him for his benevolence, and desired the sum might be doubled, as a proof of their satisfaction.

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

DR. MISAUBIN.

THE late Doctor Misaubin was famous for curing a particular disorder; and his recipe first introduced him into the polite world; but his uncommon humour and docility of temper, recommended him still more to several Noblemen of the first rank. Amongst these were the late Dukes of Montague and Richmond, of whose parties he used frequently to be, and was always very conducive to the mirth and enjoyment of the company. As a specimen of the kind of merriment he produced upon these occasions, we shall take a view of the Doctor at court, upon being introduced to the late King. The Duke of Montague had advertised his Majesty of the whimsical character of Mr. Misaubin,

aubin; and added, he would afford some mirth upon being introduced on a levee-day. Accordingly the Duke said to the Doctor, he wondered so celebrated a physician had never been introduced at St. James's. The Doctor snapped at the bait, and said, he should take it as a great honour if his grace would introduce him. The Duke consented to his request, and the Doctor consulted him with regard to his dress. His Grace advised him, by all means, to make his first appearance in a suit of black velvet, which was accordingly obtained; and the Duke prepared himself with an uncommon large wig, in which near a pound of powder was contained. Upon the Duke's perceiving the Doctor, he ran up to him, and overwhelmed him with powder and embraces, saying, "How happy I am, dear Doctor, to have this opportunity of introducing you to the King!" The Doctor humm'd and ha'd—'But my coat, my Lord!—I shall look like a miller.' The Duke, however, did not desist from shaking his head, till he had discharged at least three quarters of a pound of powder upon the Doctor's black velvet suit. His Grace then introduced him to the King, who was ready to burst his sides with laughing; the Doctor being more engaged in wiping his cloaths, than in making his obeisance. Though his introduction

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was attended with this ridiculous appearance, the Doctor failed not ever after attending St. James's on court days, and plumed himself not a little upon being so respectable a courtier. He was some time after at Windsor, when he was asked by a patient his address in town; to which he replied with disdain, 'To Doctor Misfaubin, in the world.' He had, at length, wrought himself up to such a pitch of importance, from his acquaintance and connexions, that he thought it beneath him to be any longer a Walking-Doctor; and he therefore rolled in his chariot. One day, whilst he was at dinner at the Duke of Montague's, his Grace had employed a coach-painter to give a proper coat of arms to his carriage; he accordingly painted a patient receiving a clyster from the Doctor; and he traversed the whole town with this device on his carriage, without being able to guess what the spectators every where immoderately laughed at. Hogarth has introduced the Doctor's figure in the Harlot's Progress, in the place where she expires.

The Doctor made a will, and bequeathed twenty thousand pounds to his widow. This bequest got vent, and every body imagined the Doctor a man of great property; but it at length appeared that these twenty thousand pounds were not in specie,

specie, nor in paper, they consisted of twenty thousand pills, which he estimated at one pound each.

THE UNGENEROUS FRIEND.

FRIENDSHIPS, between persons of either sex, which seem to be the most promising ones, and which seem to bid fair for perpetuity, are sometimes weakened by unexpected incidents; and when a friendship is once considerably weakened, it generally hastens to a dissolution. Upon such an occasion the aggressing friend, if his sensibility has not been quite extinguished by his unjust resentment, will endeavour to heal the breach made by it; but on the other hand, his sensibility may prevent him from repairing the fault he has committed, by impelling him to shun the man whom he has injured. There have been men whose repentance, in consequence of their rashness, has driven them to despair; whose feelings, in the moment of desperation, have been fatal.

Harry Thomson and George Dawson, the sons of country gentlemen in the same part of England,

land, first became acquainted with each other by having been sent to the same university, and afterwards became very intimate friends from a general similitude in their dispositions.

When the two friends had finished their academical studies, they were separated for some years. Harry, in consequence of his father's being ordered to the waters of Baréges for his health, accompanied him to that fashionable (because foreign) watering-place; and in consequence of his receiving benefit from his aquatic operations, left him there at his own request (though not without many hesitations) to make the tour of Italy. "You have often expressed a desire, my dear Harry, to set yourself upon classic ground; and as the agreeable people we found in this house are going to Rome, you cannot, I think, do better than join their party; especially as they have politely declared, that they shall think themselves happy with your company."

Harry, having a sincere regard for his father, started several objections to a proposal, with which, had he been perfectly recovered, he would have immediately closed. "I cannot think of leaving you, Sir, till your health is quite re-established."

"It is now in so good a way, replied he, that you need not make yourself in the least uneasy about me; therefore, prythee, Harry, prepare for your Italian journey."

Harry's preparation's being finished, he set out with his agreeable party, and arrived at Rome, after a very pleasant expedition, rendered additionally so by the entertaining society of his companions. His arrival at Rome gave him double pleasure, as he had long wished, with all the ardour of a thorough-paced virtuoso, to pay a visit to a city which contained so magnificent a feast for the lettered mind. With a joy not to be expressed, to be felt only by the traveller of taste, he ranged from one museum to another, with his intelligent *Ciceroni*; and while he hung over every precious remnant of antiquity, could not confine within his breast, the raptures with which it was agitated. His exclamations were frequent, spirited, and loud.

Harry, however, was not so far infatuated with his new situation as to forget his father. In the midst of his delicious engagements, in the centre of *virtu*, he was dutiful. He remembered his friend too, with whom he had punctually corresponded during his stay in France, and wrote often
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to him from his Roman apartments. His father and his friend were very well pleased with the letters they received from him, but his fellow-travellers began to wish for more of his society than he choose to give them, (particularly one of them) who was considerably pained at his violent attachment to insensible objects."

Harry's fellow-travellers were a Mr. Mrs. and Miss Nicholls; as amiable a family as ever lived.

Maria Nicholls had soon after her meeting with Harry in France, found him necessary to her happiness; and flattered herself, from his attention to her there, that she had made the same impression upon his heart which he had upon her's; the tenderest that ever throbbed with love. Her natural delicacy prevented her from making any discoveries to her disadvantage; but the suppression of her feelings gave her an infinite deal of uneasiness: feelings which she was ashamed to disclose to her mother who continually (as both she and Mr. Nicholls were exceedingly concerned at her melancholy) urged her to communicate the cause of her dejection.

Mrs. Nicholls, at last, drew the long confined secret from her dejected daughter, and wished to see

see her restored to her former cheerfulness, by the return of the passion she felt for Mr. Thomson, whom she extremely approved of ; but neither she nor Mr. Nicholls, who approved of him also, knew well how to bring about the desirable event. The man on whom their daughter had set her heart, though he behaved in the politest, and most unexceptionable manner to her, discovered no tenderness in his behaviour, to induce them to believe that he was in love with her ; and they had too much pride to make the first overtures on her account, to any man. They were determined, therefore, to wait for a change in Thomson's behaviour, favourable to their Maria ; but in consideration of the anxiety which she endured from his apparent indifference, they encouraged him, as much as they could, without lessening themselves in their own eyes, to form an alliance with them.

While Maria's considerate parents were acting in this manner, and while she was, herself, sighing to find all their affectionate efforts unsuccessful, they were all under the greatest mistake with regard to Harry's behaviour. He was by no means the *indifferent* they supposed him to be. He was not entirely devoted to statues and pictures, to coins and jems, to manuscripts

scripts and medals. He was, indeed, sufficiently enamoured of Miss Nicholls to wish to be indissolubly united to her, but he choose first to be certain of her affection for him, before he asked his father's consent to make his addressee to her; and, secondly; to secure his consent before he discovered his affection for her.

A trifling incident, (from such incidents how many important events originate!) soon convinced him that his passion for Maria was amply returned. Transported at the discovery, but with difficulty keeping down his transporting sensations upon the occasion, he wrote immediately to his father to acquaint him with the situation of his heart, and to inform him that his future happiness depended on his marrying Miss Nicholls.—“ I have the strongest reasons, continued he, to believe that Miss Nicholls beholds me with partial eyes; but I will not, on any account, (availing myself of her partiality in my favour,) tell her what I feel for her, till I have your approbation of my choice. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls both seem to be very desirous of an alliance with our family; and I imagine, that with regard to birth, fortune, &c. no objections will be started on your side. By approving my choice, you will give me great pleasure; by permitting me to act agreeably

bly to it, you will make me the happiest of men. Till your answer to this letter arrives, I shall be on the rack of impatience : if it proves favourable to me, my felicity will be inexpressible ; but whatever may be your sentiments, about an affair in which I am so deeply interested, I shall remain always your dutiful and affectionate son."

In consequence of an answer from his father, which excited more pleasing sensations in his breast than he had ever felt before, he made his addressee to Miss Nicholls in form, met with a most gracious reception from her, and was already looked upon as their son-in-law by her parents.

Mr. Nicholls before this (not altogether unexpected) movement on young Thomson's part, had intended to return to England by sea ; he now told his daughter's delighted lover that he choose rather to go back to France, in order to settle every thing with his father relating to his marriage.—“ When you have sufficiently gratified your curiosity, added he, in this bewitching place, I will wait on you with the greatest satisfaction.”

Harry, in whom the virtuoso was now quite lost in the lover, immediately declared his readiness

diness to leave Italy the moment the preparations for their departure were completed.—“ Pray, Sir, let us proceed with the utmost expedition; for I am impatient to have every thing concluded, that I may be united to my amiable Maria by the strongest ties.”

Mr. Nicholls, grasping his hand, told him that he liked him the better for his eagerness to be related to his family, and then proceeded to make proper arrangement for his return to France. He was obliged, however, to change his plan of operation: he was obliged to return to England in order to take possession of a fortune bequeathed to him by a gentleman very distantly related to him, and to adjust some matters, arising from that gentleman's death, which required his presence. Being necessitated in a manner, therefore, to return to England, and chusing to take advantage of a ship's going to sail from Loughorn, with the captain of which he was intimately acquainted, he embarked with all his family without delay: but before his embarkation, he assured Harry in the strongest, in the sincerest terms, that he should be extremely glad to finish the business that had began on their meeting again (with Mrs. Nicholls) in D——shire.

adieu!

Harry,

Harry, after having very affectionately bade his Maria adieu, and followed the vessel which conveyed her from him with his eyes, till he could no longer distinguish it from the surrounding element, made haste to quit a country for the beauties of which, natural and artificial, classical and uncommon, he had now lost all his relish. Such is the power, such the omnipotence of love.

As soon as he arrived at the house in which he had taken leave of his father, he approached him in the most respectful manner, and with the most filial expressions poured out his gratitude to him for having so kindly consented to his union with Miss Nicholls.

Mr. Thomson increased his son's happiness by his whole behaviour, at seeing him again after a long separation, as he thought it; and when he was acquainted with the motions of the Nicholls's, said to him, clapping him on the shoulder,—"Well, Harry, we shall be with them in a little while, I trust; I find myself perfectly recovered, thank God, of the disorder for which the waters here were thought salutary by Dr. L——, and hope to set out for Calais in less than four-and-twenty hours."

Henry's

Harry's looks plainly discovered the joy which the concluding words of his father's speech had given him, and they both prepared with equal satisfaction, though not with similar feelings, to remove themselves from France,

While Harry was situated in France, George Dawson, having seen Miss Nicholls at a ball at D——, and danced with her, without knowing of her attachment to his friend, found her so agreeable to him, that he determined to make his addresses to her. He was now, by the death of his father, in the possession of his paternal estate, and he was vain enough of his person, accomplishments, and fortune, to imagine an offer of his hand would be gladly accepted, he had no idea of its being rejected: he was, therefore, extremely shocked when Miss Nicholls told him very coolly (not being in the least charmed with his appearance or behaviour) though she had *walked* a minuet with him, that she was *engaged*.

Mortified at her refusal, doubly mortified by the manner in which she refused him, he left her extremely out of humour. He left her considerably chagrined at her behaviour, but with no abatement of his passion for her: nor did he feel any inclination to relinquish his pretensions to her,

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when he heard soon afterwards that she had promised her hand to his friend, and that she only waited for his return to England to put herself legally under his protection, with the thorough approbation of her own and of his relations.

George finding his passion for Miss Nichols increased by the obstacles which prevented the accomplishment of his desires, (desires which he should have endeavoured to suppress, though they were not actually criminal ones, as he wished not to gratify them in an unlawful way; because Maria was not only pre-engaged, but engaged to his friend) availed himself of every art in his power to shake her attachment to her lover; and even went so far as to take steps to convince her that he was false, that he, consequently, could not make her his wife. All his arts, however, were unsuccessful: Maria could not give credit to any reports injurious to the man on whose fidelity she had the firmest reliance.

George, driven almost to despair by the continual failure of his attempts to make Maria give up his rival, formed a scheme to get her into his power by surprize, and to force her to marry him; but before he could carry his design into execution, Harry arrived.

George

George was so enraged when he heard of his friend's arrival, as he knew that he would soon falsify all the reports (some of them of a very irritating nature) which he had circulated to his disadvantage, that he was ready to quarrel with the person who gave him the unwelcome information.

Harry, on his arrival, flew on the wings of love, to his amiable mistress, and she received him with a delight which filled him with the most pleasing sensations. The first interview between them was of that kind which is only to be felt, and to be felt only by such lovers. When it was over, Maria, withdrawing herself from his arms, asked him if he was really as glad to see her as he pretended to be; if his tender expressions were as sincere as he assured her they were.

Harry looked very much surprised at the delivery of those unexpected questions, and begged to know, with a face whimsically astonished, what she meant, as her words were quite enigmatical.

She then told him all that passed since her arrival in England, between her and Mr. Dawson. Her intelligence made him more attached to her than ever, but it snapped that friendship asunder which

which had for many years subsisted between him and George. He determined, in the first hurry of his resentment, to go immediately in search of his false friend, to call him to an account for his accusations, equally unjust and injurious, and to make him either sign a disavowal of them, or give him the personal satisfaction of a gentleman.

George, conscious of having behaved in a manner not to be defended, carefully avoided every place where he thought he should, probably, see the man whom he had grossly injured.

Harry called at his house several times, but he was never admitted. The frequent disappointments which he met, began to chagrin him exceedingly, as he was frequently pretty sure that George was at home, and denied himself. His repeated disappointments, however, did not render him less resolved to get at the sight of him. By the operation of an irresistible *douceur*, on a new servant, he gained admittance one night, and surprized him sitting very composedly by the fire side, in a meditating attitude.

The sudden appearance of the only person in the world whom he wished not at that time to behold

behold, threw George's spirits into a violent agitation. He turned about briskly towards him, but not being able to bear his reproachful looks, averted his face, as if he was oppressed with shame. He was, indeed, at that moment covered with shame, and smarting with remorse.

Harry roused him from his oppressed state, by charging him with the baseness of his behaviour to his friend, even while he made the strongest professions of friendship in his letters, and required him to give him satisfaction either with his pen or his sword.

To the satisfaction of the pen, George would by no means submit.

"Take your sword then," said Harry, "there it lies, (pointing to a chair, and drawing his own at the same time) if you are not a coward, stand upon your defence."

George, after a short pause, replied, "I have used you extremely ill, Harry, and I sincerely repent of what I have said against you, I cannot consent to give you the satisfaction you demand, but if you will stay here a few moments, I will convince you that I am no *coward*."

While

While he was speaking the last word with a particular emphasis, he retired to an adjoining closet, and shot himself.

A REMARKABLE ANECDOTE,

RELATING TO

THE FIRST DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,

When he was Lord Cavendish.

THIS year (1669). my lord accompanied Mr. Montague (afterwards duke of Montague) in his embassy to France, where an affair happened, which might have had very dangerous consequence, but our young lord behaved in so noble a manner, that every circumstance of it sets his personal character in the most amiable light.

He had received an affront at the opera, in Paris, by some officers of the guard, who as it is said were in liquor, and one of them having particularly insulted him, his lordship, in return, struck him on the face: upon which, four or five of them all drew their swords, and fell on him at once.

once. Unterrified at so unequal a combat, he made a very gallant defence, yet he received several wounds, and must have been overpowered by his cowardly adversaries, had not a brave Swiss, a domestic belonging to Mr. Montague, caught him up in his arms, and thrown him into the pit. The flesh of his arm, however, by the fall, was torn by one of the iron spikes of the orchestra, which left a scar, that was visible to the day of his death. This brave action was reported all over Europe, as much to the honour of my lord, as to the disgrace of the aggressors. That great and able minister, Sir William Temple, was at this time, the English ambassador in Holland, and did, by an elegant letter, compliment his lordship upon it, by which it sufficiently appeared, that Sir William thought that his spirit and behaviour on that occasion were even of national importance, as it gave the French the highest idea of the English courage. Still it must be observed, that the French king, when he was informed of this matter, ordered the offenders to be imprisoned.

THE

THE HUMBLE FRIEND.

A MORAL TALE.

WHILE he was figuring away with great *éclat* at Southhampton during a full season Mr. Nicholson, a very eminent merchant, received an express from his partner in London, which brought him the most unwelcome intelligence. It informed him, that by the failure of a capital house in Spain, with which he had considerable connections, he had been obliged to stop payment.

This blow was severely felt by Mr. Nicholson, still more by his young, handsome, haughty wife, who, childishly fond of splendour, and parade, and intoxicated with the magnificent appearance her liberal husband enabled her to make, could not bear the thoughts of being driven from the sphere of life in which she had, ever since her marriage, rolled with increasing lustre. When the melancholy news was first communicated to her by Mr. Nicholson himself, and in a manner which plainly discovered how deeply he was affected by it, she fainted. As soon she recovered, she begged to be removed immediately from a place

place where she could no longer shine with any propriety. Her request was very readily complied with. Mr. Nicholson, indeed, found it absolutely necessary to return to London with the utmost expedition.

On his arrival in town, he found his creditors very willing to behave to him in the genteel way; but the new arrangements he was obliged to make in his household hurt his pride so much, that he fell into a state of despondence: to raise his spirits he had recourse to his bottle, and by frequent applications to that *false friend*, in the hour of dejection, destroyed his constitution.

Mrs. Nicholson, finding herself in very narrow circumstances at her husband's death, was, in consequence of these circumstances, a disconsolate widow. She never had felt any personal regard for Mr. Nicholson; she had given him her hand, on his falling desperately in love with her, entirely with a view to be mistress of his fortune—she had no desire to be mistress of his heart; she only availed herself of his violent passion for her to gain a pontifical power over his purse. It was not, therefore, the *generous husband*, but the *opulent merchant*, whom she lamented. Greatly indebted as she had been to his extravagant attachment to

her for the pleasure she enjoyed resulting from appearance, she only regretted her loss on a lucrative account.

Straightened in her circumstances, and internally as proud as she had been in the height of her prosperity, Mrs. Nicholson keenly endured all that kind of mortification which proud people naturally feel when they cannot, from a change in their affairs, support the figure to which they have been long accustomed. She was doubly mortified by the visits of condolence which she received from many of her female friends and acquaintance. However, as she had as much cunning as most of her sex, and a head fertile in expedients, she determined to accommodate her behaviour to her new situation. She had always been a woman remarkable for her address; she now took more pains than ever to render herself agreeable to those with whom she conversed, and was not a little pleased to find that her mock humility, by flattering the pride of many ladies whom she had formerly visited quite upon an equal footing, seemed to promise her the advantages she hoped to derive from it.

Among the ladies whom she singled out as objects particularly worthy of her attention, a
Mrs.

Mrs. Matthews appeared to her the most likely to forward her designs, as she had with a large fortune, a very weak understanding: but it was a soliloquy of hers she overheard, one day, while she was waiting in an apartment, at her house, adjoining to her dressing room, which induced her to reckon upon the gratifications of her ambitious wishes.

“Upon my word, Mrs. Nicholson has behaved very prettily ever since she has been a widow, and acts prodigious proper, considering the smallness of her income. I have a great mind to take her down with me into the country: it will be a pretty airing for her, and save her money: besides, I shall have the pleasure to let all my neighbours see the woman who was once as fine as myself in the character of a humble friend.”

Mrs. Nicholson having her sentiments with regard to Mrs. Matthews’s understanding sufficiently confirmed by this soliloquy, threw an additional quantity of humility into her deportment, upon her coming into the room to her, and by a succession of well-timed speeches, which “ran trippingly off the tongue,” secured the desired invitation.

Mrs.

Mrs. Matthews was a maiden lady between forty and fifty years ; in her manners between fifteen and twenty. She was a very shewey, good-looking woman : she had been, probably, reckoned handsome in the days of her youth ; they certainly, by the effort she made to set off her face and figure to the greatest advantage, thoroughly convinced the most careless *spectator formarum*, that she had not given up, in her own mind, all pretensions to admiration. She was, indeed, extremely vain of her external charms, and was perpetually talking of the great offers she had refused, because she was always particularly nice in her men.

The violent propensity which Mrs. Matthews glaringly discovered to be admired was considered by Mrs. Nicholson as an excellent foundation for her to build upon ; she, therefore, very judiciously pointed her principal battery, from which she expected the most execution to be done, against the weakest side of her character. By the most artful eulogiums on her personal attractions, she made so rapid a progress in her favour, before she had lived a month under roof, that she very much alarmed her nieces. They were alarmed at their aunt's increasing coolness to them ; they beheld

beheld Mrs. Nicholson with envious, malignant eyes, and though they could not find the smallest fault with her behaviour, as she was at all times so humble, so obliging, and so ready to make herself, in any shape, serviceable, they heartily wished that she never had been taken into the house.

The alarms of the two girls produced apprehensions, and those apprehensions naturally prompted them to think of ejecting a formidable rival. They laid their little heads together (they were very young, and knew nothing of the world,) in order to rout her. With the assistance of some misses in the neighbourhood, their constant companions, but not more shrewd than themselves, they hatched a plot, and proceeded, flushed with hope, to action. They proceeded, however, with so marvellous a want of that sort of dexterity, vulgarly called cunning, that the very methods they took to remove the dreaded favourite, fixed her more firmly in her seat.

Mrs. Nicholson having discovered the plot formed against her, and prevented the execution of it, secretly vowed revenge against the principal contrivers of it; but did not make the least alteration in her behaviour to them. She
even

even redoubled her civilities to them, so that, though they were disappointed by the failure of their designs, they did not imagine they were defeated by her: they attributed their disappointment to the unfortunate miscarriage of the letter which was addressed to their aunt in a hand totally unknown to her, and not to its being intercepted by the sagacity and vigilance of the *humble friend*.

Lucy and Letitia Dobson were not bad girls, but they were indiscreet ones: being just arrived at a marriageable age, and having, both of them, amorous propensities, they could not help giving themselves a few coquettish airs whenever any of the young gentlemen belonging to an academy not far from their aunt's house came in their sight: Mrs. Matthews had often corrected them for their strong attachment to a window commanding the garden, in which the academicians had recourse to various amusements when they were not at their studies; but her corrections only served to render them more desirous of a close conference with their distant admirers.

The discovery of an assignation made by the two sisters, furnished Mrs. Nicholson with a fair opportunity to remove them intirely out of her way

way. Not satisfied with acquainting Mrs. Matthews with the indiscretions of her nieces, she resolved to make her an eye-witness of them.—Early, one morning she carried her to the *prohibited* window.

Mrs. Matthews seeing, by the light of an *unlucky moon*, her nieces, in very familiar attitudes with a couple of smart young fellows, *protested* that they should not sleep another night in *her* house.—Dying, in a few weeks after their expulsion, she left her whole fortune to her *humble friend*.

ON THE

VICE OF SWEARING.

THE great pleasure I have received from perusing the works of eminent men, and the fame which they have deservedly acquired by their literary merit, make me desirous, though but a young man, of endeavouring to imitate them: and the best method to arrive at excellence in any pursuit, is to begin early. It is surely the business of every individual to endeavour
your

your to do as much good to the rest of his fellow creatures as lies in his power ; and, if possible, to prevent them from falling into error, or to reclaim them, if they have fallen.

The business of this essay is to declaim against the crime of swearing. You will be surprized that any one should attempt to say any thing on a subject about which so much has been already written, and apparently with so little effect. But it is a particular species of this crime against which I am going to write ; namely, wantonly denouncing judgments against innocent creatures, and wishing for great evils to fall upon those who never injured them but in idea, and even those supposed injuries very trivial.

Swearing of every kind is a very heinous offence : it is an offence against God and religion, an offence as weak as it is unaccountable ; for it is a vice that can be of no real use or advantage, but on the contrary, may be productive of very bad and dangerous effects to the offender, both here and hereafter, as it is expressly forbid by the commandment of the SUPREME BEING. Odious as this vice must appear to every calm and considerate mind, yet when a man curses an innocent person with all the barbarity (for I can call

call it by no gentler name,) of an infidel; nay, perhaps he wishes for evils to fall upon a friend whom, when he is cool, he loves with very great affection. Even our most sensible and learned men are guilty of this error; and the reflection in their cooler moments must surely be very sharp and poignant. For such men there is less excuse than for the common people, as they have had all the advantages of a good education; they have had it in their power to separate truth from error, and to embrace the best and most inviting of the two. If they would only reflect on the degree of guilt they incur, the dangers which they run by persevering in this crime, they would soon be convinced of the impropriety of their behaviour, and loath themselves for their conduct. By denouncing judgments they circumscribe the power of the ALMIGHTY, they set bounds to his mercy and goodness, and prescribe rules for his conduct in the punishment of his creatures. How impious and ridiculous such a behaviour is need not be insisted on.

Let those who act thus wickedly take care that their CREATOR, tired with their many provocations, do not turn those evils which they wish may fall upon others, on themselves.

DISAPPOINTED PRIDE.

WHEN a man's sufferings arise from the bad dispositions of his own heart ; when in the height of prosperity he is rendered miserable solely by disappointed pride, every ordinary motive for communication ceases. The violence of anguish drives him to confess a passion which renders him odious, and a weakness which renders him despicable. In the eye of his family, every man wishes to appear respectable, and to cover from their knowledge whatever may vilify or degrade him. Attacked or reproached abroad, he consoles himself with his importance at home ; and in domestic attachment and respect, seeks for some compensation for the injustice of the world. But the torments this folly occasions, forces him to break through all restraints, and publish his shame before those, from whom all men seek most to hide it.

All the evils which poverty, disease, or violence can inflict, and their stings will be found by far less pungent than those which such guilty passions dart into the heart. But those disorders, by seizing directly on the mind, attack human nature in its strong hold, and cut off its last resource. They pene-

penetrate to the very seat of sensation, and convert all the powers of thought into instruments of torture.

THE
 TEMPLE OF NATURE AND FORTUNE.

A VISION.

HAVING a few nights ago spent the evening in some company, where our discourse turned on the uncertain, unsuitable, and seemingly unjust distribution of the gifts of fortune observable among mankind ; when I came home and went to bed, I fell presently asleep ; and as our waking thoughts often influence the ideas we have when sleeping, I found myself at the porch of what I imagined to be a large temple ; my curiosity led me into it, and I was soon convinced there were two temples, the one beyond the other, and only separated by a large and long passage. At the upper end of the first temple, was seated a woman almost naked, but very graceful, of a mild and humane aspect, and whom, had she not had her name written on her breast, I should

should immediately have known to be **NATURE**. To her, a vast crowd of people, wherewith the place was filled, and who were passing forwards to get into the second temple, first of all made their applications. On those she seemed to dispense her favours pretty equally, giving to every one some particular talent, but at the same time joining some particular vice or folly to it; by which means the generality of people were rendered nearly on an equality by her; after this dispensation of her favours, they were delivered up to the care of a beautiful woman, who stood on her right hand, and on whose forehead were written the words, **GOOD EDUCATION**. She, like a kind and tender mother, gave them instructions, from time to time, how to make the best use of the good qualities bestowed on them by **NATURE**, conducted them through the passage which was called **CHILDHOOD**, and then left them at liberty to make use of, or deviate from, her rules as they thought fit. At **NATURE**'s left hand stood another woman, with a pale bagged countenance, whose constitution seemed worn out by depraved appetites and vicious indulgences; she was, however, very gaily dressed, and by her insinuating behaviour, and pretended kindnesses, drew many aside. Her name was **BAD EDUCATION**. She, in opposition to the former

former in every thing, suggested continually to her votaries, the many pleasures they might enjoy, and the many advantages they might devise from the free gratification of all their natural vices, and endeavour to stifle in them the slightest recollection of those virtues which NATURE had, at the same time bestowed upon them.

I went through this passage with the rest of the company, and was brought by it into the second temple, which was that of FORTUNE; at the farther end of this temple, at a very great height above the ground, the goddess was seated, blindfolded, and having near her a machine resembling a lottery-wheel, which she continually turned round, and drew out of it preferments, riches, and honours, which she gave away promiscuously, as the crowd could come to receive them. The apparent way to her seat, was a very broad, but steep and slippery ascent, which was called MERIT. Many people laboured to get up this way, but often slipped and were disappointed. I was very much surprized to see several at the top, receiving the gifts which FORTUNE drew from her wheel, whom I had not observed to pass up this hill: the mystery, however, was soon explained, for as I cast my eyes downwards, I perceived three little wickets at the
bottom

bottom of the slope, over which was inscribed,
 "GOOD-LUCK, INTEREST, and BRIBERY."

Through these many people passed, and were carried up by a private stairs, that went winding underneath the hill. The two last were much more crowded than the first, through which those who passed seemed to hurry along without knowing whither they were going; and appeared surprised when they found themselves the favourites of FORTUNE, contrary to all probability, and by the same means that had proved the ruin of others. But it was amusing enough, after having remarked the several courses taken by different people, to observe the impropriety of the benefits bestowed on them; for though many produced the gifts with which they had been endowed by NATURE, as recommendations to entitle them to those of FORTUNE, very little regard seemed to be paid to them. Those favours, which were gained by way of GOOD-LUCK, were some properly and some improperly disposed of. Those come at through the wicket of INTEREST were, most of them, ridiculously distributed. In passing through this way, cowards became admirals, or generals of armies; the nephew of a noble lord, who had idly run out of his own estate, was placed at the head of an office, where
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he became entrusted with the management of the public money ; the brother of another, who had spent part of his life in all kinds of vice and debauchery, entered into holy orders, had a rich benefice bestowed upon him, and set himself up for a reformer of manners. In short, I observed that whoever could get through this lucky passage, might be Judge, Bishop, Secretary of State, Ambassador, or almost what he pleased, without any other qualification.

But the most unsuitable, as well as the most dangerous to mankind, were those who came through the BRIBERY WICKET, which stood always open, and led to a very dark and dirty passage, where the crowds that entered, shuffling on through thick and thin, giving money with one hand, and receiving it with the other, till they got up to the throne of FORTUNE. I observed some great men, who had been formerly very eloquent in praise of cleanliness, whose hands and faces were so begrimed, and in so offensive a condition with scrambling through the filthy way, that I believe not all the waters in the ocean could ever wash them clean again. Yet with all this hastiness about them, they were preferred by FORTUNE, to the highest dignities in church and state. It was observable, however, that when
some

some had received any considerable gifts of FORTUNE, by what means soever they were obtained, a crowd of others were constantly following, sometimes fawning on them, and at other times jostling them, with an intention of robbing them of what they had got ; which, if all other means failed, they would commonly effect by placing stumbling-blocks in the way, not to be avoided without the utmost care and circumspection. So that prime ministers, generals of armies, and favourites of princes, had their heels tripped up, and were tumbled down the steep ascent by these people, not without having their necks greatly endangered. The most provoking sight was to behold some, who being arrived, with much pain, near the summit, by the road of MERIT, and just on the point of receiving the reward due to their virtue and assiduity, were disappointed at last ; having it snatched from them by worthless upstarts, who had got thither before them, by one of the more easy, but less honourable ways. Some, indeed, succeeded in their attempts that way, and made glorious figures and becoming patterns of true worth, in those posts they had so well deserved, and so justly obtained. These examples, however, were too rare to encourage my weak deserts to attempt that road ; I therefore endeavoured to make my way to the wicket
 of

of GOOD-LUCK, and met with success. Being arrived at the top, I thought that a very considerable employment was conferred on me by the blind goddess; but on my turning suddenly back, one of those who were coming thro' the Interest passage, bustling to get the next favour which FORTUNE presented, gave me, in his hurry, so violent a push, that I tumbled down the stairs: the force of the fall awaked me—Baffled in the midst of all my airy hopes, I found myself lying on my humble bed, in a back garret—

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

ODE TO SPRING.

ENCHANTING goddess! Blooming Spring!
 Thy blest return again I sing,
 Again with grateful heart aspire
 To wake the long-neglected lyre.

While southern climes thy presence claim'd,
 Dull Winter's dreary sway we blam'd;
 No flow'rets bloom'd along the green,
 Nor nymphs, nor piping swains were seen;

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The Loves and Graces fled the bowers,
 Dark Fear and haggard Care were ours;
 The trees that erst in verdure clad,
 Shorn of thy livery, droop'd full sad,
 And in remembrance of the past,
 Sigh'd piteous to the ruffian blast;
 Their feather'd tenants ceas'd the lay,
 And feebly hopp'd along the spray;
 The brooks in icy fetters bound,
 No longer murmur'd o'er the ground;
 Nor chearful plough the fallow turn'd,
But universal Nature mourn'd.

At thy approach, O radiant queen!
 How great the change! how sweet the scene!
 The shivering tempest leaves the plain,
 The wither'd landscape smiles again!
 The flow'rets bloom along the green,
 The nymphs and piping swains are seen;
 The Loves and Graces haunt the bowers,
 Young Hope and broad-fac'd Mirth are ours,
 The trees again in verdure clad,
 Now proudly spreading, seem full glad,
 And all around the whitening blooms,
 The breathing Zephyrs waft perfumes;
 Their feather'd tenants wake the lay,
 And joyful hop from spray to spray;
The

The brooks from icy fetters free,
 Again resume their murm'ring glee ;
 The chearful plough pale want beguiles ;
And universal Nature smiles.

AN ELECTION ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman who had represented a market-town in Y——e, at a late election, summoned his constituents, and frankly told them, “ that whatever notions might be entertained of Mr. F— and his party, he was a friend to their principles, and should adhere to them till he was convinced they were inconsistent with the good of the community.”

The electors as freely told the candidate, “ they utterly disapproved of his conduct, and were determined to choose a representative, whose opinions were conformable to their own.” “ And is this your resolution ? ” — “ Certainly.” — “ Remember, Gentlemen, your Wednesday market is held upon my ground, and you can occupy it no longer than my pleasure will allow ; if you *reject* me,

me, depend upon it I will *eject* you, so consider what you are doing."

The good folks felt the force of the argument, and were obliged to elect a member they did not approve.

This is not *bribery*—but certainly we may call it *compulsion*.

ANECDOTE OF A QUAKER.

A QUAKER invited a tradesman to dine with him, whom he treated with an excellent dinner, a bottle of wine, and a pipe of tobacco. His guest, after drinking pretty freely, became extremely rude and abusive to his host, insomuch that the quaker's *patience* was at length quite exhausted, and he rose up and addressed him in the following words:—"Friend, I have given thee a meat-offering, a drink-offering, and a burnt-offering, and for thy misconduct I will give thee—a *heave-offering*:" and immediately threw him into the street out of the *parlour window*!

NAVAL

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

WHEN Lord Cranstone took possession of the Ville de Paris, and which, by the bye, was suffered to deny the surrender till the evening, left the rest of the fleet, seeing their commander strike, should strike also—when Lord Cranstone went upon that duty he endeavoured to make it as little disagreeable as he could to the French Admiral, with the most thoughtful consideration, and mildest manners, enquiring into his wants and wishes, and urging him to take refreshment and repose: the conduct of the Comte de Grasse was, on the contrary, cold and thankless: he said he had given orders for a meal, and he should go and take it; and then, leaving his Lordship without farther ceremony, summoned his officers to his table. Lord Cranstone was rather piqued, but probably gave no indication of his feelings; however, after waiting some little time, and in vain, for the usual ceremonial of his officers being invited by the Comte de Grasse to supper, the whole of the affair taken together seemed to form a cognizable object of provocation, and, as such, of course, demanded suitable resentment. Lord Cranstone accordingly interfered, and having an explanation with the Comte de

de Grasse, directed him not to begin supper till the English officers had previously been supplied with some small part; adding, that for his own accommodation, his Lordship should be studiously not impatient; he should wait and take things as he found them.

The reflection which arises from the anecdote is this, that the "*Decorum Honestum*" is understood in Britain, that the virtuous graces are not unallied to her arms; and that without detracting from the behaviour of the French in many instances of the war, and which, in respect to Captain Cooke, at Eustatia, and to Lord Cornwallis, was gallant and noble; yet that, often out-general'd, the French are sometimes out-gentleman'd by the English.

An ACCOUNT of the profligate LIVES and remarkably miserable DEATHS of a YOUNG GENTLEMAN of Quality and his TUTOR, both ATHEISTS.

AS this history is true, we shall conceal the names of his family, some being now living, and call the subject of this relation *APISTUS*;
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It is sufficient to say, that he was born of pious parents, who gave him an education suitable to his birth, which was far from being despicable. His genius was very promising, and his inclinations for some time seemed to be bent on virtuous pursuits, his parents indulged him in every innocent amusement, and pleased themselves with the hopes of his making a considerable figure in adult life. He followed his studies with a great deal of application, till he was fourteen years of age, in which time he had made himself a tolerable proficient in the Roman and Greek languages; he had a great deal of wit and vivacity in his discourse, and was the admiration of the neighbourhood where he dwelt. He continued at home under the care of a private tutor, till he was eighteen years of age, when his parents proposed to let him travel, the better to polish his manners, and improve the instructions he had already received. The proposal was so very acceptable to the young gentleman, that he not only consented to it with a great deal of pleasure, but begged his departure might be as soon as possible.

His tutor agreed to accompany him, and every thing being shortly prepared, they set out from Dover for Calais, where they arrived in safety and health. As they travelled about from one place

place to another, and lived in a polite and genteel manner, Apistus was highly delighted that he had left his country. It frequently happens that we soon imbibe the vices of the nation where we live, of which this history is an undeniable evidence. The instructor of this youth was a disguised villain, and had more pleasure in the gratification of his lust, than in the service of God: and that he might the more easily work upon the mind of his unguarded, though hitherto innocent pupil, whom he found to be a necessary friend to maintain him in his present circumstances, he consults with a mistress whom he privately supported, which way was the best and most promising to compass his design. Ready at invention, she tells him, love must do it; and withal acquainted him, that a female friend of her character would certainly lay the scheme so well, as not to fail of success. The contrivance was soon settled by these diabolical counsellors, and the method of execution was this; that this young fiend should dress herself in her best apparel, and be walking in a particular place, where Apistus and his tutor resorted every evening for the benefit of the air. The next night was appointed for this purpose, when about the usual time of their walking, they repaired to the wonted place of retirement. Apistus as they were going
along

along asked his tutor his sentiments concerning love, and told him he had very different ideas of that passion, to what he formerly had, by reading a romance of that kind. No news could have been more joyful to his instructor, who did not fail to expatiate on its irresistible power ; told him that the heathen deities are represented as being concerned with mortals ; instanced Solomon for his amours, as well as a great number of other renowned persons. This conversation was highly agreeable to Apistus, whose mind was before tainted with impure thoughts. By this time the *demon* appeared, and passed by with a great deal of seeming modesty ; but no sooner had this unhappy youth cast his eyes towards her, than his heart was presently inflamed, and he remained almost motionless with pleasing surprise,

His tutor, like a cunning deceiver, asked him what caused the alteration in his countenance ; and after a great deal of conversation, he told him, he could not possibly live without that beautiful person which had just now passed by them. To which the other replied, " time would certainly wear off the slight impression, but if not, there would be ways and means to bring them acquainted." Upon this they returned home ; but Apistus could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, for

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the thoughts of this *false charmer*. - In short, his ruin was very soon accomplished ; for no sooner had he enjoyed the short-lived pleasures of vice, by the assistance of his tutor, who was equally profligate, than they both abandoned themselves to all manner of debaucheries ; contemning and violating the sacred laws of heaven, and treating God, and goodness, with scorn ; and as they observed the notorious impositions of the popish priests towards ignorant people, they concluded religion to be no more than a juggle, maintained and carried on in the world for secular interest and advantage. In short, the deity they had long denied by their practices, they now dared to blaspheme with their impious tongues ; disputing the existence of either GOD, HEAVEN, or HELL ; laughed at the notions of spirits, and concluded themselves a sort of superior brutes ; they argued matter to be eternal, and that every thing everlastingly existed by continual succession from one age to another ; and as they esteemed a future state of being but an idle traditional tale, they improved (as they called it) the short moments of a transitory precarious life, in the most agreeable manner they were capable of ; for as they should perish with the beasts, they would pursue the fleeting joys of life while they lasted. But as luxury naturally tends to break the constitution,

and

and destroy health, so it happened to the tutor of Apistus, whose strength daily impaired, and his flesh wasted away in so uncommon a manner, that in a few days his body was but a mere skeleton ; and in about a week after this, death seemed to advance apace, and the night before he expired, when several of his acquaintance came to visit him in his disorder, they asked him, whether he believed a future state now? whether he now thought there was a God? upon which he was thrown into such an horrible agony, howling and shrieking, that it struck a terror on all that were present ; and when he came a little to himself, he spoke to the following purpose ; “ My friends, you have asked me a question, that I can now answer ; I feel the horrors of a guilty conscience. I feel the power of an avenging God ; but let not people talk of their ability to repent, I find none : my heart is hardened, I cannot believe ; I am now added to that cursed miserable number, who blaspheme God day and night. My hell is within me, and I wish to be discharged from life, and be doomed to those horrible regions, where, perhaps, damnation is more tolerable.” With these words he expired ; and though his death seemed to strike an awe into the minds of some present, yet it had no effect upon Apistus, who was rather more hardened than before ; and continued in the full swing

fwing of his wicked pursuits, till a remarkable judgment of heaven took him out of the world. As he was riding out one day with some of his companions, his horse threw him off, and before they could give him any assistance, kicked out his bowels, and he had only just time to say "I am damned;" and then expired.

CONJUGAL INFIDELITY.

THRICE happy, indeed, may those be pronounced whom the conjugal link closely unites. Harmony and friendship render their domestic habitation an elysium, where joy, unalloyed with care, is mutual. Even the misfortunes and evils, accidental to mankind are alleviated by participation in this seat of matrimonial felicity. Their offspring are the pledges of connubial bliss, and bring to the parents' memory the pleasing imagination of scenes of transport and hopes of future joy. And shall any individual trample upon these holy rites, and with impious audacity violate the most sacred and divine laws, by attempting to seduce the affections of either party? Shall such a character escape with impunity? The one who attempts to seduce, the other who is weak enough to be seduced, are both to blame. Weak must he be, who voluntarily exchanges conjugal felicity, ratified and enjoyed by divine command, for illicit pleasure with a woman, whom, in his
rational

rational reflecting moments, he must detest. In the mean time his amiable and unfortunate wife pines away in wretched solitude. Her cup of pleasure has been suddenly dashed to the ground. The conjugal and holy rites have been violated. Her offspring is a sad memento of her former happiness, and brings to her recollection the features of her once beloved, and equally fond husband. The too wretched and inconsiderate man must remember that such things were, and those most dear to him. Once it was in thy power to enjoy happiness, but the time is gone by. No more shall that peace of mind, arising from a quiet conscience, armed with integrity, return to thy possession. Thou hast indulged in a lawless passion too long to be happy. Had an early repentance incited thee to the practice of virtue, happiness was within thy reach. But the hour is past—and at the point of death the excruciating thought of having brought misery to thyself, and the recollection that far different might have been the hours of approaching dissolution, and how wretched thou hast left thy once beloved and innocent partner and children, must oppress thee with the utmost horror; at that moment death, although much to be dreaded, will be welcome.

“ Afraid to die, yet more afraid to live.”

Such

Such is the depravity of the age, so vitiated is the mind, that the opinion of the Roman poet of his countrymen, may be applied with propriety to the present time.

*Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores.*

At least, if daily instances of nuptial infidelity, and those of the most heinous kind are to be enrolled among the catalogue of vices, and such they certainly are of the most iniquitous tendency; divorcements are casualties which so frequently happen in these days, that we expect to find them in a public print as regularly as the account of marriages and deaths. It is painful to reflect upon this universal species of immorality; who, then, set the example? those very persons, who, from their rank and fortune alone, have influence among the more subordinate class of people. Look among the exalted stations in life, and the lover of virtue will shrink with abhorrence from the scene. Nobility, *princely* pride, what are ye, without virtue! It is reputation, which is not to be bought with wealth, in as much as it is superior to it, it is felicity originating from an internal source, which is not to be obtained but from upright morals and integrity, which enhance
these

these gifts of fortune. *Princes*, indeed, are unhappy, who do not hear the truth; it is not so in this country;—the public will speak out—neither are they deterred through servile fear, nor blinded by the dazzling splendour of situation; and they speak the truth in an open manner, which commands attention and respect. Let the man, be he ever so exalted, regard the anger and censure of the people. He who will disgrace himself, and is a public character, is the more imprudent, as being the more liable to observation and detection, than the man who moves in the middle spheres of life; although the laws may not reach him, popular censure will;—he cannot escape this, as little as he can the reflections of an upbraiding and diseased mind.

“Therein the patient must minister unto himself.”

THE GIPSY.

A MORAL TALE.

NUMBERLESS are the complaints against deceit; but were we not sometimes deceived, we should find ourselves, perhaps, in very unhappy situations.

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By happening to spend a few weeks together, one summer, at the house of a lady in the country, with whom they were both intimately acquainted, Miss Beverton and Miss Martin, became so fond of each others company, that a violent friendship commenced between them.

These two young ladies, being summoned about the same time, by their respective parents, from Middleton-hall, who lived many miles from that place, and in different counties, separated with no small reluctance, but, with their concluding adieus, mutually promised to keep up a most friendly correspondence with their pens.

Few female friends were more firmly attached to each other than Emily Beverton and Lucy Martin; their attachment indeed was rather remarkable, as their souls were not quite congenial.

They were both very good-natured, and were, in general, pleased with the same pursuits: they both preferred a country life to a town one; but here was the principal line of discrimination: Emily, though she was a warm admirer of the beauties of nature, and enjoyed "each rural sight, each rural sound," with a degree of enthusiasm, had

had no relish for rural sports—she took no pleasure in a hunting or a shooting party, nor did a fishing scheme ever give her any satisfaction. Angling, as a quiet amusement, suited her temper extremely; but from a foolish sensibility, operating with too much force to be subdued, she could not help thinking that there was some cruelty mixed with the composure of it.

Lucy, on the other hand, had none of that kind of sensibility by which her friend's heart was softened in favour of the animal creation. She would clear a five-barred gate with the most daring-fox hunter in England; she had an excellent shot, and, on many occasions, discovered more masculine than feminine propensities. However, with all these constitutional deviations from the female character, she had a heart feelingly alive to the joys, and to the griefs of her fellow-creatures; and had, indeed, a number of qualities which did her honour as a woman. Her understanding was not a first rate, nor was she of a literary turn, yet she acquitted herself with much propriety in every circle, from the goodness of her natural parts, and often threw out lively strokes which gained her considerable credit.

Non

Emily

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Emily was quite a female character, and as she had improved her mind by reading the best authors in the English language, she was able to make a more brilliant figure in a literary assembly than her friend.

With regard to their persons they were nearly on a par: among beauties they were not immediately noticed, but even from them they had frequently the pleasure of drawing their admirers, by certain charms, which though not dazzling, are rarely to be resisted.

Beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder more than love;
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

Soon after the female friends had exchanged about half a dozen affectionate epistles, they broke off their correspondence, but in the most amicable manner imaginable. This breach was occasioned by the death of Mrs. Martin. Lucy, on the decease of her mother, pressed her friend Emily, with so much earnestness, to come and stay with her, that she found herself very unwilling to oppose her inclination; yet at the same time could not bring herself to comply with her desire till

till she had consulted her parents, and obtained, not only their permission, but their free consent.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverton being very considerate parents, very indulgent ones indeed, readily consented to their daughter's going to administer consolation to Miss Martin, whose situation they pitied, justly conceiving, that she would be deeply affected by the loss she had sustained, if she was properly sensible of it.

The arrival of Emily was highly agreeable to her Lucy, who welcomed her dear friend in the most cordial manner. While they were taking a walk one morning in a neighbouring field, they heard, on a sudden, a deep groan. They were at once moved and alarmed; however, their compassion urged them to proceed with quickened steps towards the part of the field from which they thought the melancholy sound issued.

As soon as they had turned the corner of a separating hedge, they beheld the handsomest young fellow they had ever seen, upon the ground, apparently, from the contortions of his body, in extreme pain.—At the sight of such an object, in such a situation, their compassion was increased; but they knew not, at first, how to make themselves

selfes of service to him. While they were in the midst of a colloquy upon the occasion, Thomas, one of Lucy's servants, came hurrying to her with a letter, and told her on the delivery of it, that the messenger waited for an answer to it.

Lucy, before she opened her letter, ordered Thomas to assist the gentleman upon the ground, and to conduct him, if he was able to walk, to Farmer Fowler's. "There," added she, "I am sure he will be properly attended to." She then returned home, calling at the farmer's by the way, to prepare Mrs. Fowler for the reception of the stranger.

When she had dispatched the messenger, who waited for an answer, she set out for Mrs. Fowler's; but before she had walked a hundred yards, the gentleman, who had so powerfully excited her compassion appeared. Addressing himself to her, in the politest language, he poured out his grateful effusions with such a seducing volubility, that she could not help inviting him to dine with her. With readiness, with eagerness, he accepted the invitation; proved himself to be a very sensible, well-bred, entertaining companion; and at his departure at an early hour in the evening, easily gained

gained the permission of his fair inviter to wait upon her again.

“ Is he not quite a gentleman,” said Lucy, almost in raptures, to her friend.

“ Perfectly so, my dear,” replied Emily ; “ but as you know that his name is Brudeney, and that he has all the marks of the man of fashion about him, you was rather too precipitate, I think, in granting his last request.”

“ O ! he is a charming fellow,” cried Lucy ; “ and I dare say Thomas will bring me a very good account of his family, fortune, and connections.”

Lucy having received an account which gave her a great deal of pleasure, encouraged Brudeney's visits, and looked upon him as an object worthy of her attention : but Emily, not being satisfied with Thomas's intelligence, made it her business to obtain farther information concerning a man whom she, from some expressions which had unguardedly dropped from him, suspected him to be a needy adventurer, and by no means a real man of fashion.

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The answers which she received from her enquiries gratified her curiosity, but did not give her the wished for satisfaction: she found, indeed, that Brudeney was a mere fortune-hunter, and, in consequence of that discovery, warned her friend against the witcheries of his face and tongue: nay, she went so far as to tell her, urged by the truest regard for her interest, that if she did not immediately break off all acquaintance with him, she might be drawn into the most perplexing dilemma.

Lucy heard her friend's intelligence patiently, but she was too much prejudiced in her lover's favour to give any credit to it; of course, the advice with which it was accompanied, had no effect upon her.

Emily was not a little chagrined at her friend's incredibility; but she did not despair of gaining her point. Knowing that though she would not believe any thing against Brudeney from her, she was addicted to listen to the communications of fortune-tellers, and superstitious enough to be influenced by them; she assumed the character of a gipsy, and in that character happily saved her deluded companion from ruin: for Lucy, struck
with

with the gipsy's information, as it agreed minutely with her friend's, became extremely inquisitive about her lover's affairs, and by dismissing him with a becoming spirit, defeated his mercenary designs.

From this hour Emily appeared to her in a higher light than ever; her admonitions ever afterwards made a proper impression upon her mind, and even her reproofs were not disregarded.

A WHIMSICAL ANECDOTE.

A CERTAIN Limner, who had not the talents of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was upon the point of being sent to jail for debt; but having made an intimate acquaintance with a valet-de-chambre of a certain lady of fashion upon the *haut ton*, acquainted him with his impending fate. "My dear Jack, don't despond," said the valet, "there's a fine opening for you." "How so?" said the dejected artist. "Why, my lady this very day quarrelled with her painter, and I think I have interest enough to introduce you to supply his place." "But, my dear Ned, I am a very indifferent

indifferent portrait painter, and I am afraid I shall not give satisfaction." "Ha! ha! ha!" resumed the valet, "you make me laugh: you an artist, and have lived so long in the world, to think my lady only wants to have her portrait painted: no, no; you'll have nothing to do with canvases; flesh and blood you are to work upon." By this time an explanation ensued. The limner was introduced to her Ladyship, and pleased amazingly: he penciled her eye-brows to a nicety, and arched them entirely to her satisfaction. A deficiency in this point had made her dismiss her former painter. Jack was taken into immediate pay, and recommended to most of the ladies upon the *ton* for the delicacy of his touches, and instead of being immured in the Marchelsea, he now rides in his carriage.



A
COLLECTION
OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Essays, &c.

ANECDOTE
OF
SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON.

SOON after the late Sir William Johnson had been appointed Superintendant of Indian Affairs in America, he wrote to England for some Suits of cloaths, richly laced. When they arrived at Sir William's, Hendrick, King of the five nations of Mohawks, was present, and particularly admired them, but without saying any thing to Sir William at that time. In a few days, Hend-

B

rick

rick called on Sir William, and acquainted him that he had had a dream. On Sir William's inquiring what it was, he told him he had dreamed that he had given him one of 'those suits which he had lately received from over the *great water*. Sir William took the hint, and immediately presented him with one of the richest suits. Hendrick, highly gratified with the generosity of Sir William, returned. Sir William, some time after this, happening to be in company with Hendrick, told him that he also had had a dream. Hendrick being very solicitous to know what it was, Sir William informed him he had dreamed that he (Hendrick) had made him a present of a particular tract of land (the most valuable on the Mohawk river) of about five thousand acres. Hendrick presented him with the land immediately, with this shrewd remark: " Now, Sir William, I will never dream with you again; you dream too hard for me."

The above tract of land is called to this hour,

Sir William's dreaming land.

THE

BOOK

THE
PRECIPITATE MARRIAGE,

A MORAL TALE.

IT would be an endless, and no very agreeable task, to produce a catalogue of those men, who being misled by ambition, have, in consequence of their lofty ideas, found themselves severely disappointed by the failure of their great designs. Nor is ambition a passion confined to the breast of men. The fair sex often feel their tender bosoms agitated with the same, and have sometimes paid very dear for their elevated sentiments, after having been seduced by them into very ineligible situations. With regard to their matrimonial schemes, many women have certainly permitted ambition to make too powerful an impression upon their minds, and by supposing, too hastily, that grandeur and happiness are synonymous terms, have, in the most mortifying manner, been forced to own that the most brilliant favours which fortune can bestow may be extremely insufficient to render the life of her who possesses them a life of felicity. Admitting that a woman has really raised herself by marriage to the distinguished sphere, to which her wishes were pointed,

by ambition, she may be very miserable in the midst of her magnificence: how much more wretched must she feel herself, who, dazzled by a false appearance of splendor, discovers, too late, that she mistook the shadow for the substance; and that instead of increasing her importance in the eyes of the world, she has contemptibly degraded herself both in their eyes and in her own.

The heroine of the following tale was one of those ambitious females, who look upon rank and riches to be the principal ingredients in the nuptial composition; without which it is not worthy of their attention: and the perusal of her history, may, perhaps, be of some service to the female *Icarus's* of the age, who, by aiming to soar above all their friends and acquaintances, sink themselves infinitely below them; partly from their weakness, but more from their presumption.

Charlotte Denbigh was the daughter of a country gentleman, who having wasted a very considerable part of his fortune in unsuccessful projects, could only leave her five thousand pounds at his death. With this sum, far from a despicable one, (Charlotte having been brought up with high notions) was by no means satisfied. She had a spirit to enjoy that sum every year. She was also so proud of her beauty and her accomplishments, the one striking,

striking, and the other numerous, that she would not listen to the addresses of many of her admirers, with no mean fortunes, because they could not enable her to live in the style which was most agreeable to her. By the haughtiness of her behaviour, and the frequency of her refusals, she discovered a no small want of judgment, and the admiration which she excited was generally accompanied with contempt. Those who were the most charmed with her person could not help thinking that she appeared in a ridiculous light, by the *hauteur* of her carriage, and her continual attempts, without any artful concealment of her real designs to attract the attention of the first men of the age in point of riches and rank. Her attempts were bold, but they were not successful: her designs were grand, but they were soon seen through and defeated.

After having made a number of fruitless efforts to figure in the first line of female consequence at London, and rejected several very advantageous offers, because they were not precisely the offers agreeable to her ambitious views, she changed the scene of action, made a trip to Calais, and from thence posted to the capital of France, dreaming of nothing but charms and conquests, and forming plans for a brilliant French alliance,

as she had not succeeded in her schemes for an English one.

By her removal from England, Charlotte gave an additional proof of her want of judgment; not only by her passage from one country to another, but by her choice of a female companion in the voyage, who was, certainly, the most improper person she could have selected. A few traits of this Lady will be sufficient to support this assertion.

Mrs. Brindley, the widow of a worthless fellow, who had married her entirely for her money, and who left her in very straitened circumstances, was, for some time, at a great loss for a comfortable subsistence; but on being invited by a old rich gentlewoman in the city, good-natured and generous, though vulgar beyond expression, she, in a little while, having a much superior understanding, played her cards with such address, that she not only lived luxuriously with her during life, but gained a good legacy at her death. As soon as she was in possession of a considerable part of Mrs. Grimball's fortune, she was solicited by several persons in different stations, but having had very bad luck in her first marriage, she was almost afraid to venture upon a second: however, she at last got over all her objections to a new husband,

husband, and gave her hand to Mr. Brindley; a man who was apparently in affluent circumstances, and, without doubt, very agreeable to her fancy: his character was also, in her opinion, in consequence of the enquiries which she had made relating to it, unquestionable. In a few months after her second marriage, and when she had vested her new husband with all she had in her power to give him, she not only found herself deserted by him; but to her additional concern she also found that he had been many years married to another woman:—these were blows which almost stunned her; but she recovered from them, and did the best she could in her distressful condition. Obligated to quit the house, in which she could no longer afford to reside, and ashamed of having been drawn in to be a *nominal* wife, she repaired to a very private part of the town, in which she was not, she imagined, known; and with the little cash she had by her, settled herself in a small obscure apartment. Here she in a short time discovered that her landlady was an arrant procuress: she also found herself so much in her power that she was not even at liberty to leave her. Oppressed, therefore, by poverty on one hand, and overcome by persuasion on the other, she complied with Mrs. Subtle's terms of accommodation, and entered into a regular life of prostitution.

Of

Of this life she was soon heartily tired, and having met with some liberal lovers, she paid off all her debts, and removed herself, without making the least discovery of her designs, to her intended habitation.

In this habitation Miss Denbigh accidentally became acquainted with her, and being charmed with her conversation and behaviour contracted an intimacy without making any enquiries into her character and connections.

The moment Charlotte disclosed her Paris design to Mrs. Brindley, she greatly approved of it, and the pleasure of her company upon the occasion was not twice requested. Mrs. Brindley, very glad to appear in a new light, in a new place, and with a woman of fortune and reputation, was easily prevailed upon to bid adieu to her native land. Besides, she was not without hopes of turning the fortune of her new friend, to her own advantage, in some shape or other. How she succeeded the sequel will shew. We must now return to the heroine of the piece, for the above-mentioned lady is but a secondary character in it.

Charlotte upon finding that Mrs. Brindley, though she had never been out of England, had picked up a great deal of intelligence with regard
to

to France, consulted her upon every occasion, and was directed by her in all her operations on the other side of the water.

On their arrival at Paris, a very handsome house was soon hired, and Charlotte made a very spirited appearance, agreeably to the design she had formed, in order to engage some of the Frenchmen of rank, to think her an object deserving of their attention.

Mrs. Brihdley, the moment she discovered her companion's design, adopted another of a different kind, and, as she thought, far more likely to succeed.

Charlotte being a fine woman, and sufficiently accomplished for a Parisian circle, appeared also in the light of a woman of fortune; soon attracted the eyes of several men of consequence; encouraged their visits, and played off all her arts to make a conquest of the first brilliancy. She was, as she expected to be, much admired, followed, and courted; but she was not, for some time, addressed in the way she wished by any of those who crowded about her *ruelle*. She received overtures, however, at last, of a very flattering kind, from a man who appeared to be in every shape qualified to raise her to the sphere of life in which she longed to move.

The first address which Charlotte received from Count F——, was in the garden belonging to a pleasant villa which she occupied a few leagues from the capital. She at first affected no small surprize, and acted her agitation in a very artful manner; but soon recovering from her well counterfeited confusion, she gave her flattering lover reason enough to believe that his proposals would not be rejected——she also endeavoured to draw him, speedily, into the toils of matrimony. Her endeavours were not unsuccessful, for he left her with a positive assurance that he would give immediately orders for his nuptial preparations; and added, that as soon as those were finished, he should do himself the highest of all possible honor, by waiting on her to his *chateau* in one of the most delicious parts of France.

While Charlotte and her Count were in this situation, and while they imagined they were totally unobserved, they were minutely watched from another quarter of the garden by a young Englishman, of whom it will be now necessary to give some account.

The name of this youth was Saunders. He had a very pretty estate in the west of England, and was so much in love with Miss Denbigh, that
upon

upon her rejecting him, he fell into a melancholy state, alarming to all those who had any regard for him. To amuse him in this miserable state, and to prevent him from dwelling on the cause of it, his friends hurried him about from one place to another, shifted the scene continually, and threw as much novelty in his way as they could, to exclude any disquiet arising from old recollections; but all their endeavours to make him forget the only woman for whom he had ever felt the tender passion, were ineffectual; he still loved her to distraction, and upon hearing that she was gone to France, determined to follow her, taking particular care, at the same time, to conceal his intention from his friends, that he might receive no interruption from their well meant dissuasions. On his arrival at Paris, he made immediate enquiries after the disdainful mistress of his heart; and hearing that she was then at her country house near Paris, repaired to it without delay, in order to renew his addresses, though he had been so often received by her with the most mortifying coldness. Being told by her companion, Mrs. Brindley, with whose behaviour he was much pleased, but of whose real character he was utterly ignorant, that she was just stepped into the garden, he flew into it immediately on the wings of love. To his extreme astonishment he beheld her in a

close conversation with a Frenchman of the lowest class, though dressed like a man of fashion, whom he had remembered in the service of an English nobleman, and who had been disgracefully turned out of his family for certain misdemeanours of an unpardonable nature. In order, however, to gain all the information he could, relating to this unexpected interview, he secreted himself, and listened with a greedy ear to every word which passed between his mistress and the fictitious Count: and the more he attended to the conversation of the latter, the more was he amazed at his consummate impudence. When the Count had taken his leave, he made his appearance, and, approaching his Charlotte in the most submissive manner, begged he might be permitted to be heard.

Charlotte, struck at the sight of the last man whom she expected to behold in that place, started back a few paces, but soon recovering herself, allowed her rejected lover to articulate what he wanted to disclose.

He then entered directly into the business of the moment, and acquainted her with all the particulars which he knew relating to the man whom she had, supposing him to be a person of distinction, encouraged as a lover; concluding his intelligence with the strongest assurances of the sincerity

perity of his own passion, (in spite of all her forbidding behaviour) and the most earnest wishes to be inseparably united to her.

Had Charlotte been at that time in the full possession of her understanding, she, probably, would have been ready, not only to pay her English lover the most cordial acknowledgements for his most seasonable information, but would have also declared herself as ready to reward him with her hand, for all the disquiets and anxieties which he had endured for her sake, and for the convincing proofs he had given of his immoveable attachment to her. Charlotte, unluckily, at that instant, entirely mistaking the views of Saunders, and looking upon the discovery he had made as a mere fiction originating from envy and disappointment, gave not the least credit to what she heard. She persisted in believing that the Count was the man he appeared to be, and that she should, by marrying him, figure in the first circles at Paris. Under the powerful influence of this belief, she, with a formal civility, desired Mr. Saunders to take no more trouble about her, as she knew exceedingly well how to conduct herself without his advice.

Struck at the coldness with which this answer was delivered, and shocked at the same time at her

her obstinate perseverance in an error, which could not but be productive of consequences, destructive of her peace, he could not bring himself to articulate a reply——His tongue was motionless——he bowed——and retired in silence.

As soon as Charlotte returned to the house, after having dismissed one of her best friends, in a manner which he had little merited, she informed her *false* one, Mrs. Brindley, of what had passed concerning the Count.

“ And did you give credit to it,” said Mrs. Brindley, in great eagerness, as if she was much interested in her companion’s faith upon the occasion.

Charlotte, by returning an answer in the negative, removed her apprehensions, and in a subsequent speech made her quite easy about the Count concerning whom she had been in no small agitation, from the instant Saunders flew from her (before she could stop him as she intended) into the garden.

In a few days after this conversation, Charlotte gave her hand to the *nominal* Count F——, and by putting her person and fortune in his possession, plunged herself into a situation by which her
pride

pride was severely mortified, and her peace totally destroyed.

The very morning after she rose one of the happiest of brides, in her own opinion, in Paris, she discovered in a corner of her room, an open letter, written in Mrs. Brindley's hand; and on seeing her own name mentioned in it, she was doubly prompted by curiosity to peruse the whole contents. The perusal of them almost deprived her of senses, for she now found that she had been by her *friend's* connivance (upon the promise of receiving apart of her fortune) married to the very man whom her most faithful lover had described: and not to the man—not to the Count—to whose history of himself she had listened with too much attention, and with too much credulity. She determined immediately to get rid of Mrs. Brindley; but she soon discovered that it was no easy matter to dislodge her, as she was protected by her husband, who proved an imperious tyrant, and forced her to wish, a thousand times a day, that she had married the sincere friend, and constant lover, who had so generously warned her against the precipice to which she was hastening with all the rashness of *precipitation*.

SIR

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, universally acknowledged to be the ablest philosopher and mathematician that this, or perhaps any other nation has produced, is also well known to have been a firm believer and a serious christian. His discoveries concerning the frame and system of the universe were applied by him to demonstrate the being of a God, and to illustrate his power and wisdom in the creation.

This great man applied himself likewise with the utmost attention to the study of the holy scriptures, and considered the several parts of them with uncommon exactness; particularly as to the order of time, and the series of prophecies and events relating to the Messiah. Upon which head he left behind him an elaborate discourse, to prove that the famous prophecy of Daniel's weeks, which has been so industriously perverted by the Deists of our times, was an express prophecy of the coming of the Messiah, and fulfilled in Jesus Christ.

EDUCA,

E D U C A T I O N .

SO important a concern did the right education of children appear to Augustus Cæsar, that, when master of the world, he himself attended to that of his Grand-children. He instructed them in the rudiments of literature and science, and was peculiarly assiduous to teach them to imitate his own hand-writing. They always supped in his company, and were placed on the lowest couch; and, on all his journies they either preceded him in another carriage, or rode on horseback by his side.

His daughters and grand-daughters by his direction were carefully taught to spin; and they were habituated to speak and act on all occasions so openly, that every word and deed might be entered in a journal.

In the schools of philosophy anciently, were taught the great maxims of true policy; the rules of every kind of duty; the motives for a true discharge of them;—what we owe to our country;—the right use of authority;—wherein true courage consists. In a word, the qualities that form the good citizen, statesman, and great commander.

ON THE

INFLUENCE of FASHION.

THEY who are exempted by their elevated condition from the confinement of commercial and professional life, involve themselves in voluntary slavery, by engaging in the service of the tyrant Fashion. Actions in themselves pleasing and innocent, they are compelled to abstain from, however strong their inclination, because the caprice of some distinguished character has prohibited them by his example. Like the dumbest of animals, they are driven round the same circle; from which once to deviate, would subject them to an appellation of all others the most formidable. To be called profligate, extravagant, intemperate, or even wicked, might be tolerated with patience; but who could bear to live with the epithet of ungenteel? People of fashion, once admitted to this honourable title, form a little world of their own, and learn to look down upon all others as beings of a subordinate nature. It is then a natural question, in what does this superiority consist? It arises not from learning, for the most illiterate claim it, and are indulged in the claim: it arises not from virtue, for the most vicious are not excluded. Wealth, beauty, birth,
and

and elegance, are not the only qualifications for it; because many enjoy it who have no just pretensions to either. It seems to be a combination of numbers, who agree to imitate each other, and to maintain, by the majority of voices, and the effrontery of pride, that all they do is proper, and all they say is sensible; that their dress is becoming, their manners polite, their houses tasteful; their furniture, their carriages, all that appertains to them, the very quintessence of real beauty. Those who come not within the pale of their jurisdiction, they condemn with papal authority to perpetual insignificance. They stigmatize them by wholesale, as people whom no-body knows, as the scum of the earth, as born only to minister to their pride, and to supply the wants of their luxury.

Groundless as are the pretensions of this confederacy, no pains are avoided to become an adopted member. For this, the stripling squanders his patrimony, and destroys his constitution. For this, the virgin bloom of innocence and beauty is withered at the vigils of the card-table. For this, the loss of integrity, and public infamy, are willingly incurred; and it is agreed by many, that it were better to go out of the world, than to live in it and be unfashionable. If this distinction

is really valuable, and if the happiness or misery of life depends upon obtaining or losing it, then are the thousands, who walk the private path of life, objects of the sincerest pity. Some consolation must be devised for the greater part of the community who have never breathed the atmosphere of St. James's, nor embarrassed their fortunes, nor ruined their health, in pursuit of this glorious elevation. Perhaps, on an impartial review, it will appear that these are really possessed of that happiness which vanity would arrogate to itself, and yet only seems to obtain.

The middle ranks of mankind are the most virtuous, the best accomplished, and the most capable of enjoying the pleasures and advantages which fall to the lot of human nature. It is not the least of these, that they are free from the necessity of attending to those formalities which engross the attention, and waste the time of the higher classes, without any adequate return of satisfaction. Horace, who was far less illustrious by his birth and station, than by his elegance of manners, was wont to congratulate himself, that he could ride on a little mule to the remotest town of Italy without ridicule or molestation; while his patrons could hardly move a step, but with the unwieldy pomp of an equipage and retinue.

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The single article of dress, which, when splendid, requires the labour and attention of many hours, becomes a wretched task to those who wish to employ their time with honour, with improvement, with pleasure, and the possibility of a satisfactory retrospection. Visits of form, of which every one complains, yet to which every one in some measure submits, are absolutely necessary to keep up the union of the fashionable confederacy. The more numerous, the more honourable. To be permitted to spend five minutes, or to leave a card at the houses of half the inhabitants of the politer streets, is a felicity which compensates for all the trouble of attendance and tedious preparation. To behold a train of coaches, some perhaps with coronets on their sides, crowding to their door; to hear the fulminations of a skilful footman, are joys of which the inhabitant of a rural retreat has little conception; but which delightfully affect the fine feelings of those who are made of purer clay, and who are honoured with the name of fashionable. From this severe persecution, the man who aspires not at such honours is happily free. He visits his friend, because he feels friendly sentiments for him, and is received with cordiality. The intervals of company he can devote to study, and to the pursuit of business and amusement; for his communications with his
friends

friends require not at all the preparatory trouble of fashionable formality. In the unreserved pleasures of conversation, he looks with reciprocal pity on the club of Almack's, nor envies those who knock at an hundred doors in an evening, and who have the privilege of sitting half an hour in company where profession supplies the place of sincerity.

The effects of Fashion constitute very wonderful phenomena in the moral world. It can transform deformity to beauty, and beauty to deformity. When we view the dresses in a picture gallery, we are tempted to ridicule the shocking taste of our grandfathers and grandmothers; and yet there is not the least doubt but they appeared beautiful and becoming when they were worn, and that the garb of the spectator, who now censures them, would have been then equally ridiculous.

During the short period of a life, the fluctuations of taste are strikingly remarkable. A small buckle or a large buckle, a short coat or a long coat, a high or low head dress, appear in their turns, in the course of only a few years, laughably absurd. Manners, books, poetry, painting, building, gardening, undergo a similar alteration. The prevailing taste is at the time supposed to be the perfect taste;

taste: a few years past, and it is exploded as monstrous; a new one is adopted; that is also soon despised, and the old one, in the capricious vicissitudes of the innovating spirit, is revived once more to go through the same revolutions. There is certainly a standard of rectitude in manners, decorum, and taste; but it is more discovered than preserved. The vanity of the great and opulent will ever be affecting new modes in order to increase that notice to which it thinks itself entitled. The lower ranks will imitate them as soon as they have discovered the innovation. Whether right or wrong, beautiful or deformed, in the essential nature of things, is of little moment. The pattern is set by a superior, and authority will at any time countenance absurdity. A hat, a coat, a shoe, deemed fit to be worn only by a great grandfire, is no sooner put on by a Lord, than it becomes graceful in the extreme, and is generally adopted from the first Lord of the Treasury to the apprentice in Houndsditch.

It must be allowed, indeed, that while Fashion exerts her arbitrary power in matters which tend not to the corruption of morals, or of taste in the fine arts, she may be suffered to rule without limitation. But the misfortune is, that she will, like other Potentates, encroach on provinces where

where her jurisdiction is usurped. The variations she is continually introducing in dress, are of service in promoting commerce. The whims of the rich feed the poor. The variety and the restlessness caused by the changes in the modes of external embellishment, contribute to please and employ those whose wealth and personal insignificance prevent them from finding more manly objects, and more rational entertainment. But when the same caprice which gives law to the wardrobe extends itself to the library; when the legislator of an assembly dictates in the schools, regulates religion, and directs education, it is time that reason should vindicate her rights against the encroachments of folly. Yet so fascinating is the influence of general example, that they who possess reason in its most improved state, are known to follow Fashion with blind obedience. The Scholar and the Philosopher are hurried away with the rapidity of the torrent. To stand singular, is to present a mark for the shafts of scorn and malevolence. For the sake of ease, therefore, men are induced to join the throng, which they must resist without success, but not without receiving injury in the conflict. Compliance is wisdom, where opposition is inefficacious.

With

With respect to the distinction claimed by people of fashion, it is certain that they who are elevated by station, fortune, and a correspondent education, are often distinguished by a peculiar elegance of manners resulting from their improvements. But this ought not to inspire pride, or teach them to separate from the rest of mankind. It should give them a spirit of benevolence, and lead them to promote the happiness of others, in return for the goodness of Providence in bestowing on them superior advantages, without any merit of their own. They should be convinced, that the warmest Philanthropist is the truest Gentleman.

ANECDOTE

OF

SERJEANT DAVY.

SERJEANT DAVY, when a celebrated Law Lord, in spite of decency, persisted in coming down to Westminster-Hall to try causes on Good-Friday, cried out, loud enough to be heard by him, "Your Lordship then will be the first Judge since Pontius Pilate's time, who ever did

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business

business on that day." When the same Judge, on the pertinacity of a great Lawyer to a certain point, said, " If this be law, Sir, I must burn all my books I see;" " Your Lordship," replied the Counsellor, " had much better read them first.

M E M O I R S

OF A

RAKE.

I AM descended from parents of distinction, who were not more celebrated for their riches than their virtues. I was an only son, and so great a favorite, that I enjoyed all sorts of indulgencies; and being of a gay, thoughtless disposition, soon fell in with all the fashionable diversions, soon became acquainted with all the fashionable vices, and soon contracted all the fashionable distempers of the town. In a few years, however, I found such a decay in my constitution by a *regular* course of debauchery, that I began to be alarmed; and in order to conceal the true cause of my ill state of health from my father, desired his consent to make the *tour of England*, but at the same time determined to take private lodgings.

lodgings at a village near London till I had (by entering into a salutary regimen) repaired my shattered frame. In this retreat I was attended by a faithful servant, and, for particular reasons, changed my name. By the assistance of a skilful physician I recovered much sooner than I expected, but recovered only to contract new disorders, for with my health my passions too returned, and hurried me on to those scenes from which I had fled with so much detestation. It was here I commenced an acquaintance with a fine young girl who frequently visited the family where I lodged. This girl's father had been dead about a year, leaving her to the care of a rigid mother-in-law, with a very small income. I was immediately struck with the youth and beauty of this lovely creature, and resolved to procure her for a mistress: but when I discovered, on a more intimate acquaintance, the beauties of her mind, and her easy unaffected innocence, I was somewhat startled at the thoughts of undermining her virtue. But having early imbibed a set of loose principles, and knowing if I could bring myself to like matrimony, that my father would never consent to so unequal a match, I boldly pursued my first design, and employed the most insinuating arts to conquer her prudery, and to *sap* that virtue which I could not *storm*: but all my attempts

were vain, for the love-inspiring Fanny was mistress of so excellent an understanding, and so resolute, that partly by arguments, and partly by flights, she baffled all my schemes for her undoing. My passions however increased so much, that I was animated to repeat my attacks, and at length prevailed on her to agree to a private marriage. I provided a genteel apartment for her in town, and saw her as often as I could, during the space of two years, before the expiration of which she brought into the world a daughter, of whom I was then very fond; but length of time, my own unsettled disposition, and the sight of a young lady of fashion, to whom my father introduced me for a husband, made me abandon for ever one of the gentlest creatures that man can be blest with. I left a bank note of 500*l.* on her toilet one morning, with a letter, wherein I told her in what manner I had deceived her, and that I should never see her again. It was not without the most cutting reflections that I committed this masterpiece of barbarity, (for so I must call it) as I knew she loved me with the sincerest tenderness. But a new face quickly restored me to my usual tranquillity, and I had nothing to fear from her, because she could produce no certificate of our marriage. My intended wife received my addresses with pleasure;—but alas! how vain are all

all sublunary schemes!—she was seized with the small pox, which raged with such violence that she died in a few days. A disappointment of this kind would perhaps have made a deep impression on a man of less volatility, but I soon recovered from it, plunged headlong into all my former extravagancies, and took my fill once more of what fine gentlemen call pleasure. At the end of three years my father died and left me a very large fortune. I had attended him closely during his illness, and having many opportunities to meditate on my past follies, resolved to forsake them; but this unexpected supply, and the increase of company it naturally produced, encouraged me to proceed, till at last I grew weary and dissatisfied. I looked back with horror on a mispent life, and would have given the world to retrieve my peace of mind. No part of my life could I recollect with any satisfaction but that which I spent with my once much-loved and most amiable Fanny. I reflected on the injuries she had received from me, and often wished that I had it my power to ask her forgiveness. I went myself to the place where we had enjoyed so many hours exquisite happiness, but all the people had been a long while removed, and nobody could tell me whether. I was fatigued with enquiries to no purpose, and concluded that both *she* and her *child* were

were *dead*,—perhaps with grief, for my unkind usage. These thoughts afflicted me so much that I fell dangerously ill, and just on the brink of recovery, was advised by my physicians to try the country air. According to their advice I set out for an estate I had in Dorsetshire, accompanied by a very agreeable young friend, to whom my father had been guardian: but he dying before my friend was of age, an uncle of mine was chosen in his stead. He was much younger than myself, and became not my intimate till I had quitted my follies. We arrived there in the finest spring I ever saw, and as exercise was one of my Doctor's prescriptions, I walked every evening in the adjacent fields.

In one of these evening migrations, as we crossed a field bounded by a small farm, we met a very beautiful rural nymph, I took not much notice of her at first, (for I was grown quite indifferent to the sex) but my companion was instantly charmed with her figure, and approaching her, asked in the politest manner a few questions about herself and family, to which she replied with great modesty, prudence, and good humour. When she left us he was very lavish of his encomiums on her person and manners, and after this interview I missed him several evenings. He always told me on his
return

return he had discoursed with the pretty rustic, and discovered her to be a most amiable creature. He usually finished his panegyrick with saying "How happy will that man be who first inspires her gentle heart with love! This fond exclamation brought to my remembrance my first interview with the innocent Fanny. He prevailed on me with great difficulty to accompany him the next meeting. I went to oblige him, but could not help taking out a picture of my dear Fanny, (while my friend was engaged with his fair companion) which was drawn in the days of our fondness, and which I carried about me ever after my fruitless search for her.

While I was lost in ruminating on the precious moments I had spent in Fanny's company, my attention was diverted by the sudden appearance of a countryman whom the rustic maiden was desirous of avoiding; upon this I hastily put the picture in my pocket, (as I thought;) but when I came home and pulled out my handkerchief, no picture was to be found. A loss of this kind made me very uneasy: I told my friend of it, and added, "perhaps your favorite has picked it up in her walks." A lucky thought replied he; I shall at least have a good excuse to ask for her at the house, where she has assured me she lives,
with

with her mother and aunt. I am impatient, continued he, to see them, for if they are as agreeable as I imagine the relations of so lovely a girl must be, I am resolved to be united to her for ever."

At the close of this speech I sighed; Fanny's image again rose in my mind, and I could not help saying to myself, "What happiness might I now have enjoyed, had my passions been regulated by virtue and honour?"

The next morning he set out to the farm, but returned with looks of astonishment, and thus addressed me: I have been witness to a very extraordinary, and afflicting scene. On my asking to speak with the young lady, a tight laced conducted me into a little parlour, where a venerable old lady, with another much younger, were ready to receive me. They were both dressed plain, but neat. The elder, rose with great dignity, to accost me, the other, by a wildness in her countenance, seemed to be surprized and disappointed at the sight of me, and could only make a sign to her companion, who asked me very politely if I had any business with her niece.

"I have often had the pleasure of meeting your niece, madam," said I, "and should be happy in being

being permitted to wait on you and her at some leisure hours, as I am your neighbour, and desirous of cultivating an acquaintance with all your family; (bowing respectfully to both ladies) but my present business is only with your niece—I came to enquire if she found a picture yesterday in her walks, which a friend of mine dropped somewhere (he imagines) in the grass."

"Yes, Sir," replied the lady, who had not power to speak before; "my daughter found it, and the sight of it renewed the greatest sorrow I ever felt. Here it is; I restore it to you and your friend."

"She could say no more—a flood of tears burst at that instant from her eyes, and prevented farther speech. I was moved with her grief, and stood full of admiration at the graces of her person, and manner of behaving, and could only assure her of my concern for being the unfortunate (though innocent) occasion of her distress, offering her my assistance to remove it. I begged her permission to attend her at a more proper time, but she just recovered herself enough to tell me, in broken accents, that I must excuse her not receiving any more visits from me, and immediately left the room.

I scarcely gave my friend an opportunity to
 F finish

finish his recital, for being strongly prepossessed that this fair mourner might be my long-lost Fanny, I hastily asked him if she resembled the picture? "Yes, indeed she does," replied he. "Then," said I, in a transport of joy, "I shall once more possess the most deserving of wives, and most lovely of daughters.—I waited not for an answer, but flew to the farm, demanded an entrance, and found my poor Fanny bathed in tears, with my darling child in her arms.—I threw myself about her neck, and as soon as I could speak, entreated her forgiveness with an unfeigned earnestness, and begged that she would take me once again into her favour, without dreading another separation.—Surprise and joy for a while deprived her of speech: she could only strain me in her arms, with her streaming eyes turned alternately on me and her child, with the most expressive tenderness. Before we had recovered ourselves from the first workings of the passions, my friend, who followed me, and had gained admittance, entered the room with the venerable lady, and both stood astonished at so affecting a scene.

My wife presented my daughter to me, whom she had informed of her birth, &c. As soon as our drooping spirits were recruited, I desired my dearest Fanny to tell me what had happened to
her

her during our long separation, which she did in the following manner.

When I read your cruel intentions of never seeing me again, I fell senseless on the floor, from which I was raised by the woman of the house, who ran up on hearing the shrieks of my servant. She too read the letter, which I had dropped in my fright, and offered all the consolation that good sense and good nature could suggest; but in vain, for I not only lamented the loss of reputation, but the loss of a man's affection whom I loved tenderly, and by whom I thought I was as tenderly beloved. This dreadful disappointment threw me into a violent fever, from which I was almost miraculously delivered by the humanity and affluity of my landlady, who endeavoured to preserve my life (as she afterwards told me) not only for my own sake, but for my child's. When my health was reinstated, she said I must think of getting a livelihood in some profitable and amusing way. "I have a sister," continued she, "older than myself, to whom I have told your story; she is in a genteel business, and has consented, if you have no objection, to take you as a partner in the trade." I agreed with pleasure and gratitude to this proposal, but to avoid a great deal of uneasiness, changed my name.—With this humane lady,

(pointing to her) I and my daughter lived ten years; she then left off business, and persuaded me to do the same, assuring me that we should be her heirs, as my good-natured landlady was dead, and she had no other relations. We agreed to leave the town, and chose this place, where we have dwelt ever since in retirement, and passed for sisters; my only wish being to keep my child from meeting with her mother's fate. As we had no neighbours but females, I trusted her often to pass over the fields alone to the widow lady's, of whom we rent this little cottage: but how was I amazed last night when she showed me my own picture, and told me that a gentleman, whom she often met in the fields, had, she believed, dropt it. I was much alarmed, and concluded you to be the gentleman, and feared you had laid the same snare for your own child, as you had for her unhappy mother. I kept her, therefore, at home, till I could compose my ruffled thoughts on this discovery. I shuddered with horror at your designs upon your own daughter, while all the inclination I had felt for you as my husband revived, and I intended to leave the place this day, when the news came of a stranger's arrival. I imagined that you was the visitor, and knew not, how to act, but before I could resolve, your friend appeared, and asked for my picture:—I gave it, and left him abruptly,

bruptly, though not without making my concern visible. Afterwards I called my child, and was telling her my dismal tale, and final resolution to quit this cottage, when you entered my apartment.

To conclude this long narrative, I must inform you that I lived many happy years with my dear Fanny after this adventure, and received, if possible, more satisfaction in the renewal of our affection, than I did at its first beginning. To complete our felicity, we had the pleasure of seeing our lovely child happy in the possession of that amiable friend, who was so accidentally instrumental in bringing about our second union.

ON

B E A U T Y.

EVERY object that is pleasing to the eye, when looked upon, or delightful to the mind, on recollection, may be called beautiful; so that beauty, in general, may stretch as wide as the visible creation or even as far as the imagination can go, which is a sort of new, or secondary creation. Thus we speak not only of the beauties of an engaging prospect, of the rising or-setting sun, or of

a fine starry Heaven, but of those of a picture, statue, or building, and even of the actions, characters, or thoughts of men. In the greater part of these, there may be almost as many false beauties as there are real, according to the different tastes of nations and men; so that, if any one was to consider beauty in its fullest extent, it could not be done without the greatest confusion. I shall therefore confine my subject to visible beauty, and am apt to think every thing belonging to it might fall under one or other of these four heads, *colour*, *form*, *expression*, and *grace*; the two former of which I look upon as the body, and the two latter as the soul of beauty.

Though colour be the lowest of all the constituent parts of beauty, yet it is vulgarly the most striking, and the most observed. The colour of the body in general, the most beautiful perhaps that ever was imagined, was that which Apelles expressed in his famous Venus; and which, though the picture itself be lost, Cicero has, in some degree, preserved to us in his excellent description of it. It was a fine red, beautifully intermixed and incorporated with white; and diffused, in its due proportions, through each part of the body.—Such are the descriptions of a most beautiful skin, in several of the Roman Poets; and such often is the
colouring

colouring of Titan, and particularly in his sleeping Venus, or whatever other beauty that charming piece was meant to represent.

The reason why these colours please so much, is not only their natural liveliness, together with the greater charms they obtain from their being properly blended together, but also the idea they carry with them of good health; without which, all beauty grows languid and less engaging; and with which it always recovers an additional life and lustre.

A great deal of the colour of the face in particular is owing to variety, that being designed by nature for the greatest assemblage of different colours of any part in the human body. Colours please by opposition; and it is in the face that they are most diversified, and the most opposed.

The beauty of an evening sky, about the setting of the sun, is owing to the variety of colours that are scattered along the face of the Heavens. It is the fine red clouds, intermixed with white, and sometimes darker ones, with the azure bottom appearing here and there between them, which makes all that beautiful composition that delights the eye so much, and gives such a serene pleasure to the heart. In the same manner, if you consider some
beautiful

beautiful faces, you may observe that it is much the same variety of colours which gives them that pleasing look which is so apt to attract the eye, and but too often to engage the heart: for all this sort of beauty is resolvable into a proper variation of flesh colour and red, with the clear blueness of the veins pleasingly intermixed about the temples and the going off of the cheeks, and set off by the shades of full eye-brows; and of the hair, when it falls in a proper manner round the face. But, though one's judgment is so apt to be guided by some particular attachments, and that more, perhaps, in this part of beauty than any other, yet I am a good deal persuaded that a complete brown beauty is really preferable to a perfect fair one, the bright brown giving a lustre to all the other colours, a vivacity to the eye, and a richness to the whole look, which one seeks in vain in the whitest and most transparent skins. Raphael's most charming Madona is a brunette beauty; and all the best artists in the noblest age of painting, about Leo the Tenth's time, used this deeper and richer kind of colouring.

Form takes in the turn of each part, as well as the symmetry of the whole body, even to the turn of an eye-brow, or the falling of the hair. I should think, too, that the attitude, while fixed, ought

ought to be reckoned under this article: by which I do not only mean the posture of the person, but the position of each part; as the turning of the neck, the extending of the hand, the placing of a foot, and so on to the most minute particulars.

The general cause of beauty in the form of shape; in both sexes, is a proportion, or an union and harmony, in all parts of the body. The distinguishing character of beauty, in the female form, is delicacy and softness; and, in the male, either apparent strength, or agility. The finest examples that can be seen, for the former, is the Venus of Medici; and, for the two latter, the Hercules Farnese, and the Apollo Belvidere. There is one thing, indeed, in the last of these figures, which is called the transcendent, or Celestial. It is something distinct from all human beauty, and of a nature greatly superior to it; something that seems like an air of Divinity, which is expressed, or at least is to be traced out, in but very few works of the artists; and of which scarce any of the Poets have caught any in their description, or perhaps even in their imagination, except Homer and Virgil among the ancients, and our Shakespeare and Milton among the moderns.

The beauty of the mere human form is much superior to that of colour; and it may be partly for

this reason, that when one is observing the finest works of the artists at Rome, where there is still the noblest collection of any in the world, one feels the mind more struck and more charmed with the capital statues, than with the pictures of the greatest masters.

The two other constituent parts of beauty are *expression* and *grace*: the former of which is common to all persons and faces, and the latter is to be met with in very few. By *expression*, I mean the expression of the passions; the turns and changes of the mind, so far as they are made visible to the eye, by our looks or gestures.

Though the mind appears principally in the face, and attitudes of the head, yet every part almost of the human body, on some occasion or other, may become expressive. Thus the languishing hanging of the arm, or the vehement exertion of it; the pain expressed by the finger of one of the sons, in the famous groupe of Laocoon, and in the toes of the dying gladiator. But this, again, is often lost among us by our dress; and, indeed, is of less concern, because the expression of the passions passes chiefly in the face, which we by good luck have not as yet concealed.

The parts of the face, in which the passions most frequently make their appearance, are the eyes
and

and mouth ; but from the eyes they diffuse themselves very strongly about the eye brows, as, in the other case, they appear often in the parts all round the mouth.

Philosophers may dispute as much as they please about the seat of the soul : but, wherever it resides, I am sure that it speaks in the eyes. I do not know whether I have not injured the eye-brows, in making them only dependants on the eye ; for they, especially in lively faces, have, as it were, a language of their own ; and are extremely varied, according to the different sentiments and passions of the mind.

We may say, in general, that all the tender and kind passions add to beauty, and all the cruel and unkind ones add to deformity ; and it is on this account that good nature may, very justly, be said to be "the best feature, even in the finest face."

Mr. Pope has included the principal passion of each sort in two very pretty lines.

Love, Hope and Joy, fair pleasure's smiling train ;
Hate, Fear, and Grief the family of pain.

The former of which naturally give an additional lustre and enlivening to a beauty, as the latter are too apt to fling a gloom and cloud over it.

Yet in these, and all the other passions, I do not know whether moderation may not be, in a great measure, the rule of their beauty, almost as far as moderation in actions is the rule of virtue. Thus, an excessive joy may be too boisterous in the face to be pleasing; and a degree of grief, in some faces, and on some occasions, may be extremely beautiful. Some degrees of anger, shame, surprize, fear, and concern, are beautiful; but all excess is hurtful, and all excess ugly. Dullness, austerity, impudence, pride, affectation, malice, and envy, are, I believe, always ugly; so that the chief rule of the beauty of the passions is moderation, and the part in which they appear most strongly is the eyes. It is there that love holds all his tenderest language: it is there that virtue commands, modesty charms, joy enlivens, sorrow engages, and inclination fires the heart of the beholders: it is there that even fear, and anger, and confusion, can be charming. But all these, to be charming, must be kept within their due bounds and limits; for too sullen an appearance of virtue, a violent prostitute swell of passion, a rustic and overwhelming modesty, a deep sadness, or too wild and impetuous a joy, become all either oppressive or disagreeable.

The last finishing and noblest part of beauty is
Grace,

Grace, which every body is accustomed to speak of as a thing inexplicable, and in a great measure I believe it is so. We know that the soul is, but we scarce know what it is : every judge of beauty can point out grace, but no one has ever yet fixed upon a definition for it.

Grace often depends on some very little incidents in a fine face ; and, in actions, it consists more in the manner of doing things, than in the things themselves. It is perpetually varying its appearances, and is therefore much more difficult to be considered than any thing fixed and steady. While you look upon one it steals from under the eye of the observer ; and is succeeded, perhaps, by another, that flits away as soon ; and as imperceptibly

It is on this account that grace is better to be studied in Coregio's, Guido's, and Raphael's pictures, than in real life. Thus, for instance, if I wanted to discover what it is that makes anger graceful in a set of features full of the greatest sweetness, I should rather endeavour to find it out in Guido's St. Michael, than in a beautiful lady's face ; because, in the pictured Angel, one has full leisure to consider it ; but, in the living one, it would be too transient and changeable to be the subject of any steady observation.

But,

But, though one cannot punctually say what grace is, we may point out the parts and things in which it is most apt to appear.

The chief dwelling-place of grace is about the mouth; though, at times, it may visit every limb or part of the body. But the mouth is the chief seat of grace, as much as the chief seat for the beauty of the passions is in the eyes.

In a very graceful face (by which I do not so much mean a majestic, as a soft and pleasing one,) there is, now and then, a certain deliciousness that almost always lives about the mouth, in something not quite enough to be called a smile, but rather an approach towards one, which varies gently about the different lines there, like a little fluttering Cupid; and, perhaps, sometimes discovers a little dimple, that after just lightening upon you disappears, and again appears by fits. This I take to be one of the most pleasing sorts of grace of any.

The grace of attitudes may belong to the position of each part, as well as to the carriage or disposition of the whole body: but how much more it belongs to the head, than to any other part, may be seen in the pieces of the most celebrated painters; and particularly in those of Guido, who has been rather too lavish in bestowing this beauty on almost

almost all his fine women; whereas nature has given it in so high a degree but to very few.

The turns of the neck are extremely capable of grace, and are very easy to be observ'd, and very difficult to be accounted for: and how much of this grace may belong to the arm and feet, as well as to the neck and head, may be seen in dancing.

There are two very distinct sorts of grace, the majestic and the familiar: the former belongs chiefly to the very fine women, and the latter to the very pretty ones, that is more commending, and this the more delightful and engaging. Milton speaks of these two sorts of grace, and gives the majestic to his Adam, and both the familiar and majestic to Eve; but the latter in the less degree than the former.

But, though grace is so difficult to be accounted for in general, yet I have observed two particular things, which, I think, hold universally in relation to it. The first is, "That there is no grace without motion:" by which I mean, without some genteel or pleasing motion, either of the whole body, or of some limb, or at least of some feature. The second is, "That there can be no grace with impropriety;" or, in other words, that nothing can be graceful, that is not adapted to the characters of the person.

Hence

Hence the graces of a little lively beauty would become ungraceful in the character of Majesty, as the majestic air of an Empress would quite destroy the prettiness of the former. The vivacity that adds a grace to beauty in youth, would give an additional deformity to old age; and the very same airs which would be charming on some occasions, may be quite shocking when extremely mistimed, or extremely misplaced.

But, if we are enchanted with excellencies of the human form, what shall we say of the beauties of the works of nature? If we look upon the earth, we see it laid out in a thousand beautiful inequalities, and a pleasing variety of plains, hills, and mountains, generally clothed by Nature in a living green, the colour that is the most delightful, and the most refreshing to the eye, diversified with an infinity of different lights and shades, adorned with various sorts of trees, fruits and flowers; interspersed often with winding rivers, or limpid streams, or spreading lakes, or terminating, perhaps, on a view of the sea, which is for ever changing its form, and in every form is pleasing.

If we look up to the Heavens, how charming are the rising of the sun, the gentle azure of the noble arch expanded over our heads, the various
appear-

appearance and colours of the clouds, the fleeting shower, and the painted bow? even in the absence of its great enlivener, the sun, we see it all studded with living lights, or gilded by the more solemn beauties of the moon, most pleasing in her infant shape, and most majestic when in her full orb.

If we turn to the different sorts of animals, it is observable enough among them, that the beauty which is designed chiefly to please one another, in their own species, is so contrived as to diffuse pleasure to those of other species, or at least to man. How beautiful, even to us, are the colours that adorn the necks of the pigeon or the pheasant, the train of the mackaw and peacock, and the whole dress of several sorts of birds, more particularly in the Eastern parts of the world! How neat and pleasing is the make of the deer, the greyhound, and several sorts of horses! How beautiful is the expression of the passions in a faithful dog! And they are not even without some degrees of grace, as may be seen in particular in the natural motions of a Chinese pheasant, or the acquired ones of a managed horse. And if the rather take part of the beauty of all these creatures to be meant by the bounty of nature for us, because most of the different sorts of sea fish, which live chiefly out of our sight, are of colours

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and forms more hideous, or at best least agreeable to us.

And, as the beauty of one species of animals may be so designed and adapted as to give pleasure to many others, so the beauty of different worlds may not be confined to each, but be carried on from one world to another, and from one system of worlds to another, and may end in one great universal beauty of all created matter taken in one view.

And yet all the profusion of beauty I have been speaking of, and even that of the whole universe taken together, is but of a weaker nature, in comparison of the beauty of virtue.—It was extremely well said by Plato, that, *If Virtue was to appear in a visible shape, all men would be enamoured of her.* And, indeed, the beauty of virtue, or goodness, exceeds all other beauty as much as the soul does the body.

The highest object of beauty that we can see, is the goodness of God, as displayed in the works of the creation. In him all goodness and beauty dwell; and whatever there is of moral beauty in the whole universe besides, is only as so many emanations from the Divine Author of all that is good and beautiful.

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We sometimes see a few feeble rays of this beauty reflected in human actions, but much discoloured by the medium through which they pass; and yet, how charming do they even thus appear in some persons, and on some occasions! All the grandeur of the world is as nothing, in comparison of any one of these good becoming deeds.

There is a mighty easy consequence to be drawn from all this, which well deserves to be more generally observed. If virtue be the chief beauty, people, to be beautiful, should endeavour to be virtuous; and should avoid vice, and all the worst sort of passions, as they would fly deformity; for, indeed, vice is the most odious of all deformities.



T H E

Treachery of Ethelwold,

T H E

Favourite of Edgar, King of England.

ELFRIDA, was the daughter of Ordgar count of Devon, and though educated in a private manner, was so beautiful, that the fame of her charms reached the ears of Edgar, king of England. In order to satisfy himself whether her beauty answered the report he had heard of it, he sent Ethelwold his favourite, who, under pretext of a visit to the father, got a sight of the daughter. As he was then young, and susceptible of the impressions of a fair face, he was so captivated with Elfrida's charms, that he proved false to his trust, and made his addresses to the lady. On his return to the king, he described her in such a manner as convinced Edgar, that she was neither a proper object for his curiosity nor affections. Having thus diverted the king's thoughts from Elfrida, he took an opportunity to represent to him that she would prove an advantageous match to himself, though by no means worthy of a monarch; and having obtained his consent to demand her in marriage, succeeded in his suit. Ethelwold had
not

not long enjoyed the fruits of his treachery, before the whole mystery was revealed to the king. Edgar, however dissembled his resentment, till he had ocular demonstration of his perfidy. For this purpose he found some pretence for travelling near Ethelwold's house, and declared his intention of visiting a lady who was so much cried up for her beauty. The earl posted away with the news to his wife, at the same time advising her to use all the methods she could to conceal her graces from the eyes of an amorous monarch, who would satisfy his desires at the expence of her chastity. Elfrida being by these means acquainted with the wrong done to herself as well as to the king, was filled with resentment, and instead of following her husband's advice, made use of every art to set her charms out to the greatest advantage, and to make herself appear the more amiable. This interview served only to convince the king that his favourite had abused his confidence. He dissembled his resentment, and sent Ethelwold a little while after against the Danes, to secure the coast of Northumberland, and in his way thither he was found murdered. No steps were taken to find out the authors of this crime, but Elfrida, as soon as decency would permit, was married to the king.

ANECDOTE

OF

Joseph the Second, Emperor of Germany.

AN old Austrian officer, being reduced to the half pay establishment, with a large family, presented a memorial to the Emperor, setting forth the indigence of his circumstances, and particularly mentioning, that he had then ten helpless children to support. His Majesty inquired where he lived, went privately in disguise to the house, upon some foreign pretence or other, and observing the number of boys and girls about him to be eleven, asked carelessly if they were all his? "No, Sir, (replied the good old soldier;) one of them is a poor orphan, that a motive of mere humanity has induced me to feed and cloath along with my own. The Monarch then discovered himself; not by throwing open his coat and displaying an embroidered vest, as Princes reveal themselves in modern tragedies; but by more unequivocal signs of royalty, by settling a pension upon each of the half score children; adding these truly noble and generous sentiment at the same time, that he left the orphan to his own care, as he should think it but an envious deed, to deprive him of the virtuous pleasures of providing for his charitable adoption himself.

COPY

This is the immutable resolution, and shall be
the undoubted practice of him, who accounts it
the chiefest glory to be

His Majesty's most loyal
Castle-Town, and obedient subject,
12th July, 1619. (Signed) DERBY.

THE DISCONTENTED VILLAGER.

A MORAL TALE.

IN the mind where Discontent has fixed it's
baneful root, we look in vain for the rosy
blossoms of Happiness. Envy, and her ghastly
train, destroy the infant buds of joy, and effec-
tually exclude the sunshine of pleasure. No in-
cident can illumine the clouded brow of Discon-
tent, and no situation quiet it's restless and perturb-
ed spirit. I was involuntarily led into these re-
flections, on observing the number of country girls
that are, I may say, daily flocking to London, in
search of visionary riches. To this propensity for
emigration, in the minds of our village nymphs,
we are indebted for the numerous females that
nightly parade our streets, in contempt of decency;
that shock the eye of Modesty, by their loose and
wanton dress; and that wound the ear of Chastity,
by

by their indecorous language. Trace the origin of most of these pitiable objects, and you will find it centered in some rural village. To check this roving spirit, so fatally predominant in this class of my fair countrywomen, I submit to their perusal the following narrative; the leading features of which have truth for their recommendation.

Maria, the daughter of an industrious farmer, about threescore miles west of the metropolis, from an acquaintance with Lucy Farley, a neighbour's daughter, who had resided in town some years, and who had lately paid a visit to her friends, imbibed the pernicious notion of coming to London, as the country phrase is; "*to better her fortune.*" Her parents, for some time, firmly resisted all her solicitations: but, finding that she grew careless and negligent about her domestic employment, and was out of humour with every thing around her, they at length gave their reluctant consent. Her lover had already been forbid to speak to her more, for daring to oppose her wishes; and, to say the truth, the shewy appearance which her school-fellow had made in the village, and the account which her vanity gave of the number of handsome suitors she had at her command, operated so powerfully on the mind of Maria, that she determined to break down every obstacle that should oppose her inclination.

I

Every

Every thing being prepared for her departure from her rustic habitation; from those rural scenes of artless innocence and delight; she walked, attended by her friends, to the alehouse in the village, where the waggon was then setting out for London. Her weeping parents strained her to their anxious bosoms, and bade her adieu; imploring Heaven to protect her from the snares and artifices of a deceitful world! Maria had a feeling heart, and could not behold, unmoved, the sorrows of her venerable parents. She paused awhile, undetermined whether to return with her friends, or prosecute her ill-advised journey. A few moments were employed in a struggle between affection and ambition: unhappily, the latter prevailed; and now behold the adventurous maid, in all the bloom of innocence and beauty, the inmate of this dissipated town.

On her arrival at the inn, she was met by her friend Lucy, who conducted her to the house of the family in which she lived, having her mistress's permission so to do. Diligent search was made for a situation for Maria; and, in a few days, a place offered, which was readily accepted, by the inexperienced girl.

Clarinda, to whose service she was preferred, was a lady of fashion, and kept a sumptuous train
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of attendants. Her visitors were numerous, and of the first rank; but still Clarinda was indebted to her beauty for the luxuries she enjoyed, and the respect with which she was treated.

Melissa, the mistress of Lucy, and Clarinda, were almost inseparable companions; and Maria and her friend had frequent opportunities of conversing together. The innocent girl congratulated herself on her good fortune: but still the cloud of discontent rested on her mind. Lucy was caparisoned in attire but little inferior to that which graced her lady; while that of Maria was in the opposite extreme.

Lucy soon discovered the source of her friend's uneasiness, and, one evening, in the absence of her mistress, paid her a visit. Clarinda, too, was from home, and a favourable opportunity offered itself for discoursing on this topic. The abandoned Lucy, long initiated in the arts of prostitution, opened her whole soul to the astonished Maria; who, till that moment, believed herself in the service of a virtuous woman. And now it was that she lamented her rashness, in leaving her disconsolate parents, in search of grandeur and affluence. Tears of regret fell copiously from her lovely eyes: and she expressed her determination, the first moment that offered, to leave a

house where infamy, and every species of vice, were unblushingly practised. Her friend ridiculed the fears of the repenting girl, and laughed her from her intended elopement.

“ You must know, Maria,” said she, “ there is a certain gentleman, a visitor of my lady, who saw you at our house, and is fallen desperately in love with you; and, if you manage him as you ought, I will be bound you may in a little time command as splendid an equipage as she whom you now serve enjoys. I have promised that you should meet him at the house of a friend, where he intends to make you an offer of his love; and, knowing that your lady, as well as mine, would be absent to day, I have dispatched a note to inform him, that the meeting should take place this evening.”

Maria refused her assent to the proposition of her friend; but, so powerful an advocate was Lucy, and so specious an orator, that the too incautious Maria at length agreed to attend her. As soon, therefore, as tea was over, a coach was called; and the designing Lucy, and her credulous companion, set out for the habitation of this pretended friend.

With a palpitating heart, Maria alighted from
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the coach; and, with a reluctant step, attended her friend into a small room on the first floor of the house, which was really no other than a celebrated bagnio in the vicinity of Covent Garden. The room, which was furnished in a stile, at once neat and elegant, was lighted with wax; around were hung a variety of pictures, whose subjects reflect eternal disgrace on the artist that invented them, the person that exposed them to view, and those who could without a blush behold them. To this resort of infamy was the devoted victim carried by the abandoned Lucy, at the request of Belmont, a young nobleman, an admirer of the frail Melissa; a professed libertine, who longed for the enjoyment of every handsome woman he saw, and who trampled on every law, both human and divine, to accomplish his sensual desires.

It is a general observation—and, I fear, a true one, when a woman has forfeited her claim to innocence, and her deportment is become openly meretricious, she wishes to reduce all her sex to the same level with herself. To accomplish this criminal wish, was one of the motives which actuated Lucy to betray her innocent friend into the hands of Belmont. Another, perhaps a no less powerful one, was the gratuity given by Belmont, to effect an interview; as an earnest of future reward,

ward, when he should realize his hopes of triumph over the incautious maid. For to the sin of prostitution, Lucy added the degrading vice of avarice. Every art was practised, by this infernal woman, to inflame the passions of the artless Maria, and lull the scruples of conscience: every allurements on grandeur was presented, to dazzle the understanding; every promise of greatness enforced, to depress the value of virtue, and palliate the enormity of vice. The aid of Bacchus was summoned in the cause of the Cyprian goddess: but the unguarded conduct of her companion had raised suspicion in the mind of Maria, and she determined not to taste of the pernicious goblet. The indecorous language of Lucy, and her licentious gestures, intended to efface from the heart of Maria the love of virtue, served but to encrease its fervor.

At length, the door opened, and Belmont appeared. The unblushing Lucy stepped forward, introduced him to the trembling maid, and instantly withdrew. Maria called on her to return, and endeavoured to follow her. Belmont caught her in his arms, and swore that he would not part with her, but with his life. The innocent maid resisted his familiarities, implored with streaming eyes his protection, and knelt for mercy; but Belmont,

mont, the vicious, the unfeeling Belmont, fired with her repining beauties, was determined to proceed to violence. Her shrieks, loud, and unceasing, alarmed a young officer, who was supping with a Lady in the next apartment: he rose from the table; drew his sword; and his lordship having neglected to fasten the door, rushed into the room, declared he would not tamely suffer violence to be offered to a woman, even in a brothel. The fiery Belmont, impatient of controul, quitted the fainting Maria; and, darting an angry look at the young foldier, immediately engaged him. Short was the contest; for Belmont, though reputed the best fencer of the age, from an impetuosity of mind, and a too sanguine hope of conquest, fell beneath the sword of his antagonist.

The shrieks of Maria, though distinctly heard by every person in the house, were unattended to; but, no sooner was the clash of swords distinguished, than the whole swarm of miscreants hastened to the scene of action; where Belmont lay weltering in his blood, while the youthful conqueror was employed in raising the drooping spirits of the affrighted Maria. His lordship desired to be moved to a bed; and ordered a surgeon to be sent for. He assured the people, that no unfair advantage had been taken by his antagonist; that
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he fell, subdued by the superiority of his arm; and requested that no interruption might be given to the gentleman, in his retreat from the house.

The detested Lucy, on this unexpected *dénouement* of her projected scheme, returned to the house of her mistress; and, hastily snatching together her things, without ceremony bade adieu to this mansion of vice, and intemperance, and in a less elevated station still existed on the wages of infamy.

Lovel, the young officer, having heard, from the grateful Maria, her artless tale, gently reprov'd her for her indiscretion, and conducted her from this scene of riot and dissipation, to the house of a friend. In a few days, at her own request, he dispatched a servant with her, to her disconsolate parents, who received her with grateful transports, and every day invoke, from the Father of the world, a blessing for her brave deliverer! Maria, disgusted with the vices of the town, no longer wears a discontented mind; but in the society of her friends, and in the plain, unadorned, but honest conversation of her lover, whose addresses she has again accepted, finds a pure and lasting happiness.

Would you, ye rustic maids, from the warning which the near escape from danger of the ambitious

tious discontented Maria exhibits, suppress those ardent inclinations for roving, which arise from a fatal misconception, and contentedly enjoy the pleasures your rural scenes possess, the world would then increase in virtue, and vice be less predominant. Your lives would be spent in the service of your country; and those thousand pangs, which keen Reflection from a sense of error urges, would be unknown to your bosoms; there the rose of Innocence would bloom; there Happiness rear her peaceful mansion. Scorn not, then, ye rural nymphs, the admonitions of a friend; but, before you determine on leaving your peaceful, though humble cottages, reflect on the pleasures you have there enjoyed; and contemplate, with impartiality, the uncertainty of happiness, in those scenes into which your ambition and discontent prompt you to enter; and where, rest perfectly assured, for one solitary Lovel, you will find a thousand Belmonts!



A

Meditation in Solitude.

MAN, during his whole pilgrimage through life, should never lose sight of the fixed point whither he must direct his course, and which is the ultimate end of his being. At the same time that he should ever remember that he is dust and ashes, he should never forget that his kindred with the earth is enobled by the breath of life within him, which allies him to the Deity, and bids him think above mortality. A due reflection upon his human part should qualify and settle that fermenting vanity of thought that is apt to elevate a creature conscious of its own perfections: the contemplation of his spiritual nature should rectify his ideas, take off his thoughts from being wholly attached to the objects of sense, and lift up his soul to heaven, and thus prepare him for the conversation & society of Beings of a superior order with whom he can claim affinity. I am now amusing myself in these walks of solitude and contemplation, where I can more at leisure converse with myself and the intellectual world. Methinks I am thus whispered by one of my invisible attendants: mortal, consider, that ere long thou must be one of us, and then in what light wilt thou regard the actions of thy present life?

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The consciousness alone of a well acted part upon the stage of mortality, will secure to thee that uninterrupted tranquillity of happiness which we enjoy, when thou enterest into the house of thy eternity. This suggestion throws me upon meditating what a small part of my real self this body is which I carry about with me, and how much extravagance and idle solitude is employed in providing for it. For what is this carcase but a living sepulchre, which presents a daily memorial of mortality? The continual fluxion of its constituent parts evinces how little of it I can call myself, and much less when I consider how little even of that little, how small a part of that sameness, will be remaining twenty or thirty years hence: and after, this transitory fabric must resolve into its first principles, and mingle with its kindred dust. What then becomes of all these faculties and sensations it now enjoys? Is there any sense or remembrance in the grave? Shall my dust, passed into a thousand shapes and positions; eaten of worms, shot up into vegetables, transmigrated by an endless diversity of changes, blown about by the winds, dissipated by the waters; shall these scattered fragments be still conscious of any thing; or shall they ever be reunited to a thinking substance? This is the province of Omnipotence; and by human reason the search is unfathomable. But I have a soul, a re-

fleeting part, the spring of life and action! here is my real self, the source of all sensations, and the only part that will survive all changes. This body must be put off; but that is nothing more than my *Exuviae*, the covering and outside; and is no more essential to the well being or perceptions of the soul, than a material body, occasionally assumed, is to an angel. But as the organs of this body are the present inlets of sense, and the instruments of knowledge and conception, whereupon depends a great part of the entertainments of this life, (which in truth are no more than an animal pleasure) it imports me much to have a constant regard to the state of separation, when the soul shall draw its ideas from the fountain of light and knowledge, without the interposition of any gross medium: I should therefore learn betimes to disengage both my thoughts and affections from the earth, and whatever relishes of sense; and now and then strike into paths of more abstracted thinking; which is to exercise the soul suitably to the dignity of its nature, and to prepare it for its state of enlargement and perfection. In order to this, the mind must be furnished and enriched with speculative truths and meditations of a more exalted turn than such as ordinarily result from the matter of human commerce, or the usual hints of the objects about us. For if I now confine my ideas and gratifications to
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the objects of sense, how unprovided shall I come into that world of spirits where my entertainment and commerce must be altogether spiritual, and for which I shall have no taste without a preparatory exercise! What a dismal emptiness must the soul find in itself, which in this life has been entertained with nothing but bodily pleasures! And as it will naturally carry the same gross desires into the other world, what a horrible state of distraction and despair must we conceive it, to be perpetually catching at what flies, and will ever fly from us; longing for what we have left behind, without the least hope of regaining it; deprived of the very support of the cheering beams of divine influence, and sinking in an eternal void and desolation of all things? The fable of Tantalus in the infernal shades is finely imagined, but comes far short of this natural idea. Here is hell, the never dying worm, the unquenchable fire of a tortured conscience! Hereupon I begin to consider in the words of the excellent Cowley, but in an improved sense,

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the world to come my own?

An inactive contemplation will in no wise answer this end; it will indeed prepare me to think and converse with celestial intelligencies, but it
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can be no great recommendation to any distinguished regards among Beings of such transcendent excellences. I am then to exert such talents as God has blessed me with, to his service, and to the benefit of mankind as far as my endeavours can go; for a Greatness of thought should naturally produce a Greatness of action. Whether this may set me in any more honourable point of view, either during my sojourn in these lower regions, or after my removal, it concerns me not: nor can I be sure that I shall be sensible of my treatment here, after I am gone to the land of serenity and repose; but this I may promise to myself, that it will procure me a more favourable reception among the company of exalted spirits, where the exercises and degrees of our virtue here will determine our rank and eminence: yes, the very reflection gives me a foretaste of—Something the soul opens and grasps at, more than its present capacity can admit; its very ideas, its longing, its reaching at something the imagination is even seized with, but faints in the retention, assure me that it can be no delusion, which, by a close attention of mind, I can even at this distance perceive and partly pre-enjoy.

TRUE

TRUE PLEASURE

Always to be found.

HE that from pomp, and wealth, and honour
 flies,
 May look on nature with undazzled eyes :
 Read truth's eternal laws, and with delight
 Count all the plants by day and stars by night.
 It needs no toil to find the way to bliss;
 Who makes content his guide can never miss.
 No envious walls this flow'r of life embrace,
 All wild it grows in ev'ry desert place.
 A glut of pleasure drowns us like a flood,
 And evil by excess, proceeds from good !
 Learn you, that climb the top of fortune's wheel,
 The dang'rous state which you disdain to feel !
 Your highness puts your happiness to flight,
 Your inward comfort fades with outward light :
 While not a wretch, that sweats behind the plough,
 But sleeps secure from the reach of woe !
 You live like captives bound with golden chains, }
 The weight and splendour but increase your pains, }
 You strive to shut out care but still the care remains. }
 While mild philosophy pursues its ends
 With ease and happiness, alone, with friends,
 Inexercise, or study still has pow'r
 To vary joys ; as Time renews the hour.

Early

Early as Phosphor shews his welcomé ray,
 It starts from sleep, and gains upon the day :
 Like the glad Persian hails the rising sun,
 Makes industry point out the shade at noon ;
 And, when his flaming orb at eve declines,
 Measures the starry vaults with fancy'd lines :
 Invokes the heav'n-born muse from fame's abode }
 To waft the soul on fancy's wing abroad, }
 And rise from nature, up to nature's God. }
 But, if these prospects spread too broad and high,
 For the short limit of a vulgar eye ;
 Let such, to earth, their humble views confine,
 And learn a sample of the whole design.
 A bed of flowers, a grove, a level plain,
 A rugged hill, a field of golden grain,
 A swelling river more true pleasure brings,
 Than pomp can furnish in the courts of kings.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN the confederates had made an irrup-
 tion, and had repulsed the enemy, a com-
 mon soldier took & carried Monsieur de Croissers
 Colbert, being a prisoner, into the town. Colbert
 being a major-general, and brother to the Marquis
 de Torcy, was greatly taken with the clemency,
 humanity,

humanity, and good behaviour of this soldier; he offered him two hundred louis d'ors, and a captain's post for life, if he would give him his liberty: "But," said the soldier, "perhaps I might accept the favour, if it were not attended with such dishonour." He gave him to understand, he was more desirous of reputation than riches; How can I then (said he) as a captain, when once I have lost my reputation, be ever able to face my general for whom I have fought so heartily many years?" In short, he freely protested that he would much rather continue in the rank of a common soldier, with reputation, than be raised to any other condition, or rank of life, acquired by a base action unworthy of a soldier; and thus rejecting Mons. Colbert's proposals, he brought him prisoner along with him. When this was reported to Prince Eugene, he made the soldier a present, and the Duke of Marlborough gave him a captain's commission: so that the eminent fidelity and virtue of this soldier, by the grace of God, not given to all men alike, made amends for the vices and baseness of the commander before mentioned.

ON THE MARRIAGE STATE.

THE system of our religion is so adapted to the rank we hold as rational and as social creatures; to our immediate concerns, and to our connexions with others, that whatsoever is our duty is also our interest. There is nothing expected from us in obedience to Heaven, that our unprejudiced reason would not exact of us in kindness to ourselves.

The most powerful, the most unconquerable and irresistible of all our passions, directs, compels us into an attention to the other sex: Our sense of friendship is intimately connected with the warmth of that passion: A vitiated taste may prevail so far, as to divide the affection, which can be of no worth to the person who possesses it, unless single and entire: but he who has reflection, will see, that in giving up the name of friend, he forfeits the most valuable part of his mistress; and he will know, that to preserve this consummation, he must have but one.

He who looks into the œconomy of the world, and sees the sexes equal every where in number, will perceive from this also, that he can have but
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one: When he devotes his heart entirely to her, he will wish to possess her entire for the return. To secure so desirable a good, religion lends its favouring hand, and makes the union sacred. Marriage, prized beyond all estates by those who have considerately entered into its union, reviled by those who have not wisdom, or who have not virtue to be constant, secures to us all that would make us wretched if precarious; and while it requires of us nothing but what we should find the highest pleasure in doing without obligation, renders it the duty, renders it the interest of her whom we have chosen, to observe that conduct, on which our happiness entirely depends.

This is marriage; this is the bugbear to frighten weak and distemper'd minds; these are the chains that rattle in the ears of those who never knew what was true liberty; this is the promised land of peace, of joy, of plenty; the country which the timorous spies, who view it from a distance, misrepresent; but in which those who have the resolution to enter, see no wars, no giants; *but every man under his own vine, and every man under his own fig-tree*, reaches with easy hands the unresisting, the complying sweets; feasts upon the mellow fruit, or presses the rich cluster; and when he has laid down in peace, rises in security.

This we owe to religion ; but this is not all we owe to it : religion stops not here : the benefits which it bestows, it also perpetuates : The same law, which required of us as a duty to make ourselves happy, exacts of us the means of continuing so. Love is the bond of union in this state : The source and the security of all its transports : Love, a word used by all, but understood by few ; a passion boasted by multitudes, possessed by hardly one in a million ! We are not to mistake for this glorious enthusiasm of the mind, that flight of fondness, that irregular and unregulated desire, which we feel for some new and some agreeable object ; which grows but from our wants, which dies upon possession. This is the frailty of a child, the passion whose honourable name it unjustly assumes, the highest glory of the man ; this is too violent to continue, that too steady to waver ; this cannot remain at its height, that cannot decay. It has been said, that love, understanding it in its better sense, must be mutual to render marriage happy ; those who have started the difficulty, have not considered, that where it is genuine and real on the one side, it will of course be so. Gratitude is a first principal in our nature ; a tender a disinterested love on the one part, will, on that very principal, revive the passion, if decaying ; will create it, if it did not before exist, in
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the other. Religion, that first dictated marriage, continues to dictate that conduct, which he, who knew the secrets of those hearts that he formed; knew must render that union happy. Love to the wife is inculcated as the first law in marriage: content, joy, transport in her form and her affection, have not only the sanction and authority, but the immediate voice of Heaven to command them. *Rejoice with the wife of thy youth; let her be as the loving hind, and as the pleasant roe; let her breast suffice thee at all times, and be thou always ravished with her love.* So speak the Scriptures, and so counsels reason; so urges that affection, which is eager to meet with its return: so inspires that sacred warmth of heart, that never shall be deceived in its expectations.

It were too much to expect from human nature, that a possession of mind, the offspring of the happiest love, could be so perpetual as to exclude all alienation, all attention to the other regards of the world, or even to conquer all pettishness, or all frailties of disposition: men must be men, and while they plead this in excuse of their own failings, let them remember, women must be women. Let either set some little foible of their own temper against the little fault that would rouse their anger at the other; let this poise
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the balance, and let affection then be thrown into the scale that wants its weight to fall. Love will thus remedy the ills that even love could not obviate; and the reconciliation shall endear more than the dispute had estranged. Love shall soften every reproof; love shall throw the gay mantle of its joy over the rugged path, and both shall pass the burning ordeal with unhurt feet; love shall diffuse its sweetness and complacency about each word that tends to the reconciliation; love shall forbid to sleep in anger, nor let the sun go down upon their wrath,

Shame upon that philosophy, which calls the monster Jealousy a proof of love, or ranks it with its offspring! Constancy to one another is the first principal of happiness in love, and from that constancy will grow a confidence above distrust. A fondness that had no more than charms of face to give it birth, that has no more than riot and excess to keep it in its being, may be awakened from a drowsy satiety, or may be recalled from some new object, or some fresh pursuit, by the threat of losing that which was never more than the object of its empty admiration; but that passion, which deserves the honourable name of love, which is founded in reason, and secured by virtue, neglects the person whom it can no longer esteem;
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and where it has reason to suspect, has resolution to despise.

He, than whom none has better known the secret working of the human heart, the strings of all its passions: he who had tasted all the pleasures, as men have called them: Solomon, in the most serious of his determinations places virtue in the seat of happiness, under the direction of this passion, and makes that serenity of mind, that absolute content of heart which it inspires, the first and last consideration, the sum of transports, and full of rapture—*Who will find a virtuous woman? Her price is above rubies; the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.*

It is under the influence of such, and of only such a passion, that the thoughts of happiness in one another will be carried farther than the grave. Love will, in this situation, repay to religion that which it borrowed for its own enjoyment; and as the duty regulated, conducted, and ascertained the passion, the passion will in its turn enforce the duty. True love extends beyond the gratifications of sense, it comprehends the soul as part, and as the most material part of its object; it will direct and guide the wanderer in the path to eternal happiness; and above all meaner considerations, while under the influence of such a pursuit,
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it will carry up with it all that it admires, all that it esteems and values, into those regions, where, though we shall be above all that we have here called pleasures, we shall find an additional transport in seeing those whom we have loved on earth, happy with us to all eternity.

Study, Composition, and Converſe,

Equally neceſſary to intellectual Accompliſhment.

IT is obſerved by Bacon, that “reading makes a full man, converſation a ready man, and writing an exact man.”

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge ſcarcely ever reached by any other man, the directions which he gives for ſtudy have certainly a juſt claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with ſo great authority, as he that practiſed it with undisputed ſucceſs?

Under the protection of ſo great a name, I ſhall therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the neceſſity of reading, the fitneſs of conſulting other underſtanding than their own, and of conſidering the ſentiment and opinions
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of those who, however neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness, as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance; and that to spend life in poring upon books, is only to imbibe prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expence of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of indigested learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavouring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hopes to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to those, who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if so much is to be discovered by at-

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tention and meditation, it is hard to believe, that so many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourselves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the present time expect the regard of posterity, which will then inherit the reason which is now thought superior to instruction, surely, they may allow themselves to be instructed by the reason of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares, that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predecessors, and such a declaration has been made, nothing but a degree of arrogance unpardonable in the greatest human understanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raising prejudices against his own performance; for with what hopes of success can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miscarried? or with what peculiar force does he suppose himself invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible should give way before him?

Of those whom providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little: the greatest part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the
larger

larger part of it to the information of others. To understand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their systems, and retain their reasonings, is a task more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Perfius has justly observed, that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to possess it: to the scholar himself it is nothing with respect either to honour or advantage, for the world cannot reward those qualities which are concealed from it; with respect to others, it is nothing, because it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with justice, therefore, that in an accomplished character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them; and he that has once accumulated learning, is next to consider, how he shall most widely diffuse, and most agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts "besprent," as Pope expresses it, "with learned dust," and wears out his days and nights in per-

petual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose in his elocution what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations, of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present, but will talk to most unintelligibly, and to all unpleasantly.

I was once present at the lectures of a profound philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms *opacum* and *pellucidum*, told us, after some hesitation, that *opacum* was, as one might say, opaque, and that *pellucidum* signified pellucid. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science; and so true is it that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains, that the writers who have treated of chemistry before him, are useless to the greater part of students, because they pre-suppose their readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to themselves in solitude: they discourse,

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as if they thought every other man had been employed in the same inquiries, and expect that short hints and obscure illusions will produce in others the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a reclusive life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation, or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestible truths: but when he comes into the world among men, who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations, view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man, who, having fenced always with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist, he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is harassed by objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies, his surprise impedes his natural powers of reasoning

ing, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult to imagine, with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition, will be rejected by another; and how many artifices must be practised, to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frightened by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice; it can scarcely be conceived, how frequently, in these extemporaneous controversies, the dull will be subtle, and the acute absurd; how often stupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itself into its own gloom; and mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters the learning of the recluse usually fails him: nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a position into various forms, presenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illustrating it by apt similitudes; and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in solitude, must learn its application by mixing with mankind.

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But while the various opportunities of conversation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the use of such as are not in themselves strictly defensible: a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of concessions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail on his opponent, though he knows himself that they have no force: thus the severity of reason is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without just arrangements or distinction; we learn to satisfy ourselves with such ratiocination as silences others; and seldom recal to a close examination, that discourse which has gratified our vanity with victory and applause.

Some caution, therefore, must be used, lest copiousness and facility be made less valuable by inaccuracy and confusion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms, and keep it on guard against the fallacies which its practices on others; in conversation we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and in writing we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint the grace of conversation.

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To read, write, and converse in due proportions, is, therefore, the business of a man of letters.

For all these there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable; and most men fail in one or other of the ends proposed, and are full without readiness, or ready without exactness. Some deficiency must be forgiven all, because all are men; and more must be allowed to pass uncensured in the greater part of the world, because none can confer upon himself abilities, and few have the choice of situations proper for the improvement of those which nature has bestowed: it is, however, reasonable, to have perfection in our eye; that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

Love at First Sight.

OH! I am caught in Cupid's snare,
 Such charms might any heart surprize;
 The playful step, the artless air,
 The lustre of her thrilling eyes.

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The curling locks of chestnut brown,
That wave upon a rock of snow;
The brow unruffled with a frown,
The cheek, where living roses blow.

The filken fringe that veils the eye,
The dimpled chin, loves dear abode;
The swelling lips of coral dye,
Those lips, whence notes soul-rending flow'd.

Still I beheld as in a bower,
The charming maid sequester'd stood;
Her head was crown'd with many a flower,
The produce of her native wood.

She thought no fond intruder near,
And tenderly of love she sung;
Sweet Philomel, those strains to hear,
Far from her nest in rapture hung.

"Colin," she said, "has chang'd his love,
"And yet upon my Colin's brow;
"The wreath of flowers I careful wove,
"Glows in unfaded beauty now.

"Young Emma's hand he of't has press'd,
"Extoll'd her form, and wond'ring gaz'd;
"Nor was I ere till then distress'd,
"To hear the blooming Emma prais'd.

" Yet Colin was my earliest choice,
" And I till death will true remain."—
She spoke—I blest her tuneful voice,
I curs'd the young inconstant swain.

She left the bower, to seek a lamb,
That near in frisking gambols play'd;
Her Colin took it from the dam,
And gave it to his plighted maid.

Then she beheld a stranger near,—
Her cheeks assum'd a deeper red;
In her soft eye I mark'd a tear,
As sudden from my sight she fled.

Thus glanc'd away the dear unknown,
Nor durst I stop the timid fair;—
Love, I'm the vassal of thy throne,
By turns I hope, by turns despair.



T H E
MISER OUTWITTED.

A MORAL TALE.

OF all the passions by the indulgence of which, men may bring themselves into distressful situations, avarice is the most contemptible: a passion which was formerly supposed to be confined to men advanced in years; but it is certain, that a young miser is not in this life a phenomenon.

However, it is an old one to which the following tale relates; and those fathers who feel themselves drawn in it, would do well to examine the piece with some attention: the moral part of it, (for that is of more consequence than the mere execution) that they may not expose themselves to the ridicule of even their best friends, by similar proceedings.

With many good qualities, but with many unamiable ones, a Mr. Naunton, who raised a large fortune by usury, became at length, so devoted to the accumulation of riches, that he thought of nothing but the enlargement of his income: and as his passion for money acquired new strength every year, he became more and more addicted to ex-

tortion. The appellation of Gripe, therefore, was universally bestowed upon him.

Mr. Naunton, having buried his wife, (whom he married, merely because she had a long purse) and all his children, except one son; he began almost to wish that he too was sent to heaven with the rest of the family, that he might enjoy the spirit of saving, with the fewer draughts upon his pocket. As for the parental affection, to that he was an entire stranger; he had no passions of the tender kind to disturb his repose; avarice, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up the rest; and his supreme delight was to make as hard a bargain as he possibly could.

No man, perhaps, was ever blest with a more promising son than Mr. Naunton; but he was not in the least sensible of the jewel he had in his possession. His diamonds were the only jewels which engaged his attention; an exemplary child was of little estimation in his eyes, when a bond, from which he was to raise an enormous sum, appeared in his sight.

With such a father, it cannot be imagined, that young Naunton could lead a happy life; he was, indeed, far from being pleased with his domestic situation, but he was in too dependant a state to
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remove himself from his purgatory, without feeling himself liable to the charge of indiscretion.—Not having been bred up to any business, he was quite at a loss to know in what way to employ his time in such a manner as to make it prove advantageous to him; and thereby was obliged to live a burthen both to his father and himself, because the necessary sum in putting him out in the world, seemed to be better employed.

Charles Naunton, however, with all the disadvantages to which he lay under, in consequence of his father's parsimonious disposition, made a shift to pick up a few pounds for pocket-money, by the exertion of talents, which the old man held extremely cheap: Charles, had naturally a taste for letters, and by subscribing to the best circulating-library in town, gained so much literary knowledge, that he thought himself enabled to write for the press; he wrote, and was successful; successful, in one sense, but unlucky in another; he acquired some reputation as well as cash by his fugitive publications, but upon his father's being one day surprized with a compliment upon his literary accomplishments, he found a striking alteration in his behaviour, and was considerably mortified, almost provoked, at over-hearing the following soliloquy. "An author of all things! ha! I should
not

not have thought of that; but since he has turned his head that way, he will never be good for any thing as long as he lives. I shall, therefore, have him a burden upon my hands to the end of my days; but he shall get nothing for disgracing his relations by scribbling: he is the first man in the family who pretended to look into any book, except a book of accompts; and such books only are worthy of a young man's attention, who is to make his way in the world. Charles thinks, I suppose, that he shall out-live me, because he is so many years younger; but he may be mistaken. He imagines too, I suppose, that when I die, I shall leave all my money to him; but he will there find himself mistaken.

I shall not leave what I have scraped together with indefatigable industry and application, to be squandered away among fellows who pretend to be cleverer than their neighbours, because they can tag rhymes, or touch upon a pamphlet. No, no, he shall have only just enough to keep him from starving; if he has a mind to live like a gentleman after my death, let him get a fortune as I have done, to enable him to support that character.

Here Mr. Naunton, being seized with a violent fit of coughing, was obliged to transfer his
attention

attention from his son to himself; and he pulled his bell with so much fury for assistance, that he broke it; not, however, before the sound of it had reached the ears of the female servant, who enacted the part of housekeeper, who, upon her arrival, applied the usual remedies on similar occasions, and restored her master to the comfortable exercise of his lungs, without any disagreeable, or dangerous interruptions.

Not a little chagrined by the soliloquy which he had overheard, Charles quitted his place of concealment, retired to his own apartment, and gave loose to the unwelcome reflections which crowded into his mind. From the predominance of avarice in his father's composition, he never had ventured to flatter himself that he would make him independent during his life; but it never entered into his head, that he should be excluded from the full inheritance of his father's fortune, by a severe stroke of his own pen.

This disappointment, therefore, by coming upon him, when he was quite unprepared to bear the weight of it, oppressed him to such a degree, that he was almost plunged into a state of despondence. From that state, however, he was soon roused, by considering while his ideas were in quick circulation, that if he could hit
upon

upon any scheme to acquire a sudden fortune, he should, so far, re-inflate himself in his father's favour, as to procure an erasement of those passages in his will, by turning the fortune to which he had a natural right, into foreign, or at least collateral channels.

Animated by these considerations he repaired to a very intimate friend of his, and, in confidence, imparted what his father had divulged. Marlow received his friend's information with some surprise, and was really sorry to find that the old man had made so very unkind, not to say cruel, a resolution with regard to his posthumous generosity, (which, by the way, is no generosity at all) and entirely agreed with him, that by the sudden acquisition of a fortune, from some capital *coup de main*, he would stand a very good chance for the greatest part of his father's possessions—

“ Could you but strike out a road to riches,” continued he, “ your business is done; but let me tell you, as a friend, that you will never find an estate sufficient to keep you in clean linen, upon Parnassus. The Muses serve extremely well as occasional mistresses, but you will not act wisely, by wedding yourself to any of them.

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Turn your thoughts, therefore, from these airy beings, and pay your addresses to a substantial female, who has it in her power to make you thorough amends for your father's sordid and unjustifiable designs, which he will, I fear, carry into execution, if you go on in lashing your brains, for a slender addition to your scanty allowance."

Just when Marlow had finished this exhortatory speech, another friend came in, who was intimate with them both: this gentleman, a Mr. Tomkyns, after having heard both sides, said to Charles—
 "Phaw! Phaw! Naunton; never make yourself a slave to any woman for her money my lad: I will put you into a better way to sport a figure.

Let us all lay our heads together to take the old one in; to chouse him out of a spanking sum." He then, finding his proposal highly relished by his two attentive hearers, delivered a plan of operation, which had a face; and it was immediately resolved by them to prosecute the affair without delay.

Naunton, entirely satisfied with his visit to Mr. Marlow, and the resolutions to which it had given birth, went home to his father, and with all the gravity which he could throw into his countenance

nance (though he was ready to burst with laughter, at the same time, to think he was going to hum him) informed him that he could help him to a very advantageous bargain, if he would venture a considerable loan for it.

The miser, stimulated by the prospect of a lucrative transaction, eagerly desired his son to be more explicit. Charles then told him that Mr. Tomkyns had commissioned him to borrow ten thousand pounds of him, upon his own terms, only for three months, having a particular point to gain and that he would enter into any bond with him for the re-payment of the principal and interest, at the expiration of the term.

Old Naunton, as he knew that Tomkyns was a man of fortune and character, and was not in the least aware of any deception on his side, readily agreed to lend him the Sum required; but did not think proper to deliver it till he had sent for the borrower, and not only demanded an exorbitant interest, but tied him up as tight as possible, to the performance of his agreement. When the day of signing came, Tomkyns appeared at the hour appointed attended by Marlow; Charles also was present.

Just when the old man was going to put his name, an alarm of fire made him hurry out of the room
into

into that in which his iron chest stood. Having found, however, upon enquiry, that the alarm was a false one, he returned & signed his name; not to the parchment he had left, but to another of a similar appearance, which contained the immediate gift of ten thousand pounds to that son, whom he had intended, with a degree of iniquity, to leave at his death, in a straitened condition.

By this stratagem, fabricated by the fruitful head of Harry Tomkyns, the miser was outwitted; and nobody, to whom the above mentioned soliloquy was related, was sorry to see him ready to hang himself for his bitter disappointment.

ON THE

Advantages of Mediocrity.

‘GIVE me neither poverty nor riches, but feed me with food convenient for me,’ was the petition of a wise man, who saw the inconveniences and dangers that attend both these stations.—Such is the weakness of human nature, that notwithstanding we are furnished with reason to direct our actions, and with ability to restrain the undue influence of inordinate desire, yet the prevalence of our passions often prevents us from regulating

them in a manner consistent with our present, as well as future happiness. There are some, who, from a mistaken apprehension of the nature of true felicity, have sought for it where it is never to be found. In order to conciliate the Deity, they have voluntarily deprived themselves of those blessings which the munificent Author of all Good has dispensed to mankind, and vainly imagined that an increase of poverty, pain, and wretchedness in this life, was necessary to procure happiness in that which is to come. Hence some deluded people have condemned those blessings which were graciously designed to sweeten the cup of life, and, by a voluntary infliction of almost every species of distress, been offering to their merciful Creator *the sacrifice of fools*.

There are others to whom riches are the *summum bonum*; and the accumulation thereof, without regard to the means, is the primary object of their pursuit. Wealth, unbounded wealth, is the centre to which their wishes invariably tend, and they have little care or concern but to increase it. They seem not to reflect that the footsteps of the Great are encompassed with many sorrows, and innumerable dangers: they consider not that the sphere of our duty enlarges with the increase of possessions; and that where the ability to do good

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is enlarged, much is required at their hands. But the extremes of poverty and riches are situations too dangerous to be the objects of a wise man's wish. In the eye of dispassionate reason, they appear fraught with such difficulties and inconveniences as more justly render them the object of our dread than desire.

The unhappy effects that result from poverty are so numerous and obvious, that there are very few who will not readily join in this part of the wise man's petition, and wish to be preserved therefrom. To him who shares not the common bounty of Providence, the brightest scenes of nature wear a lowering aspect: he sees his fellow creatures partake of those blessings to which he is an unhappy stranger; and from the severity of his lot proceed murmurings, and the language of complaint. The numerous and pressing wants which assail him, add strength to temptations which sometimes prompt him to acquire, by unjustifiable methods, those things which he cannot lawfully attain; and, in the anguish of his soul, he is sometimes excited to charge the munificent Parent of the universe with injustice in the distribution of his bounty. He feels not the sweet enlivening influence of those blessings which raise joy and gladness in the human heart, and his virtues are chilled by the piercing blasts of adversity.

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But the dangers arising from riches are still more numerous and dreadful, though less obvious to common minds. Few are furnished with that stability and equanimity which are requisite to preserve it secure and steadfast, while under the enervating beams of uninterrupted prosperity. That warmth, which might have ripened their virtues to perfection, when increased to the fervent heat of affluence, too frequently cherishes and expands those seeds of vice which lie hid from the eye of public observation in the latent recesses of the human heart. As these predominate, their growth retards the slower progress of those humble virtues which are too weak to bear the fervour of so bright a day, and which are easily choaked by the influence of prevailing vices. It requires the utmost care and circumspection to crush the rising inclination to vicious indulgence, where prosperity and affluence give wings to the desire of vanity, and enable men to execute the schemes dictated by self-love, pride, or ambition. He who dwells in the midst of affluence is thereby subject to innumerable temptations; from which those are happily exempted, whom Heaven has placed in the equinox of human life.

It is very difficult for those on whom the beams of prosperity shine with unremitting fervour, to
retrench,

retrench their desires within the prudential boundaries of sober reason. The essential duties of temperance and moderation, without the practice of which no man can be a real Christian, are found difficult to be performed, when the alluring charms of pleasure court every sense to unlimited enjoyment; and an ample fortune gives opportunity for the indulgence of every inclination. Even in this situation no permanent security is found.

Those who are placed on the pinnacle of terrestrial greatness, are most subject to the caprice of fortune, the envy of others, and the unforeseen contingences of life: they seldom enjoy that happiness and serenity which those experience who fill the middle station. From such an elevated spot the eye of human wisdom, although it takes in a more extensive prospect, cannot discriminate surrounding objects with the same accuracy and precision as when placed more on a level with them: it often fixes its attention upon objects which from their remoteness, wear an illusive aspect, and by their fallacious charms awaken desire; but it sees not that ambuscade of dangers which fill the intermediate space, and secretly lurk to assault the unwary enterprizer.

The charms of affluence and splendour are apt
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to dazzle the eye of feeble understandings, but will melt away before the piercing investigation of real wisdom: when viewed through the just medium of dispassionate reason, their lustre will fade, and they will appear replete with dangers which a wise man will ever seek to avoid.

Those who seriously reflect on the sufferings of those who sit penfive in the vale of poverty, and on the imminent dangers that attend riches, will have but little cause to covet a place in either station; but, when they extend their views to the blessings of moderate independence, and unenvied competence, they will have reason to join in this wise petition, "Give me neither riches nor poverty: give me such a portion of thy blessings as is consistent with thy superior wisdom. Remove me equally distant from the severe probation of pinching necessity, and from the alluring blandishments of too exalted a station; keep me, through life, in the safer paths of mediocrity, and feed me with food convenient for me."



Bon Mot of Lord Townshend.

WHEN Lord Townshend was Aid de Camp to the late Duke of Cumberland, his Royal Highness, who had taken offence at a part of his conduct not within the military line, availed himself of many occasions to give him that uneasiness which is inflicted by the severity of remarks from our superiors. During an engagement between the English and French army, in Flanders, a poor soldier serving in the former, was killed by a cannon ball; and the blood and filth flew from his shattered head over the face of Lord Townshend, who lifting his hands to his eyes, endeavoured to clear them from the disagreeable matter that covered them. "What, exclaimed his Highness, is the gallant Townshend afraid?" "No, Sir, answered his Lordship, I am not *frightened*; I am only surprized that a fellow with so *much brains* should ever have insisted in *your* regiment.

THE HAPPINESS OF AN
EVEN TEMPER.

WRITERS of every age have endeavoured to shew that pleasure is in us, and not in
P the

the object offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession; some may be awkward, others ill dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the Master of the Ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for his life; yet with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, and happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! an happy constitution supplied philosophy; and, though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disinherit the fairy-land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and, though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate; for all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to deny the means.

They

They who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humour. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be found, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one Lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception: if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself, that instead of loving the Lady,

dy, he only fancied that he had loved her, and so all was well again. When fortune wore her angriest look, and he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine (being confined a close prisoner in the Castle at Valenciennes) he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, he still retained his good humour; laughed at all the little spite of his enemies; and carried the jest so far as to be revenged, by writing the life of the gaoler.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach, is, to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry, in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism, it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it; for my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its ambition. The

The happiest silly fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old Gentleman was on his death bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him. "I leave my second son, Andrew, (said the expiring miser) my whole estate and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as it is usual on these occasions, prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him besides four thousand pounds." Ah! father, (cried Simon in great affliction) may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." At last turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you will never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy an halter." Ah father, (cries Dick without any emotion) may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself.

This

This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and my friend is now not only excessively good humoured, but completely rich.

Yes, let the world cry out at a Bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an Author who laughs at the public which pronounce him a dunce, at a General who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar; or a Lady who keeps her good-humour in spite of scandal; but this is the wisest behaviour that any of us can possibly assume; it is certainly a better way to oppose calamity and dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it; by the first method, we forget our miseries; by the last, we only conceal them from others. By struggling with misfortunes we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious, is by running away.

THE FORTUNATE ISABELLA.

IN the county of ——— lived Mr. Belford, who succeeded to an ample fortune. His taste led him to prefer the pleasures of a rural life to the noisy and dissipated scenes of amusement that
are

are to be found in the metropolis. As he was one day surveying the reapers, amongst the poor people, who came to glean after them, he observed a young woman, whose mother came a stranger into the parish, and had lived there for nine or ten years, with no other family than this daughter, who was now about sixteen, and so handsome, that several young farmers in the neighbourhood admired, and if, she had had a little money, would probably have been glad to have married her. She dressed, like the other country girls, in a coarse stuff gown, and straw hat; yet she had a manner of dressing herself, which made every thing she wore appear becoming.

Mr. B—— could not avoid taking notice of her genteel shape and elegant motions, but her modesty prevented his having a full view of her countenance. He enquired who she was, and, as nobody could give much account of her, (because neither she nor her mother went out amongst their neighbours) he one evening, as she returned home, followed her at a distance upon a winding valley to the cottage where she and her mother lived. It stands by a wood-side, at a distance from the village, near a lonely farm-house, which is the only neighbour they have.

The 'Squire hung his horse at the gate and
went

went in, where he found the old gentlewoman (for so she was called by the villagers) knitting some stockings and surveying with pleasure the produce of her daughter's labour. The house was very plainly furnished; but the 'Squire was surprized to see an handsome harpsichord, which took up half the room, and some music books lying about, with other books proper for young ladies to read.

Isabella (which was the name the young woman went by) blushed up to her ears when she saw the 'Squire come in, and making a courtesy, retired into another room. He made a short apology to the mother for his intrusion; but said, he was so struck with her daughter's appearance, that his curiosity would not suffer him to rest till he had made some enquiries about her, as there was something in her manner that convinced him she must have had a different education from what usually falls to the lot of young women in that humble sphere of life.

The mother told him they had lived better formerly, but had been reduced by misfortunes; that, however, by her daughter's industry and her own work, they contrived to live very comfortably in their present situation. As she did not seem inclined to be more communicative, the 'Squire
took

took his leave, but not without offering her a handsome present of money; which, to his surprize, she absolutely refused.

The next day Isabella appeared again in the field, and was as intent upon her gleanings as usual. The 'Squire could not keep his eyes off her; and, having now a pretence for enquiring after her mother, entered into some farther discourse with her, and found she expressed herself so properly, and discovered so much good sense and delicacy, that her personal charms appeared to much greater advantage by the beauty of her mind; and, in short, the 'Squire became quite enamoured of this rural damsel.

After two or three days he went again to her mother, and begged, with the most earnest importunity to be further informed of her story, and by what accident she had been brought to submit to her present obscure way of life; for that he was greatly interested in her's and her daughter's welfare, and hoped it might be in his power (if she would give him leave) to make their situation somewhat more agreeable to them than it could possibly be whilst both she and her daughter were forced to work so hard for a subsistence. There appeared so much sincerity and modesty in the young gentleman's manner, that the mother could

not avoid gratifying his curiosity. She then told him, that her husband had enjoyed a genteel place under Government, and by his care and frugality had saved a considerable fortune; but that, not being in the secret, he had lost the whole in the iniquitous project of the South-Sea, the shock of which had proved fatal to his health, and he died a few weeks after, leaving her and this one daughter (who was then about six years old) without any support but what she could raise by the sale of a few jewels, which did not amount to three hundred pounds.—To avoid the sight of my former acquaintance, (continued she) I retired into this part of the country, (where I was pretty sure I should not be known) and have taken the name of Fairfax, for my real name is——.

The young 'Squire heard this short account with an eager attention; but, upon hearing the name of——, "Good Heaven! (cries he) is it possible you should be the widow of that worthy man Mr.——, to whom our family is under the greatest obligations, as I have often heard my father declare, who always lamented that he never could hear what was become of you and your daughter, and I am certain would have been extremely happy in an opportunity of shewing his gratitude to the family of his worthy friend! I hope,

however,

however, that happiness is reserved for me. But (continued the 'Squire) did not you know that my father purchased this manor, and that he was the friend of your late valued husband? "Why (replies Mrs. Fairfax) my time is so constantly taken up with the instruction of my daughter and the business necessary for our support, that I converse but little with our neighbours; and though I may have heard that a Mr. —— had purchased the manor, and know that my dear Mr. Fairfax (so I call him) had a friend of that name, yet I never thought that your father was under any further obligations to assist his friend's distressed family, than many others were, from whom I never received the least act of friendship, though I knew they had it in their power to alleviate our distress. "Mr. B— then told Mrs. Fairfax, that he hoped there were various ways by which he could render their situation more happy than it seemed to be at present; but that there was only one way by which he could do it with complete satisfaction to himself; which was, with her permission, by laying himself and his fortune at her daughter's feet, which he should do with the greatest pleasure.

Mrs. Fairfax was astonished at so generous an offer; but desired the young gentleman not to engage in an affair of so much importance, and to

consider thoroughly how he could support the rail-
lery of his acquaintance, and perhaps the resent-
ment of his friends, which he might reasonably ex-
pect from so imprudent an alliance. Mr. B——
replied, that he was his own master; that he was
sufficiently acquainted with Isabella's personal
charms, and would rely upon Mrs. Fairfax's care
of her education for every other accomplishment;
and should think himself completely happy, if the
proposal proved agreeable to the young lady's in-
clinations. Mrs. Fairfax immediately sent for her
daughter, and, upon Mr. B——'s leaving them
together, she with joy informed her of his gene-
rous proposal. Isabella, whose heart was sensible
of his merit, after a short courtship consented to
accompany him to the altar. The old lady would
not be prevailed on to forsake her little cottage
by the wood-side; but was by the generosity of
her son-in-law, enabled to keep a servant, and his
coach was sent almost every day to fetch her to his
house. As a compliment to his lady, Mr. B——
every year gives his reapers a dinner out in the
field the day they begin harvest, and another at
the hall, by way of harvest-home.



The Inefficacy of an Academical Education

In the Enlargement of our Minds,

Set forth in Some CURIOUS ANECDOTES

OF TOM WELLBANK.

THE term *world* is a word which every body uses to signify the circle of his own acquaintance; and which the meanest plebeian of the community has as frequently in his mouth as the greatest personage in the kingdom. The man of fashion confines the world entirely to the elegant card-tables, and well bred assemblies which he frequents. The foldier to the customary licentiousness in which the gentleman of the army are indulged; the lawyer to the clamour of Westminster hall; and the merchant to the most dextrous method of driving a bargain. Thus, in fact, the world is not the general state of nature, but the narrow little circle of our own connections; and thus, instead of judiciously endeavouring to extend the scanty limits of our knowledge, we mislead ourselves into an opinion, that we already know every thing; and sink into an absolute ignorance of the most essential points, from an absurd supposition of being perfectly acquainted with them all. I remember about thirty years ago, when my old acquaintance Tom Wellbank first came from the university, that there was scarcely a company

a company which he went into for fix months, but what considered him as a fool & a madman. Tom lodged at an uncle's near the Hay-market, who lived in a very genteel manner, and frequently saw the best company. This uncle having no children himself, had adopted Mr. Wellbank as his son; and conceiving, from the reports which the university of Oxford gave of his nephew's erudition, a very high opinion of the young gentleman's abilities, he made a party on purpose to display the talents of his boy, who was previously advised to exert himself on the occasion. The company consisted of two noblemen in the ministry, an eminent divine, a celebrated physician a dramatic writer of reputation, the late Mr. Pope, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

The time before dinner was passed in one of those unmeaning random sorts of conversation, with which people generally fill up the tedious interval to an entertainment; but after the cloth was taken away, poor Tom was singled out by lady Mary, who asked him with the elegant intrepidity of distinction, if he did not think London a much finer place than Oxford. Tom replied, that if her ladyship meant the difference in size or magnificence of building, there could be no possibility of a comparison; but if she confined herself

to

to the fund of knowledge which was to be acquired at either of the places, the advantage lay entirely in favour of Oxford; this reply he delivered in a tone confident enough, but rather elevated with dignity of academical declamation; however, it would have passed tolerably, had he not endeavoured to blaze out all at once with one of those common-place eulogiums on classical literature, which we are so apt to meet with in a mere scholar, quite raw from an university. In this harangue upon the benefits of education, he ran back to all the celebrated authorities of antiquity, as if the company required any proof of that nature to support the justice of his argument; and did not conclude without repeated quotations from the Greek and Latin writers, which he recited with an air of visible satisfaction. Lady Mary could not forbear a smile at his earnestness, and turning about to Mr. Pope, "I think Sir, says she in a half suppressed whisper, Mr. Wellbank is a pretty scholar, but he seems a little unacquainted with the world." Tom, who overheard this whisper was about to make some answer, when Mr. Pope asked him, if there were any new poetical geniuses rising at Oxford. Tom upon this seemed to gain new spirits, and mentioned Dick Townly who had wrote an epigram on Chloe; Ned Frodsham who had published an ode to
spring;

spring; and Harry Knowles who had actually inserted a smart copy of verses on his bedmaker's sister, in one of the weekly chronicles. Mr. Pope wheeled about with a significant look to lady Mary, and returned the whisper by saying, "I think indeed, madam, that Mr. Wellbank does not seem to know a great deal of the world."

One of the statesmen seeing Tom rather disconcerted, kindly attempted to relieve him by expressing a surprise that so many learned men as composed the university of Oxford should seem so generally disaffected to the government. He observed, it was strange that learning should ever lean to the side of tyranny; and hinted, that they could never fall into so gross an error, if, instead of poring perpetually over the works of the antients, they now and then took a cursory dip into the history of England. There was a justice in this remark which poor Tom being unable to answer, was at a considerable loss to withstand; however, thinking himself obliged to say something, he ran out in praise of all the antient historians, and concluded with a compliment to the good sense of the university, in giving them so proper a preference to the flimsy productions of the moderns. The nobleman turned away with disgust, and it was the general opinion of the table that Tom would make
a pretty

a pretty fellow when he knew a little more of the world. The deduction which I would make from the foregoing little narrative is, That people before they think themselves acquainted with the world should endeavour to obtain a general knowledge of men and things, instead of narrowly drawing their notions from any one profession, or any particular circle of acquaintance; they may perhaps laugh at all the world, but all the world will be sure of laughing at them; and the general ridicule of every body is much more alarming than the private derision of any one.

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO

*King George 1st, in the First Year of his
Majesty's Reign.*

BY LORD LANDSDOWN.

MAY all thy years, like this, propitious be,
And bring thee Crowns, and Peace, and
Victory:

Scarce hadst thou time t'unsheath thy conqu'ring
blade,

It did but glitter, and the Rebels fled:

R

Thy

Thy Sword, the safeguard of thy Brother's throne,
Is now become the bulwark of thy own.

Aw'd by thy fame, the trembling nations send
Thro'-out the world, to court so brave a friend;
The guilty Senates that refus'd thy sway
Repent their crime, and hasten to obey;
Tribute they raise, and vows and off'rings bring,
Confess their Phrenzy, and confirm their King.
Who with their Venom over-spread the foil,
Those scorpions of the state, present their oil.

So the world's Saviour, like a mortal drest,
Altho' by daily miracles confest,
Accus'd of evil doctrine by the *Jews*,
Their rightful Lord they impiously refuse;
But when they saw such terror in the skies,
The temple rent, their King in glory rise,
Dread and amazement seiz'd the trembling crowd,
Who, conscious of their crime, adoring bow'd.

ROMAN ANECDOTE.

WHILE the colleagues of Constantius the Roman Emperor were persecuting the Christians with fire and sword, he politically pretended to persecute them too; and declared to such officers of his household, and governors of provinces,

provinces, as were Christians, that he left it to their choice, either to sacrifice to the Gods, and by that means preserve themselves in their employments; or to forfeit his favour and their places by continuing stedfast to their religion. When they had all declared their option, the Emperor discovered his real sentiments; reproached in the most bitter terms those who had renounced their religion; highly extolled the virtue and constancy of such as had despised the wealth and vanities of the world, and dismissed the former with ignominy, saying, "That those who had betrayed their God, would not scruple to betray their Prince;" while he retained the latter, trusted them with the guard of his person, and the whole management of public affairs, as persons in whose fidelity he could firmly rely, and in whom he might put an entire confidence.

E P I T A P H
ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON.

BY MR. POPE.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles
can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man:

R 2

A Poet,

A Poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the Proud and
Great :

Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life ; and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd heaven that he had lived, and that he
dy'd.

Affecting Story of a Young Lady,

RELATED BY HERSELF.

I AM the daughter of a tradesman of some
eminence near the Royal Exchange, and
have been brought up with all the care and indul-
gence the tenderest father could bestow ; and I
flatter myself I shall not be thought too presump-
tuous, if I say it has been the study of my life to
deserve it.

Women are but very indifferent judges of their
own qualifications, yet a little female vanity must
be forgiven, when I inform you that my person
is not very disagreeable, that my education has
been

been tolerably genteel, and that I have nothing in my temper excessively unfortunate.

However, such as I am, a young gentleman of a middling fortune has thought it worth his while to pay his addresses to me these two years, and to solicit my hand with the most passionate tenderness.

Mr. Blandmore, at the first, had my father's permission to make the declaration of his sentiments, and was look'd upon by all my friends as a very proper, nay, a very advantageous match; as my father's circumstances, by some unforeseen accidents in trade, were rather upon the decline; and he was, in a very little time after, actually obliged to stop payment of some bills, which soon caused a statute to be issued against him, and he was accordingly declared a bankrupt.

The alteration of circumstances, however, made no change in the heart of Mr. Blandmore; he now more than ever pressed for my consent, and declared himself almost pleased at the misfortune which had happened, since it gave him an opportunity of proving the sincerity of his passion, and that fortune was not in the least the object of his adoration. I must candidly own how deep an impression his generosity made on me, and if I felt
any

any sentiments in his favour before, they were now considerably increased by so disinterested, so noble a behaviour; and I found I know not how much satisfaction in his winning solicitations, and tender importunity;—but ridiculous pride opposed an indulgence of my own inclinations, and my very gratitude to the dear youth was the only impediment to his happiness.—How I was able to resist him I know not, but I wish my father had at that time used as great an authority over me in his favour, as he has since in vain, exerted to make me forget him.—Forget him!—No, dearest object of my earliest love!—When this adoring bosom shall wear any images but thy own, as the greatest misfortune, may'st thou retain no remembrance of the wretched Maria!—O reader! if you knew the excellence of his soul, and could form an idea of the beauty of his person!—He has a mind exalted as the roof of heaven, and a face—But, bless me, what am I saying!—An unaccountable flood of tenderness has imperceptibly borne me away. But why should I be ashamed of discovering my esteem for the very best of men? No, I should rather blush to entertain a sentiment I was ashamed to hear.—But to proceed—Upon the settling of his affairs he was found able to pay his creditors twenty shillings in the pound, besides being possessed of the sum of two thousand pounds, which

which appeared to be due on the face of the books. With the capital of two thousand pounds my father again entered trade, and Mr. Blandmore was kind enough to lend him a couple of thousands more. With this additional sum matters went on tolerably well, and our credit was soon established on its former foundation. Providence was pleased to bless my father's industry with the greatest success, and to send me an unexpected bounty, in one of the most considerable prizes in the last lottery.

My father soon acquainted me with my good fortune, which I heard with additional satisfaction, as I had now an opportunity of rewarding the generosity of Mr. Blandmore, to whom, but that very day, I had consented to give my hand on the Saturday following; but the moment I hinted to my father my desire that it should be kept a secret from Mr. Blandmore, till that time was past, in order the more agreeably to surprize him, he knit his brows into a kind of severity I had never seen him wear before, and he told me I had best consider of it a little longer; that marriage was a very important circumstance: I might possibly alter my opinion: that, to be sure, every thing was agreed between him and Mr. Blandmore, for whom he entertained the
highest

highest esteem, and to whom he had many obligations; but what of that? he had but four thousand pounds in the world: that he would pay Mr. Blandmore interest for the sum he had lent him: that I was now a considerable fortune, and ought to look about me; and that if I would take his advice, I should devise some means of breaking off with Mr. Blandmore, before the circumstance was publicly known, which would carry the appearance of honour, and justify me in the opinion of the world: for since marriage was a kind of traffick, every one ought to make the most of a bargain, and that I could not be insensible how several young women of my acquaintance had married knights and aldermen, and were publicly mentioned in the news-papers with my lord—and his grace—as ladies of distinction.

Astonished at so unexpected, so strange a declaration, a shower of tears was my only reply, and before I could possibly recover myself, Mr. Blandmore came into the room, who expressed the most tender uneasiness for the situation he saw me in, begged I would inform him of the cause.

I perceived my father was prodigiously struck; but as he was resolved to break off the match at any rate, he took but little pains to mince the matter,

matter; so telling Mr. Blandmore the real occasion, he concluding with begging his pardon for being obliged to decline the honour of his alliance, and, in the city phrase, hoped there was no harm done. Amazed at such behaviour, Mr. Blandmore remained in a state of the utmost surprise, and scarcely believing what he had heard, again demanded the reason of it.

When he had a little recovered the shock, he turned to my father—"I am, Sir, sincerely rejoiced at the good-fortune of my dear Maria, unhappy soever as it may make me. I shall not presume to make any observations upon your conduct in this affair, because you are her father. I would only beg leave to ask if you can reconcile it to yourself. As for my dear girl, if her happiness is in the least promoted by breaking off the match with me, I shall very readily submit to the severity of my own fate, since, to promote that happiness would have been the business of my life. As it is, I am above complaining, Sir.—I may be wretched, but I hope I shall never be contemptible."

I must have been lost to feeling, as well as dead to love, to bear this unmoved, especially when I saw the dear youth endeavouring to hide his tears, by pretending to wipe his face. I immediately

S

threw

threw myself at my father's feet, and besought him, in the most affecting manner, to retract his cruel resolution; to consider of his engagement with Mr. Blandmore; to think that the happiness of an only daughter should be more the object of his attention, than an unnecessary addition to her fortune, and finding him still inflexible, was hardy enough to tell him, if Mr. Blandmore was not to be my husband, I would sacrifice my life before I would ever think of any body else.

Enraged at the conclusion of my address, my father, with a tone of voice the most determined, desired Mr. Blandmore to get immediately out of the house, and ordered me to my room, and all the satisfaction I had, was one look the most inexpressibly tender, that ever shot from the rapture—darting eye of love.

This is my present situation. My father continues deaf to all intreaties, and I am so closely watched, as not to have the least opportunity of either seeing or hearing from the man I love.

What to do I know not, unless the publication of this letter may have some effect upon him, as it will give him a retrospect of the whole affair, in a manner I dare not presume to tell him, and more properly state his severe cruelty to me, as well as his unjust severity to Mr. Blandmore.

ANEC-

A N E C D O T E

OF

De THOU.

THE celebrated historian De Thou had a very singular adventure at Saumur in the year 1598. One night, having retired to rest very much fatigued, while he was enjoying a sound sleep, he felt a very extraordinary weight upon his feet, which, having made him turn suddenly, fell down and awakened him. At first he imagined that it had been only a dream; but hearing soon after some noise in his chamber, he drew aside the curtains, and saw, by the help of the moon, which at the same time shone very bright, a large white figure walking up and down, and at the same time observed upon a chair some rags which he thought belonged to the thieves who had come to rob him. The figure then approaching his bed, "I am," said it, "the Queen of Heaven. Upon these words, concluding that it was some mad woman, he got up, called his servants and ordered them to turn her out of doors, after which he returned to bed and fell asleep.

Next morning, he found that he had not been deceived in his conjecture, and that having forgot to shut his door, this female figure had escaped from her keepers, and entered his apartment.

T H E
END of the WORLD.

IT is the conclusion of all worldly glory, the final termination of ambitious hopes, deep-laid designs, and the most promising prospects. The soul alone survives the wreck of elements unhurt; and we must look according to his promise for 'new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.' We ought then to cast away every vain, every ambitious, every worldly view, and looking with deeper reverence, and a more heart-felt adoration to the Almighty, the author and finisher of all things, order our lives according to his will, and suitably to his commandments.

THE STORY
OF THE
Count De St. Julien:

Related by a Prior of the Convent of La Trappe.

THE Count DE ST. JULIEN was descended from a very ancient family; and was only at the age of twenty, when the death of his father made him master of a considerable sum of money,
and

and of an estate in Dauphinè, which might have supported him in the same affluent manner his ancestors had lived in, had not an unbounded love of pleasure taken an early possession of his heart. Dauphinè became soon too confined a sphere for him to move in, the dissipations of PARIS better suited the gaiety of his temper, where his figure, his expence, and his lively parts, quickly introduced him into the politest assemblies. He was brilliant in all places of public resort, ostentatious in his gallantries, and was admitted to many of the *petits soupès* of the *Esprits forts*; which are *coteries*, composed of wits and free-thinkers, who have too much vanity to agree in the received notions of mankind; but by their art, and the pleasantry of their ridicule, often operate too powerfully on weak minds, by undermining the good principles they may have imbibed, and substituting their own pernicious ones in their place.

ST. JULIEN had soon after his arrival at PARIS, taken an Italian figure-dancer of the opera into keeping; who bore him one son, whom he named FREDERIC; a youth of fine parts, formed by nature with great sensibility, and with a mind so happily disposed, as might have rendered him a worthy and shining character, had not all these advantages been overshadowed by a false education, and their
movements,

movements corrupted by the *bad example* of a father, who having, in a long course of dissipated connections, lost his own morals, gave himself little concern about those of his son; conceiving that the exterior accomplishments of a gentleman, comprehended every thing that was most material to carry him successfully through the world. The infidelity of ST. JULIEN'S mistress in a few years totally dissolved the attachment; and FREDERIC, by the time he attained the age of nineteen, became a companion to his father in all his vices, and likewise encouraged in such as he had a propensity to himself, the *dignity of a parent* being as much forgotten by the one, as the *respect of a son* was by the other.

Pleasure and extravagance gradually waste the amplest fortune. The *Count's* had, during the twenty-four years he had quitted Dauphinè, been annually decreasing; nor could it, by the course of his expences, have lasted so long, but for his abhorrence of every kind of play, and had not some beneficial bequests from deceased relations, retarded its dissolution. He constantly expended far more than his income, & his estate had dwindled away by sales of an hundred acres at a time, till necessity compelled him to abridge many of his expences. The contract for the old family mansion,

sion, with all the remaining land about it, was just compleated, and the four thousand *louis-d'ors*, which the purchase amounted to, paid into his banker's hands, when the following event gave a new turn to his life and fortune.

Among *Les Filles entretenues*, there was at that time at PARIS the CLAIRVILLE, who then lived under the protection of one of the *Farmer Generals*, whom I shall speak of by the name of D' AVIGNON. She was a woman of much beauty, and great intrigue; but by her address, constantly flattered his vanity and weakness; and by the success of her art, kept her gallantries concealed from him. ST. JULIEN had made repeated overtures to this lady, and had been treated by her with a disdain his pride could not brook; she had however bestowed a more favourable look on his son, whom she had met in the *Thuileries*, and frequently had conversed with; and whose youth and elegant figure, had made a sensible impression on her heart. For there was still an amiableness of character about him, nor could his assumed air of licentiousness disguise a certain ingenuousness of mind, which must continue to please as long as nature hath a charm.

It chanced that FREDERIC, coming one evening out of the French comedy, found the CLAIR-

VILLE

VILLE in one of the passages of the theatre, waiting for her coach; which by some accident among the carriages was prevented from drawing up. With his usual address, he offered to see her safe out; and the result of half an hours attendance and assiduity, was an appointment with him to meet her at a masquerade, which was to be a few nights after, where she gave him to understand she should be found only with a female friend; intimating at the same time that D'AVIGNON had business which would call him some leagues from PARIS, and notifying the dress by which he might discover her.

FREDERIC, who had been constantly tutored by his father, that gallantry was the first accomplishment of a gentleman, never scrupled to communicate to him the progress he made in any he was engaged in; he therefore, with his accustomed familiarity, informed him of the assignation he had made with the CLAIRVILLE.

ST. JULIEN concealed the surprize he felt at this intelligence; the contempt which had been shewn him by that lady, recurred with fresh poignancy, from the mortification his high spirit suffered by the preference given to FREDERIC; he however so sufficiently possessed himself, as not to
appear

appear in the least discomposed, and advised him by all means to pursue the affair.

When a father is so unprincipled as to become a rival to his son, in a matter of this nature, it argues a mind so totally depraved, as to require but little apology to be made for the despicable meanness of the *Count*, in seizing this occasion to revenge himself of a woman, and by exposing her infidelity to D'AVIGNON, ruin her power; not, in the blindness of his passion, foreseeing the ill consequence that might happen to his son in this business.

The *Farmer General* receiving an anonymous letter, which hinted to him, "that the next masquerade might discover something curious, if he possessed the affections of his mistress so fully as he imagined," but doubted for some time whether he should pay any attention to its writer; but jealousy is a passion easily awakened in men of debauched characters; and more predominant in advanced years. He resolved on his intended journey; but took care to get back to PARIS time enough to be present at the masquerade. As he was ignorant of the CLAIRVILLE's dress, he might in so large an assembly have probably returned without finding her, had he not, after more than two hours of anxious search, at last discovered her, by means of some

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jewels

jewels in her hair, which he had presented her with himself. He saw her whole attention given to the gentleman who was with her, observed she conversed with no other, and had now little reason to scruple the intelligence he had received. He watched them with earnestness and rage, the whole night, till they quitted the ball; nor lost sight of her, till he saw her enter with her gallant the house he kept for her. The servants observing a mask follow almost immediately their mistress and her friend, concluded it to be one of the party; but the instant D'Avignon had reached the garden apartment, which was his usual supper-room, and whither she had conducted her lover; he threw them both into the utmost consternation, by discovering himself to them, with ungovernable passion reproached the lady for her inconstancy; and drawing his sword, which he had concealed under his dress, ran with fury upon her paramour. FREDERIC throwing off his domino, hastily seized one of D'AVIGNON'S own swords, which hung with a hat and belt, in the room where they were; and thus armed, used every endeavour to appease his antagonist by words, but the other, pressing on him with a vehemence which would listen to no palliation, the unsuccessful youth found himself compelled to defend his own life; and in the encounter mortally wounded the *Farmer General*.

CLAIRVILLE

CLAIRVILLE fell into a swoon, and FREDERIC fled instantly out of the house, with that precipitance and perturbation which must ever be natural to so unhappy a situation.

This unfortunate event happening early in the morning, D'AVIGNON did not survive many hours. Though ST. JULIEN enjoyed in idea, the secret triumph which this stratagem gave him over a woman, whose conduct toward him had provoked so unmanly a resentment; yet he apprehended from its success no other result, than his disgrace; never conceiving that from such a connection as D'AVIGNON had with her, any point of honour would have stimulated him, to oppose the arm of age, to the vigour of youth. He felt himself however when the time arrived, by no means in an easy situation; it was a painful suspense, between hope and fear, he was alarmed for the difficulties in which he might possibly have involved his son, and feared also that the great influence of the *Farmer General*, when he should know who had supplanted him in the affections of his mistress, might be highly prejudicial to the future interests of FREDERIC. He passed the night in much disquiet; nor dared the next morning to make any enquiry, lest he might awaken suspicion; but in the utmost anxiety waited at home the arrival of

his son, wholly ignorant of the scene that had been acted; till the following letter, delivered about noon to his servant, by an unknown person, opened to him the fatal catastrophe.

“ My rendezvous with the CLAIRVILLE, to which you so strongly prompted me, hath been attended with the most dreadful consequences, we were surprized immediately on our return from the masquerade by D'AVIGNON, who flew at me with the madness of an assassin. It was in vain that I attempted every thing in my power to appease his passion. I was at last necessitated to oppose violence to violence, and in defending my own life, I have but too much cause to apprehend, that I have deprived him of his.”

“ In the hours of horror which I have passed since, I have been awakened as from a dream, to a just sense of myself. I view with despair my youth plunged so early into vice, and stained with another's blood.

Terrible as my reflections are,—they turn with indignation on a parent, who instead of guiding my steps to virtue, hath trained them in the paths of profligacy; and by his own wretched example deceived his son into ruin.

By

By the time this reaches you, I shall be many leagues from PARIS. To fly from myself is impossible, but I will hasten to some distant part of the world, where the fatal errors of my life may be unknown; and strive with repentant tears to amend a corrupted heart.

Unconnected—forlorn—and friendless,—my necessities have compelled me in the moment of departure, to deceive your banker into the payment of half the money lodged in his hands. I can hardly regard this action as criminal, when I consider this little sum as the all I can share of a noble patrimony, squandered away in extravagance, and which, had honour governed your life, I might have inherited. With this I must push my future destiny; what it may be, is unknown, and will ever remain so to you, as this will probably be the last you will hear of your

Lost, and unhappy

“FREDERIC.”

ST. JULIEN on reading this letter, for the first time felt the *dignity of virtue*. He almost sunk at the reproaches of a son, of which his own conscience confessed the justice; and he had the additional misery to reflect, that he was the secret cause of the fatal event which had driven him away for ever from his sight. Though this was a
circumstance

circumstance lodged within his own breast, yet the guilt of it was likely to remain a lasting thorn there. The talk which so unhappy an affair must occasion, a ruined fortune—an exhausted credit—the slights he had been long shewn by many—and his last remaining finances, sunk to a half by FREDERIC, were sufficient motives to awaken an idea, which he soon after executed, of bidding adieu to Paris. He concerted his plan with a person of considerable rank, who had been much attached to him, and who furnished him with such commendatory letters to one of the Electoral courts, as procured him, in a short time, a decent post, and the countenance of his new master.

In this situation he lived near eight years, if not happily, at least as comfortably as could be expected; his company was pleasing, and all that was known of his story was, that he had, through imprudence, ran out a considerable fortune. The recollection of past scenes, and the uncertainty he was in about his son, overshadowed the joy of many an hour; but he exerted all the powers of dissipation to drive away every uneasy remembrance.

It is not an easy task to reclaim a depraved mind! the spirit of intriguing remained still the predominant passion of ST. JULIEN; and having
by

by long and varied importunities attempted to seduce the affections of a lady about the court, whose absent husband was a general officer in high esteem with the Elector, he was instantly dismissed from his employment, and commanded by his prince at the peril of his safety, to withdraw from his dominions in four and twenty hours.

He collected precipitately the very little property that remained to him, and retired in haste to the canton of FRIBOURG. He was now surrounded by a distress that would not allow him to shun his own reflections; they presented a picture truly terrible, pride struggling with poverty, without, and not a source of consolation, within! He at length determined to address himself to his mother's brother, who was a *Chanoine* of the cathedral church of PALERMO; whom he had not seen since his youth, and whom he had long ceased to correspond with, on account of his having, more than once, reproved the criminal course of life which he had heard he led at PARIS.

Though it was a doubt with him, whether the *Chanoine* was still living, yet he wrote to him from FRIBOURG; communicating part of his distress, and his purpose of visiting Palermo, and throwing himself under his protection, resolving, that

that should his uncle be dead, or refuse to countenance him, he would end his days in some parts of Sicily, where his misconduct would be unknown. The port of Marseille was the most favourable to his intention; but the question was, how to get thither? his finances were low; and the apprehension of meeting in his passage through France, any one who had known him in his prosperity, was painful. He debated the matter much, and long—and to obviate, the best in his power, every objection, he converted all he had into money, let his beard grow, procured a religious habit, and set forward on his journey on foot; making devotion, for the first time, subservient to his designs.

It chanced that his road lay through DAUPHINE; and he had the severe mortification to pass over part of the noble domain of his ancestors, a territory once his own, now parted off among various proprietors. This was indeed a scene that penetrated his heart; his strength almost failed him, and he sat down on a bank by the way side, to recruit his trembling spirits. Memory pictured to him the happy morning of his life, and the thousand little incidents of uncorrupted innocence! It drew in loveliest colours, the hospitality of a father, who lived the protector
of

of the poor, and the injured, nor failed to recall those blameless hours, when, as the youthful successor of his fortunes, he used, with cheerful step, to walk forth from the venerable mansion now just before him, to meet the homage of his surrounding tenants! The reverse was terrible to thought, his mind glanced it over, and shuddered at the view. He detested the world; detested himself; and in sullen sorrow, by long and weary journeying found at last his way to MARSEILLE, where he embarked in a ship that was on the point of sailing, for SICILY, and MALTA.

It was the ill fate of this vessel, after being six days at sea, to be driven by contrary winds, much nearer the coast of BARBARY than was for its safety, as the regency of TUNIS was then at war with the French; and a dead calm succeeding the adverse weather, the captain discovered the next morning a *Tunisian Corsair*, bearing down upon them, which appeared to be too powerful for the little resistance he could oppose to it. A general panic seized every one on board; and the *Count* conceiving that the religious habit he wore, might expose him to additional ill treatment from those barbarous people; or induce them to exact a higher ransom, threw it into the sea, cut his beard close, and procured a dress from one of the common
U sailors.

sailors. In brief they were boarded,—rifled,—stripped,—carried on shore,—examined, and sent to the bagnio of *Santa-Lucia*, which is one of the places where the slaves are usually lodged.

There are adverse hours in some men's lives, that are eventually the most beneficial, by bringing home all their scattered thoughts, and giving them a just idea of themselves ! Of such a nature were those melancholy ones ST. JULIEN numbered. Though he was not (as no public works were then carrying on) condemned to bodily labour, yet he found himself plundered of every thing, doubtful of redemption, and compelled to subsist for a considerable time on food which was nauseating ; till a sailor who was made captive with him, and the same who had furnished him with a mariner's garment when he cast off the religious one he had assumed, had, by means of acquaintance among the slaves, obtained sufficient credit to open a little shop for selling wine to the Turks, and was moved by humanity, as well as veneration, for the *Count* (whom he imagined to be really one of the religious order) to take him in as an assistant, and let him live as he did himself.

It was some months before ST. JULIEN knew by what means he could convey notice of his captivity to PALERMO ; which he was obliged to wait

wait an opportunity of doing, through the channel of LEIGHORN, as the Sicilians were then at war with Tunis. And it was by various accidents, near a year and a half from the time of his being made prisoner, before any letter, or his ransom arrived.

It was a tedious interval,—a painful uncertainty!—Imagination lengthened every hour as it passed; and even the distant hope of future liberty, was frequently overshadowed by the doubt of his uncle being still alive.

The hardships he endured, the sad society of wretches about him, and the recollection of his former misused prosperity, subdued both his health and spirits. His heart was now convinced, that it had been totally warped by the seduction of wits, and libertines; and the reflection which tortured him most, was, that he had probably, by his own abandoned principles, involved his son in lasting misery. He was now sensible, that *virtue* was a reality, and not a name; and that whoever throws away the shield of religion, becomes, in the moment of adversity a defenceless existence. He turned back his eyes on a life of guilt, and determined, that what remained of it, should be consecrated to penitence.

At length a vessel arrived, and brings him a

most tender invitation to PALERMO, together with a remittance through the hands of one of the consuls, of four hundred sequins, for his redemption and journey. ST. JULIEN, having only passed for a common man, no more than two hundred sequins was demanded for his ransom. He immediately obtained his *Carta Franca*, and took his passage in a Dutch ship that was soon after to sail for Sicily.

As the first fruits of a heart awakened to virtue, he presented his humane benefactor, the sailor, with a purse of one hundred sequins, which, with what the poor fellow had saved up in his little wine trade, was somewhat more than necessary to purchase his freedom. The Count had the satisfaction of seeing him set at liberty, and quit the shore of BARBARY, in the same vessel with himself.

It was not many days before ST. JULIEN arrived safe at PALERMO, and expressed, in the warmest terms of gratitude, the obligation he felt to his uncle, for relieving him from his captive state. The good old man received him with a cordiality he never could have expected; and many a tear fell down his aged cheek, when in their frequent conversations, he found his nephew redeemed from the worse captivity of an abandoned

doned life. The *Chanoine* made him attend in all the functions of the church; and omitted no occasion to confirm him in his good resolutions.

“ You have known,” says he, “ the extremes of affluence, and distress, have experienced that happiness is not born of riches, and can only spring where virtue hath planted it! It is now within your reach; and I trust you will not again let it slip your hold. I must daily expect to be called from you; the poor have been my family; but what I am still able to bequeath you, will in your present temper, be more than equal to every want.”

“ Little—little indeed,” replied ST. JULIEN, “ have I merited the consolation I find! You see me, Sir, humbled by my vices and folly, but convinced from principle, of all my errors, every wish towards the world is extinguished; and it is my fixed resolve, to retire to some monastery, and close the evening of my life in solitude and contrition.”

The *Count* resided with his Uncle, near a twelve-month; during which time his choice determined him to enter into the Convent of LA TRAPPE.—I had then, says the PRIOR, been somewhat more than two years appointed the superior of this house, and

and having formerly been well known to the good old *Chanoine*, he wrote to me on the occasion ; intreating me in the most affectionate terms, that in recollection of the friendship we had once had for each other, whenever his nephew should enter amongst us, that I should sometimes allow him to advise with me.

There was fortunately just then a vacancy, to which I immediately named him; and bidding an eternal adieu to his benevolent uncle, he was admitted into this convent, and in due time *took the Cowl*. In the intercourses which we had frequently together, he unfolded to me, all the various occurrences of his unfortunate life; he ever spoke of them with a heartfelt sigh; and his pious example was improving to many.

After he had resided among us four years, his health began gradually to decay. The vicissitudes of his fortune had probably much accelerated the approach of age; perhaps too, the austerities of our order, were too servile for a constitution so early habituated to the blandishments of luxury; though he was still able to attend most of our functions, and lived to compleat nearly his seventh year.

When his dissolution was nigh, he was brought out into our church, on the matted rushes, according

ing to the usual custom; whilst I, agreeably to our institution, convened all the Convent to witness his end. His mind appeared perfectly clear; he exhorted, with a weak voice, those around him, to persevere in piety; and then addressed himself to me, with an eye that bespoke all the distress of his heart.

“Holy father,” says he, “a little space, and I am numbered with the dead! The penitence I have exercised within these walls, hath, I trust, washed away the stains that disgraced my former life! In that confidence I sink to my grave! one only anxiety agitates my bosom; it is for a son, whom my unhappy example may, I fear, have rendered miserable. You, holy father, know my story. O! if my long-lost FREDERIC still be living! Could he—but ’tis impossible—could he but ever hear, that the once abandoned heart of poor ST. JULIEN was reformed! could he but learn, with how many repentant tears I have wept for his forgiveness! how ardently in death wished to bequeath him a blessing! it might happily turn his steps to virtue, and my spirit would depart without a sigh!”

“Gracious Heaven!”—(exclaimed a Monk, throwing back his *Cowl*) “Gracious Heaven! thy will be done!—Behold—behold thy FREDERIC
kneels

kneels before you, as much unlike the libertine who left you, as you the parent from whom he fled! O let me catch a blessing from your dying lips! and in a last embrace, be cancelled the remembrance of every thing that is past!"

The transport and amazement of so unhopcd an interview, gave a sudden impulse to the blood; and invigorated a little longer, the powers of life,

"A few moments," says the *Count*, (casting a look of the most affectionate earnestness on his son)—"a few moments, and the knowledge of the world will avail me nothing! and yet my lingering spirit fain would know by what mysterious means, we have thus met again."

Briefly let me say, returned *FREDERIC*, that on quitting *PARIS*, I hastened with the utmost speed to *MADRID*; accompanied with the strongest resolution of amending an unfortunate life. After some time, I obtained a commission in his *Catholic Majesty's* service, and was sent into *NEW SPAIN*, to join my regiment, I was occasionally stationed in various garrisons on the Southern Continent; and at *MEXICO* married the daughter of a deceased officer of *VALENCIA*, who had brought her thither with him from *EUROPE*. I began to experience the serenity and happiness of virtue,
and

and for five years enjoyed in the society of one of the best of women, every blessing my heart could desire. Far removed from all who knew me, I here wished to have ended my days, but my regiment being called home, and the climate having much affected the health of my wife, she was anxious to return to BARCELONA, which was her native air, and where she had two aunts still living, who had in her earlier years supplied a mother's loss; and to whom I had not restored her ten months, when the hand of death dissolved our union. Sick of the world,—its follies,—its disappointments—all that endeared it to me gone before!—and no pledge of love left behind, to hold me to it!—I turned away from it without a single regret; bequeathed to the family of the amiable being I mourned, for the little fortune she brought me, and *nine* years ago, under the assumed name of LORENZO, withdrew into this monastery.

“Happy, my child,” added ST. JULIEN (pressing his son's hand with a look of eager tenderness) “happy is it, that the GREAT DISPOSER of human events, hath ordained, that we meet in peace at last! *Seven* of those years have we lived together in this place, though mutually unknown—often kneeling side by side at the same altar—often joining in the same devotions—and perhaps soli-

X citing

citing Heaven for each other.—Oh! my **FREDE-
RIC!** the crime which hath made thy heart most
wretched, with the severest anguish hath tortured
mine!—I have injured thee much—but all is, I
hope, atoned!”

“ Father of mercies!” cries the young man,—
“ the triumph’s thine! How wonderfully hath
thou dealt with us! making those very crimes
which were instrumental to our mutual misfor-
tunes, instrumental in the end to our mutual con-
version!—But I talk to the dust—he is passed
away, like a silent vapour!”——

This was a scene, added the **PRIOR**, of so sin-
gular a nature, as to merit the being recorded;
and I conceived it would not be uninteresting to
a man of sensibility.

About three years after the death of **ST. JU-
LIEN**, a fever seized several of our Convent, and
FREDERIC was one among those to whom it pro-
ved fatal. He seemed sensible from the moment
he was taken ill that his disorder would be mortal,
he supported it with the utmost resignation; re-
questing with his latest breath to be buried with
his father, which was accordingly done in one
grave, and two white crosses placed upon it to
their memory.

AN

AN ADDRESS
TO THE YOUNG MAN,

Who contends that he follows the dictates of nature, by gratifying those passions which nature has implanted.

MISERABLE and deluded man! to what art thou come at the last? Dost thou pretend to follow nature when thou art contemning the laws of the God of nature? when thou art stifling his voice within thee which remonstrates against thy crimes? when thou art violating the best part of thy nature by counteracting the dictates of justice and humanity? Dost thou follow nature when thou renderest thyself an useless animal on the earth; and not useless only, but noxious to the society to which thou belongest, and to which thou art a disgrace:—noxious, by the bad examples thou hast set:—noxious, by the crimes thou hast committed; sacrificing innocence to thy guilty pleasures, and introducing shame and ruin into the habitation of peace:—defrauding of their due the unsuspecting who have trusted thee; involving in the ruins of thy fortune many a worthy family; reducing the industrious and aged to misery and want; by all which, if thou hast escaped the deserved sword of justice,

justice, thou hast at least brought on thyself the resentment and the reproach of all the respectable and the worthy.—Tremble then at the view of the gulph which is opening before thee. Look with horror at the precipice on the brink of which thou standest; and if yet a moment be left for retreat, think how thou mayest escape and be saved!

A N E C D O T E

OF

PLATO.

PLATO, the son of Aristor, happening to be at Olympia, pitched his tents among some persons whom he knew not, and to whom he himself was unknown. But he so endeared himself to them by his engaging manners, living in conformity to their customs, that the strangers were wonderfully delighted at this accidental intercourse. He made no mention either of the academy or of Socrates; and contented himself with telling them that his name was Plato.—When these men came to Athens, Plato entertained them in a friendly manner. His guests, addressing him, said, “ Shew us, O Plato, your namesake, the pupil of Socrates, and introduce us into his academy, and be the means

means of our deriving some instruction from him." He, smiling with his accustomed good-humour, exclaimed, " I am that person." They were filled with astonishment at the idea of their having been ignorantly associated with such a personage, who had conducted himself towards them without the least insolence or pride, and who had given them a proof, that without the usual display of his known accomplishments, he was able to conciliate their good will.

ON THE INCONVENIENCIES

OF A

Solitary Life.

IT is certain, that a retired life has a greater tendency to make us happy than a public life; because, in the former, the mind is not so much disturbed by the passions, as in the tumult of society; and from some of the passions it is entirely exempt. Hatred, envy and ambition, have no hold of a person in retirement: he sees no-body; of whom then should he be jealous? He desires nothing more than what he has; whom should he envy? He hates the world and its grandeur; how can he be susceptible of ambition? " The multitude and
plenty

plenty (says Charon) are much more frightful than retirement and scarcity. In abstinence there is but one duty; but, in the management of many different things, there are many things to be weighed, and sundry duties. 'Tis much more easy to live without estates, honours, dignities, offices, than for a man to conduct and acquit himself in them as he ought. 'Tis much easier for a man to live single, than to be encumbered with the charge of a family, and live altogether as he ought with his wife and children; so that celibacy is an easier state than that of wedlock." There's nobody who does not assent to the truth of what Charon says. The weight of his argument will be more plainly perceived, if it be considered that every necessity adds to a man's unhappiness; and that he brings cares and troubles upon himself, in proportion to the alliances which he forms with a great number of persons, who thereby become dear to us; for their vexations give us concern, their uneasinesses afflict us, their pains torment us, and their sorrows oppress us. Thus, in public life, we are obliged not only to bear our own misfortunes, but those of persons with and for whom we are engaged; and, even though we were not united to them by friendship, but only by interest, we are ever obliged to take a share in what affects them, and their afflictions rebound partly upon ourselves.

ourselves. If the great man who protects us, and to whom we are attached, not by affection, but from political views, suffers disgrace, we are involved in it as much as if he was really dear to us; for his fall draws on our's with it. In fine, while we are in public life, in what manner soever we adhere to those we are related to, our tranquillity depends partly on their's; and, how odd soever it may appear, 'tis nevertheless certain, that we are often disquieted in public life by the misfortunes that happen, not only to persons whom we do not love, but even to others whom we mortally hate. Heaven gives us the heart, as well as the understanding, to part with all superfluities. A man who quits a great deal for retirement, is nevertheless a very great gainer: he has satisfied his ambition, he has quenched the thirst he had for riches, he has forgot the injuries done him by enemies: in fine, by separating himself from mankind, he has attained to that view which he would never have compassed by staying longer among them. Though a retired life has some advantages over a public one, tending to the happiness of life, yet it has its dangers and its inconveniencies. 'Tis especially pernicious to youth, to whom it often proves fatal to be left to themselves. Crates, perceiving a young man walking alone, in a solitary place, admonished him to take care
that

that he did not converse with a wicked man, nor give ear to his counsel.—'Tis in solitude that weak minds contrive bad designs, inflame their passions, and whet their loose appetites. 'Tis very hazardous for persons to be left to themselves, unless they have a good head-piece, and a well settled mind. As we ought to study every thing that may render us better men, for the same reason we ought to shun retirement, in which we have cause to be fearful of ourselves, and are deprived of all the advantages which we may expect to meet with in civil society. A man of the best understanding; he who has the art of contentment, is nevertheless uneasy sometimes to be deprived of all manner of conversation; he changes his mind therefore by degrees, 'till he loses that tranquillity of which he had a taste when he was first secluded from a correspondence with mankind. Then there is some danger of his falling into misanthrophy, which will poison every thing that pleased him before, and not only make him averse to things which are foreign to him, but render him even hateful to himself. The wisest and the most eminent of the Philosophers considered solitude as a state that deprived men of all manner of relish, and even rendered all pleasures insipid to them; nay, they were of opinion, that, were a man to be lifted up to the firmament, from whence he might, at his
ease,

ease, survey the wonderful theatre of this world, he would have but little taste of the pleasure which such a view would convey to him, if he was to be always alone, and to have nobody to converse with. 'Tis certain there is nothing more disagreeable to the nature of mankind, than a deprivation of all manner of society: and to think that it is possible for a person to be really happy with ease in deep solitude, is turning a deaf ear to the voice of that nature, which perpetually demonstrates the necessity it has of being supported by a communication with men of wisdom and virtue. The dangers of a life too solitary may be shewn by the errors which many have fallen into who have embraced it: they entered virtuous into that melancholy state, but came out of it criminals. Before they secluded themselves from all society, they were men of sense, but afterwards they became fools. They would not have lost their virtue, or their sense, if they had been assisted by that conversation with men of probity, of which they had deprived themselves; for it is to the opinions and lessons of such men that the greatest of the Philosophers were obliged for their virtues and their talents. If Plato had lived in a desert, he would not have had such a master as Socrates; but being left to himself, might, perhaps, have turned out as bad a man as he was a good one. Many people

are inclined to a retired life, for reasons that are very often bad and not duly considered. Sometimes it is a faint-heartedness, which ought to be deemed a sort of cowardice, that makes us fearful of doing our duty : 'tis often spite, love, or some other passion, which does not allow us time to reflect, but carries us away, and unaccountably leads us we know not whither. We fly from mankind; and endeavour to hide ourselves, thinking that the vexation and perplexity, which press upon us with such a weight, will find relief in solitude ; but, instead thereof, they encrease in it ; and at length they find, too late, that we can expect no comfort from a course that we took without consulting reason, which ought to be a guide to all our actions. It must therefore be established as a certain maxim, that the most proper state of life to render men really happy, is that which is neither too public; nor too solitary ; a state free from the hurry and tumult to which those unavoidably are subject, who pass their time with people in high life, and in the honourable, but fatiguing exercise of employments ; and a state, which, on the other hand, has not the dangers and inconveniences of that which is too solitary.—A private man, who has a moderate income, just to answer his occasions, keeps company with some virtuous friends, whose temper he likes, and enjoys the charms of society in a kind

kind of retirement and absence from the busy, noisy world, is in the fairest way to be happy.

T H E

Truly honourable Man.

A MIND superior to fear, to selfish interest and corruption,—a mind governed by the principles of uniform rectitude and integrity,—the same in prosperity as adversity, which no bribe can seduce or terror overawe,—neither by pleasure melted into effeminacy, nor by distress sunk into dejection; such is the mind which forms the distinction and eminence of man.—One, who in no situation of life is either ashamed or afraid of discharging his duty, and acting his proper part with firmness and constancy; true to the God whom he worships, and true to the faith in which he professes to believe; full of affection to his brethren of mankind, faithful to his friends, generous to his enemies, warm with compassion to the unfortunate, self-denying to little private interests and pleasures, but zealous for public interests and happiness, magnanimous without being proud, humble without being mean, just without being

harsh, simple in his manners, but manly in his feelings, on whose word you can entirely rely, whose countenance never deceives you, whose professions of kindness are the effusions of his heart: One, in fine, whom independent of any views of advantage, you would chuse for a superior, could trust in as a friend, and could love as a brother.—This is the man whom in your heart, above all others, you must honour.

A N E C D O T E.

WHEN the gate which joined to Whitehall, was ordered by the house of commons to be pulled down, to make the coach-way more open and commodious, a member made a motion that the other, which was contiguous to it, might be taken down at the same time; which was opposed by a gentleman, who told the house, that he had the honour to have lived by it many years; and therefore humbly begged the house would continue the honour to him, which would really make him unhappy to be deprived of it now. Chancellor Hungerford seconded the gentleman, and said, it would be a thousand pities, but he should be indulged to live by his *gate*, for he was sure he could never live by his *style*.

THE

THE FOLLY

OF

Aspiring to expensive Amusements.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

I AM the unhappy daughter of a gentleman whose income arose from a small place under the government; an income barely sufficient to enable my mother and myself to keep up a tolerable genteel appearance. We were so straitened, indeed, to make ourselves fit to be seen, that we were obliged to make a thousand shifts at home, in order to vie with our acquaintance whenever we went abroad: and we were such notable managers that nobody I believe, knew the state of our affairs.

While I was under the care of one of my mother's friends last summer, a genteel young fellow chose me for his partner at the country dances, at the Walton-assembly, during which he played off all his gallantry, in order to fix my attention upon himself. His assiduities and his arts were soon successful, as there was much more particularity in his carriage than one commonly meets with in
that

that of a temporary companion upon such an occasion.

He became very inquisitive about my place of abode, asked me with much importunity when and where I was to be seen again. The answers which I returned to his interrogatories were calculated neither to encourage his advances or to repel them; neither to make him elevated with hope, nor damped with despondence. In short, he soon found out what I did not attempt, what, in truth, I could not conceal.

In a little while he addressed me in the following terms:

“ Your amiable behaviour, madam, encourages me to make serious proposals to you, though nothing I do assure you, but the extreme ardour of my passion could have induced me to avail myself of that behaviour, as I am thoroughly sensible that you would be an ornament to a much higher station than that to which it is in my power to raise you. My fortune is, to speak plainly, small; but I hope nevertheless, that my perpetual endeavours to please, resulting from the unfeigned fervor of my passion will, in a great measure, at least, atone for the want of wealth. Riches, madam, do not always produce content: content is a blessing

ing often fought for in vain by kings, and as frequently enjoyed, unfought, by the meanest of cottagers."

With such a speech I could not, possibly, be displeased: I could have wished, however, that Mr. Morden had been in affluent circumstances, as the making of my fortune was the principal point which I myself, as well as my parents, had in view; a point not to be gained by closing with Mr. Morden's proposals; as he, with those proposals, intermixed several little encomiums on frugality, and pretty severe strictures against extravagance. By marrying Mr. Morden, I should I found be nearly in the same situation, with regard to my way of living, as I was at home; with this difference only, that of being the wife of a man, who adored me, and would make me the mistress of his small fortune, which I might, I saw plainly dispose of as I pleased, under the guidance of discretion. Such a marriage would have satisfied my love; but it would have, by no means, been adequate to my ambition; and I certainly did not feel myself sufficiently intoxicated by the former passion to give up, willingly the gratification of the latter. However, as I had no other offer, and as Mr. Morden grew every hour, more and more importunate; (as my father's health too began to decline; which alarmed

alarmed my mother, who dreaded the thoughts of being left quite destitute, and who naturally supposed that while I was possessed of any thing, I should not see her distressed) I, at length consented to be his wife.

The masquerade now furnished conversation in all companies. I had never been at such an entertainment; and it would be expressing nothing to say that I only wished for an opportunity of seeing an exhibition which was, with reason, expected to be immensely magnificent. I was half-distracted for a ticket; and would freely have parted with a far more inconsiderable sum than I could at that juncture command for so charming an acquisition.

Unfortunately for me, while I was one morning at a house in which the ladies of the family were all employed in making up ornaments, they put some of them on, in the gaiety of their hearts, to shew me how much their natural beauties were heightened by their dazzling decorations, and, perhaps to triumph over me by a mortifying display of their riches. Before *that* visit, I had, indeed, believed that I should appear to great advantage in a dress of my own chusing, as I might in a fancied dress contrive to discover beauties and to hide defects: beauties which I could only disclose,

disclose, and defects which I could only conceal by giving a loose to my thoughts: but when I beheld my companions glittering before me, and saw what prodigious advantages they received from the brilliancy of their appearance, I was too conscious of my insignificance not to feel very envious sensations; and was cruelly pained to think that I could not pretend to shine in the Hay-Market with equal lustre. Girls, who are ever upon the watch to exult at the expence of their rivals, let slip no opportunity to make their superiority conspicuous. My companions very soon perceived the disquiet jealousy had excited in spite of my efforts to conceal it, and began to increase it with a barbarous satisfaction. "Well!" cried one of them, "I wonder you do not try to get a ticket somewhere." "Surely," said another, "Miss Bowyer can never be denied such a request." "I declare, for my part," added a third, "there is nothing I would not do to procure one, if I was in your place: a masquerade and I not at it! Well, you are very happy in being so easy: if it was my case I should actually fret myself sick." "You are quite fit to be married, child," said one who had not yet spoke: "patience and self-denial are very necessary virtues in a wife." Especially in people who have not large fortunes," added another. A long conversation followed on matrimony,

mony, in which my not having been able to make a more considerable conquest was frequently glanced at not in the most agreeable manner, and many farcastic hints were thrown out.

In the very height of my discontent a lively young fellow ran into the room, and began to play over a a thousand fooleries with my companions, looking at me, while he was so employed, as if he wanted to entertain me in another manner, and only waited for an opportunity. After having made some idle speeches therefore to every girl in the room, and received others from them equally trivial, he advanced, and addressed a very serious compliment to me. I only replied with a bow. They all bursted into an affected titter, and said, " that I was quite out of spirits for want of a ticket to go to the masquerade."

" If such a trifle as that," answered the gentleman, " will give vivacity to a face which wants no other charm, I have one at the lady's service."

He immediately drew a ticket out of his pocket book, and presented it to me. The sudden surprise which I felt on being so unexpectedly possessed of what I had so much wished for, quite disconcerted me. I blushed like scarlet; and, scarcely knowing whether he was in jest or earnest,

nest, offered to return it; but he would not take it again. He treated me, while I stayed, with particular civility: I was, however, too much confused, and in too great a hurry, to acquaint my mother with my good fortune, to remain there long. Accordingly, I flew to communicate the agreeable intelligence to her, and with the most earnest importunity begged her to assist me in preparing every thing for my appearing to the utmost advantage.

She interrupted me in the midst of my raptures, by telling me, with a serious air, that she was sorry I had got a ticket, as it would only help to turn my head. Neither did she at all approve of the manner in which I came by it. "You had better, I think, my dear," said she, "send it back, for you certainly ought not to have accepted of such a favour from a man almost a stranger, (nor from any man indeed) and who, it may naturally be supposed, presented it with some bad design."

"Design! madam," replied I, very much nettled; "you are always fancying that the men have some design. I do not find that they trouble themselves about me. It is impossible that he can mean any thing more than a little gallantry; surely there is no occasion to be frightened out of one's senses for that."

"Why really, Molly," said my mother, "as you are so near marriage, you should not encourage any the least approaches to gallantry ; and I have a particular objection to your appearance at the masquerade. Girls who have been bred up, like you, in a private, frugal way, cannot mix with high company, without appearing very much out of character, nor join in extravagant pleasures, without suffering in some shape for their indiscretion."

Full of my new, and so much longed-for acquisition, and provoked at being desired to give up what had just kindled such transporting sensations in my breast, I made a very pert reply, which extorted from my mother a sensible, but cutting reproof. A warm dialogue followed between us ; she at length grew extremely irritated against me, and left me in tears, which flowed equally from pride and disappointment. I was piqued at having my darling scheme opposed ; and I was excessively chagrined at being interrupted in the execution of it : I was, however, determined to go to the masquerade, at all events.

In this weeping, piqued, and chagrined situation, Mr. Morden found me. Never having before seen me in tears, he eagerly demanded the cause

cause of them; and demanded it with a tenderness which made me the more ready to open my heart to him.

With the utmost sincerity I unboomed myself to him; but, at the same time, discovered the violence of my passion for shining in a new sphere to which I had not been accustomed.

The discovery of that passion was as ill received by my lover as it had been by my mother: though he softened his disapprobation with a number of little douceurs, by which he hoped, no doubt, to move me from my purpose; but I soon let him know that he was mistaken, telling him that I should have a very slight opinion of that man's affection, who could wish to deprive me of the least gratification. Then, leaving him, to put what construction he pleased on my carriage, I flounced out of the room.

Mr. Morden was extremely hurt by this behaviour; but he was a man of sense and resolution, and was, therefore, willing to let me see I had not treated him properly, by staying away for several days.

During these days, I so far brought my mother over, partly by coaxing, and partly by fullness, that when she found I was positively determined
to

to make my appearance at the Opera House, she became willing to assist me in providing a dress, and securing a proper party. My father was at that juncture in the country, transacting some business relative to his office, and therefore could not interfere upon the occasion; and my sole thoughts were now engaged about my dress.

The happy moment arrived; I set out with a heart beating high with expectation. For a while I was so struck with the magnificence around me, that I stared about wildly, with my eyes thrown into a thousand directions in a minute. But my attention was soon fixed by the approach of the person who had given me the ticket. He accosted me with the greatest politeness; and in a short time began to make use of some very tender expressions. I, at first, endeavoured to keep up the *character* I had assumed. I was in the habit of a shepherdess, imagining that I might venture to hear and to answer speeches under *that* appearance which I could not have heard, and to which I could not have replied, with propriety, in *my own*, if I *had not* been actually engaged, & so near marriage as I believed myself to be. The freedoms, however, which I allowed myself drew so many others not quite so warrantable from my Damon, that I began to think matters were going rather

rather too far ; and found it necessary to oblige him to a more distant behaviour.

The company now unmasked.

While I was exerting myself to insist upon my new admirer's leaving me, I happened to turn my head, and saw a tall handsome man, in a Turkish habit, surveying me attentively with the most striking marks of serious admiration.

At that moment I felt emotions which I had never felt before for any man, so perfectly charming was his figure, so winningly graceful was his manners, and so much was I flattered with the expression in his features. He contrived to keep his eyes rivetted on me till he had a proper opportunity to ask me to dance. He asked me, and I immediately complied with his request.

While we were dancing, he endeavoured, with a variety of bewitching assiduities, to captivate my heart, and to make himself an irresistible object. Were I to say that I repulsed his advances, I should assert a falsehood ; I rather encouraged them, especially when I was informed that my enchanting partner was a man of fashion. He was called, " My lord," by several of his acquaintance. I forgot that I was under any binding engage-

engagements to Mr. Morden; I forgot myself; every thing, in short; I was absolutely intoxicated with joy on being addressed in the most soothing and insinuating terms by a man who very much induced me to suppose that he had no design to trifle with me.

When he had handed me out with my company, he begged to know where he might enquire after my health the next day.

Then, and not till then, I began to feel all my former littleness: recollection immediately stripped off the plumes with which vanity had adorned me; I became abashed, and hung down my head.

He repeated his question with a tender pressure of my hand.

With a blush which arose from my embarrassment at being under a necessity of declaring my unimportance, I mentioned the mean Street in which stood my mother's still meaner habitation.

"For whom must I enquire, my angel," said he, with a second and more significant pressure.

I faintly breathed out my name; with a sigh, and left him in full possession of my heart.

As

As I came home safe, however, with the companions whom my mother had selected for me, she received me with pleasure; and with pleasure seemed to listen to me while I gave a particular account of the superb entertainment of the evening. As I had not retired to my chamber till the morning was pretty far advanced, I did not quit it till the afternoon. Flattered with the hopes of seeing my new admirer; I then dressed myself with the most becoming negligence, and waited for his coming with a confusion among ideas, and a general tremor which I cannot describe.

In this disturbed and tremulous state I saw Mr. Morden enter the parlour.

Conceive, if you can, my disappointment. Having fully expected to behold his lordship every minute, I was doubly disappointed, and doubly chagrined.

I coloured at the sight of him: he looked pale, dejected, and unhappy. He sat down by me, and with a discontented air, asked me how I did. "How do you find yourself, madam, " after a night——of fatigue——I recall my words—— I mean of intoxication."

I scornfully replied, "that if he did not talk

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more intelligibly, I should be at a loss to understand him; and that I, indeed, asked not to comprehend his meaning.

“ I believe what you say,” replied he, “ and shall therefore take leave of you for ever.”

I looked, I suppose, all that I felt, for he immediately proceeded in the following manner.

“ You either are, or affect to be surprized, madam; but when you are informed that I was a witness to your whole conduct last night, you will, in some measure, be sensible of what I feel, though you never can, unless you have loved like me, have an adequate conception of the torment which I at this instant endure. Yet I will tear a faithless, foolish, deluded woman from my fond heart; whatever it cost me. Know then, madam, that on finding you resolved to go to the masquerade, I, for once, disguised myself, and with the assistance of a friend, procured a ticket that I might see what effect so dangerous an amusement would have upon the heart of a woman to whom I was on the point of being indissolubly united; of a woman who had, I flattered myself, a relish for domestic life, equal to my own: but all my expectations of happiness in such a life are vanished like a morning dream; and my remaining days must be
spent

spent in unavailing sorrow: sorrow doubly sharpened by the stings of remembrance. However, since it is not in my power to make an impression upon your heart, and since I am well assured that I can never taste felicity, unless the woman, whom I still adore, shares it with me, I come to resign you, madam, to give you up to your splendid admirer. But oh! take care——take care, my once esteemed, my still beloved Molly. The man with whom you are so extremely pleased is an arrant deceiver: he speaks only to seduce; he flatters only to betray." At the conclusion of this pointed speech, he rose and left me; though he seemed to do violence to his inclination, and the conflict between love and prudence were strongly pictured in his countenance, every feature of which appeared greatly disturbed.

He left me in a state of astonishment, of stupefaction, from which I was hardly recovered when lord B———came in.

At the sight of his lordship I was soon restored to myself. The tender respect with which he accosted me, finished what his former appearance and behaviour had begun, and I was as much delighted with *him*, as he seemed to be enamoured with *me*. The conversation between us was ani-

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mated,

rated, and, he seized every opportunity to throw out the most impassioned effusions, to which I listened with more than common attention, with joy, with rapture.

Too greedily did I swallow up his discourse.

The entrance of my mother, who very discreetly, though I did not then think so, deemed it proper to make an addition to our company, put a stop to the amorous part of my lord's conversation. His eyes, however, spoke forcibly, though his tongue was silent; and mine but too well understood their language.

After a visit of near three hours, his lordship left me in as pining a condition for him as if we had conversed together three months.

When my mother and I were by ourselves, I acquainted her with Mr. Morden's unaccountable behaviour.

It affected her I perceived. She sighed, shook her head, and cried, "ah Molly! I wish this new lover may be as worthy of your attention and esteem as the man whom you have driven away by your indiscretion. But how can we expect to see you married to a man of quality? My lord will not surely degrade himself by marrying a girl in your sphere of life; and, I hope," continued she,

she, with tears in her eyes, "that you have too great a regard for yourself, as well as consideration for your parents, not to mention motives of a higher kind, to yield to him upon dishonourable terms."

I replied only with my tears, which for some time flowed as fast as hers. But when I was able to articulate, I assured her that she had no reason to doubt my steady adherence to those excellent principles in which I had been educated; confessing also, frankly, that I loved my lord.

"There is then but one way left to save you," said she. "You must see him no more. You can only by prohibiting his visits come at his real designs, though I fear the discovery of them will afford no satisfaction."

I readily agreed to my mother's issuing orders for me to be denied to him.

These orders were necessary, for he repeated his visits.

On finding he was not to be admitted, he wrote a long and tender letter, wherein he complained excessively of my refusing to see him when I was, to his knowledge, at home.

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This letter, though every syllable of it went to my heart, I shewed to my mother, who told me what I but too plainly perceived, that my lord's designs were not of a nature to be encouraged; and that I must return no answer to him.

I complied with her prudent advise; but Heaven knows what anguish I suffered from my compliance upon the trying occasion.

While I was in this suffering state, I received a message from Mr. Morden, who, was dangerously ill of a fever, and who had employed a particular friend to intreat me to make him happy with my presence before he died.

As he had deserted me for nothing, according to my sentiments about his behaviour, I was very unwilling to deepen the dejection into which I had been plunged, by the sight of him whom I had once, I fancied, loved in such a situation; but my mother, hoping that my appearance would restore him, and that my condescension would revive his love, persuaded me to make him a visit.

I accompanied her to his bed-side.

Flattering himself that my tears flowed entirely on his account, he accused himself of being too haughty; but owned that my apparent fondness for pleasures

pleasures out of his reach, pleasures which it was not in his power to give me, had induced him to fear that we should be unhappy: adding, that the encouragements which I gave to lord B——confirmed all his apprehensions in such a manner as to persuade him that I should be more glad than himself to be released from engagements which promised to be attended with more disgust than felicity.”

“ How little did I know my own heart,” continued he, after a pause, and with a faint voice, (while he looked up with languid eyes, prognosticating his speedy dissolution, yet full of as much tenderness for me as ever I beheld them) “ I cannot now support life, and give up her who was the dearest object to me upon earth: nor can I die in peace till you deign to pardon a conduct which I, perhaps, too precipitately adopted; but which I adopted with the best intentions, and with the greatest reluctance; for I call that supreme Being who will, I humbly hope, shew mercy to me in my last moments, which are hastily approaching, to witness that I never ceased to love you with the sincerest affection; and that I regret nothing so much as my inability to leave you any proof of my regard, except this ring, (presenting a diamond one to me of some value) which was my mothers, and which

which will just serve to remind you of a man who loved you too ardently to live without you."

Here he stopped for want of breath to proceed; but seizing my hand, he pressed it to his dying lips; and before I could articulate a reply, expired.

I cannot pretend to describe my feelings. I was insensible to every thing for some time.

In this torturing frame of mind I remained, however, not long, without a considerable addition to its anguish. I was not yet sufficiently punished for my folly. My father returned before he was expected, so much worse than when he went into the country, that his apothecary, who had attended him for many years, gave no hopes of his recovery. Imagine my distress at this dispiriting news. My mother had concealed Mr. Morden's death, from my father, because she was not willing to make her absence from him more disagreeable by sending unwelcome intelligence to him; but the concealment of it only served to render the communication of it afterwards the more afflicting to me——For my father when he was, on repeated enquiries after Mr. Morden, informed of his disease, and even necessarily of my share in it, could not keep either his grief or his resentment within bounds.

"You

"You have undone your mother," said he, looking fiercely at me, "and you have undone yourself, by your more than ridiculous, by your criminal conduct. It is not in my power to leave you such a subsistence as that worthy young man's industry and œconomy would have secured for you during his own life, and which you might probably have enjoyed after him; for though his income was not large, he might have in a few years rendered himself independent."

I was afflicted beyond description to find my father so displeased with me just when I was at the point of losing him for ever. The sight of him in so declining a condition, so deeply affected by this sudden disappointment, and so thoroughly disturbed at my folly, and so wretched on the thoughts of his going to be separated from us, without leaving the amiable man behind him on whose friendship he had so reckoned, and from whose alliance he entertained the most pleasing expectations on our account, increased my sorrow to such a degree that I was almost stupified. Instead of discovering the least desire to forgive me, he scarce took any notice of me at all.

My poor mother very much affected as she was, and apparently bestowing her whole attention on my dear father, could not bear, as she had been

ever fond of me, to see me thus unhappy, without endeavouring to comfort me, though she stood greatly in need of consolation herself.

“ If my father, madam, “ said I to her, will not look upon me as he *has* done, I must be miserable. I never, never intended to bring such distress upon my family.”

I could not proceed, my utterance was stopped, I sighed, I sobbed, I wept, but could not speak.

My mother, pitying my situation, stooped down to my father, and intreated him to say something to alleviate the inexpressible anguish which I endured.

At the same instant I threw myself on my knees, and cried, with a voice scarce to be heard, “ Oh! my dear, my ever honoured father, pardon and bless your unhappy child.”

My petitions were unavailing, my father, at that instant, yielded up his last breath. I shrieked, I fell, fell senseless on the floor.

In the evening after the funeral, while my mother was engaged in the fore parlour with some people who came to her upon business, my lord suddenly entered the back parlour, I was sitting
in

in it, alone, desponding beyond expression, melancholy to an extreme.

I started at his unexpected appearance, rose, and was going to fly from him. He stopped me, and throwing himself at my feet, entreated me, conjured me, to hear him.

I resumed my seat, scarce knowing however what I did.

He declared in the most passionate terms, the impression I had made on his heart the moment he was blessed with the sight of me at the masquerade; adding, that ever since the impression had been deeper and deeper. "I am not able," continued he, "to enjoy life without you; but your good sense will, I am sure, inform you that I cannot just now, with any propriety, make you an offer of marriage; yet as I may have it one day in my power to render myself supremely happy by being firmly united to you, my visits may certainly be received without giving any shock to your delicacy." He concluded with assuring me, that by contributing in the least to my felicity, he should enjoy the sincerest satisfaction, and then tossed a purse of guineas into my lap.

Though I was moved in a manner not to be described at what he had uttered, the appearance of the purse raised other emotions.

Hastily starting up, I let it fall on the floor, and advanced with precipitation towards the adjoining room.

He placed himself in such a position that I could not secure my retreat, and catching me in his arms, cried, while he strained me to his bosom. "Only tell me, would you have refused me if I had immediately offered marriage to you, Miss Bowyer?"

I looked frightened, confused, and abashed; I knew not what to say: I paused—I hesitated—But my looks, I fear, sufficiently notified my sensations.

"I know you would not have refused me, you dear angelic creature," continued he, embracing me with a modest and respectful tenderness which penetrated my soul.

"I have the transporting delight to see that I am not an object of indifference in your eyes, and you shall make me happy in your own way: all I have to ask is that you will keep our marriage private till I can discreetly own you for my wife."

Here he stopped, and attempting to renew his caresses; but my eyes were now opened, though my heart was so deeply touched that I could not hope to taste the sweets of peace again. Distrust-
ing,

ing, however, my own fortitude, I looked up to heaven for that succour of which I stood so much in need. I prayed with fervor, and I was succoured. Breaking from the man whom I adored, and whom I, at the same instant, despised, I cried, "My God! help me, or I am lost for ever." and rushed into the next room.

My mother was, by this time, coming in search of me.

She saw my disorder.—Surprise, anger, and concern, were painted in her countenance. Taking me by the hand, she desired my seducer to leave her house immediately. He turned pale: he even trembled at leaving a girl whom he had not courage to marry, but whom he wished to make eternally wretched for the gratification of a momentary passion; a girl who was weak enough to be charmed with, to pity a man, while he was scheming her ruin.

My dear mother, who read all that passed in my tortured breast, again insisted on his leaving us; nor would she hear him utter a single word in his defence. He, at last, quitted the room, with a look which will ever be engraven on my heart—Thank Heaven! I had resolution enough to reject him, and to return all his letters un-opened.

Thus,

Thus, Sir, you see to what a mortifying situation my pride, my folly, my love of pleasure, and a restless desire to appear in a style of life to which I had no pretensions, have reduced *me*, as well as a tender deserving parent, whose health and tranquillity have been both greatly hurt, and disturbed by her sufferings on my account. Very much indeed do I fear that she will not find it an easy task to accommodate herself to her new condition; but were I certain of her enjoying contentment and health, I could, without difficulty, reconcile myself to my humble situation. Yet, after all, I think so much of Lord B——s fine person, his winning manners, and the thousand graces in his behaviour, that I feel I am doomed to misery for the remainder of my days.

AN E C D O T E

Of Theodore D'Aubigné.

HENRY the FOURTH, King of France had quarrelled with D'Aubigné on some occasion or other, and being afterwards reconciled to him, embraced him very heartily. D'Aubigné told him, "Sir, when I look in your face, I see
I may

I may take my old liberties and freedoms with you. Open now three of your waistcoat buttons, and tell me how I have displeased you." Henry growing pale at these words (as was his custom when any thing affected him) answered, " You were too much attached to the Duc de le Tremouille, to whom you know I had an aversion." "Sire," replied D'Aubigné, I have had the honour of being brought up at the feet of your Majesty, and I have learned from you never to abandon those persons who were afflicted and oppressed by a power superior to their own. You will then surely approve in me that lesson of virtue which I learned under your self." This answer was succeeded by another hearty embrace from Henry.

ON THE

Disadvantages of a great City.

IN all ages an opinion has been prevalent, that a great city is a great evil; and that a capital may be too great for the state, as a head may be for the body.

People born and bred in a great city are commonly weak and effeminate. Vegetius observing,
that

that men bred to husbandry make the best soldiers, adds what follows. " But sometimes there is a necessity for arming the towns people, and calling them out to service. When this is the case, it ought to be the first care, to inure them to labour, to march them up and down the country, to make them carry heavy burdens, and to harden them against the weather. Their food should be coarse and scanty, and they should be habituated to sleep alternately in their tents, and in the open air. Then is the time to instruct them in the exercise of their arms. If the expedition is a distant one, they should be chiefly employed in the stations of posts or expresses, and removed as much as possible from the dangerous allurements that abound in large cities; that thus they may be invigorated both in mind and body."

The luxury of a great city descends from the highest to the lowest, infecting all ranks of men; and there is little opportunity in it for such exercise, as to render the body vigorous and robust.

With regard to morality; virtue is exerted chiefly in restraint, and vice, in giving freedom to desire. Moderation and self-command form a character the most susceptible of virtue. Superfluity of animal spirits, and love of pleasure, form a character the most liable to vice. Low vices, pilfer-
ing

ing for example, or lying, draw few or no imitators; but vices, that indicate a foul above restraint, produce many admirers.

Where a man boldly struggles against unlawful restraint, he is justly applauded and imitated; and the vulgar are not apt to distinguish nicely between lawful and unlawful restraint. The boldness is visible, and they pierce no deeper. It is the unruly boy, full of animal spirits, who at public school is admired and imitated; not the virtuous and modest.

Vices, accordingly, that show spirits, are extremely infectious; virtue very little so. Hence the corruption of a great city, which increases more and more, in proportion to the number of inhabitants.

When considered in a political light, a great town is a professed enemy to the free circulation of money. The current coin is accumulated in the capital, and distant provinces must sink into distress; for without ready money, neither arts nor manufactories can flourish. Thus we find less and less activity, in proportion commonly to the distance from the capital; and an absolute torpor in the extremities.

The city of Milan affords a good proof of this observation. The money that the Emperor of Germany draws from it in taxes is carried to Vienna. Not a farthing is left, but what is barely sufficient to defray the expence of government.

Manufactures and commerce have gradually declined in proportion to the scarcity of money; and the above mentioned city, which, in the last century, contained 300,000 inhabitants, cannot now muster above 90,000.

Money, accumulated in the capital raises the price of labour. The temptation of high wages, in a great city, robs the country of its best hands. And, as they who resort to the capital are commonly young people, who remove as they are fit for work, distant provinces are burdened with their maintenance, without reaping any benefit by their labour.

But the worst effect of a great city, is the preventing of population, by shortening the lives of its inhabitants. Does a capital swell in proportion to the numbers that are drained from the country? Far from it. The air of a populous city is infected by multitudes crouded together; and people there seldom make out the usual time of life. With respect to London in particular,
the

the fact cannot be dissembled. The burials in that immense city greatly exceed the births. The difference, some affirm, to be no less than 10,000 yearly. By the most moderate computation, it is not under seven or eight thousand. As London is far from being on the decline, that number must be supplied by the country; and the annual supply amount probably to a greater number, than were wanted annually for recruiting our armies and navies in the late war with France. If so, London is a greater enemy to population, than a bloody war would be, supposing it even to be perpetual. What an enormous tax is Britain thus subjected to for supporting her capital! The rearing and educating yearly, for London, seven or eight thousand persons, require an immense sum.

In Paris, if the bills of mortality can be relied on, the births and burials are nearly equal, being each of them about 19,000 yearly; and, according to that computation, Paris should need no recruits from the country. But in that city, the bills of mortality cannot be depended on for burials. It is there the universal practice, both of high and low, to have their infants nursed in the country, till they be three years of age; and consequently those who die before that age, are not registered.

What proportion these bear to the whole is uncertain. But a conjecture may be made from such as die in London, before the age of three, which are computed to be one half of the whole that die.

Now, giving the utmost allowance for the healthiness of the country, above that of a town, children from Paris that die in the country, before the age of three, cannot be brought so low, as a third of those who die. On the other hand, the London bills of mortality are less to be depended on for births, than for burials. None are registered but infants baptized by clergymen of the English church. The numerous children, therefore, of Papists, Dissenters, and other sectaries, are generally left out of the account. Giving full allowance, however, for children, who are not brought into the London bills of mortality, there is the highest probability, that a greater number of children are born in Paris, than in London; and consequently, that the former requires fewer recruits from the country than the latter. In Paris, domestic servants are encouraged to marry. They are observed to be more settled than when bachelors, and more attentive to their duty. In London, such marriages are discouraged, as rendering a servant more attentive to his own family, than to that of his master. But a servant, attentive to his
his

his own family, will not, for his own sake, neglect that of his master. At any rate, is he not more to be depended on, than a servant, who continues single? What can be expected of idle and pampered bachelors, but dissipated and irregular lives.

The poor-laws, in England, have often been the folio of corruption. Bachelors-servants in London, then, may be well considered as a large appendix. The poor-laws indeed make the chief difference between Paris and London, with respect to the present point.

In Paris, certain funds are established for the poor, the yearly produce of which admits but a limited number. As that fund is always pre-occupied, the low people who are not on the list, have little or no prospect of bread, but from their own industry; and to the industrious, marriage is in a great measure necessary.

In London, a parish is taxed, in proportion to the number of its poor; and every person who is pleased to be idle, is entitled to a maintenance. Most things thrive by encouragement, and idleness above all. Certainty of maintenance, renders the low people in England idle and profligate; especially in London, where luxury prevails, and infects every rank. So insolent are the London
poor,

poor, that scarce one of them will condescend to eat brown bread. There are accordingly in London, a much greater number of idle and profligate wretches, than in Paris, or in any other town, in proportion to the number of inhabitants. "These wretches," in Doctor Swift's style, "never think of posterity, because posterity never thinks of them." Men who hunt after pleasure, and live from day to day, have no notion of submitting to the burden of a family.

Another objection to an overgrown capital is, that by numbers and riches, it has a distressing influence in public affairs. The populace are ductile, and easily misled by ambitious and designing magistrates. Nor are there wanting critical times, in which such magistrates, acquiring artificial influence, may have power to disturb the public peace. That an overgrown capital may prove dangerous to sovereignty, has more than once been experienced both in Paris and London.

The French and English are often zealously disputing about the extent of their capitals, as if the prosperity of their country depended on that circumstance. It would be as rational to glory in any contagious distemper. They would be much better employed, in contriving means for lessening

lessening these cities. There is not a political measure that would tend more to aggrandize the kingdom of France, or of Britain, than to split their capitals into several great towns.

With regard to London, my plan would be to limit the inhabitants to 100,000, composed of the King and his household, supreme courts of justice, government boards, prime nobility and gentry, with necessary shop-keepers, artists, and other dependents. Let the rest of the inhabitants be distributed into nine towns properly situated, some for internal commerce, some for foreign. Such a plan would diffuse life and vigour through every corner of the island.

The two great cities of London and Westminster are extremely ill fitted for local union. The latter, the seat of government and of the noblesse, infects the former with luxury, and with love of show. The former, the seat of commerce, infects the latter with love of gain. The mixture of these opposite passions is productive of every groveling vice.



A N E C D O T E.

THE late Mr. Hall, the ingenious and witty author of the Crazy Tales, and other original performances, was, with all his wit and humour, oppressed at times with very unpleasing hypochondriac affections. In one of these fits, at Skelton Castle, in Yorkshire, he kept his chamber, talked of death and the *east* wind as synonymous terms, and could not be persuaded by his friends to mount his horse, and dissipate his blue devils by air and exercise. Mr. Sterne, who was at this time one of his visitants, finding that no reasons could prevail against the fancies of his friend, bribed an active boy to scale the turret of the Castle, turn the weathercock *due west*, and fasten it with a cord to that point. Mr. Hall rose from his bed as usual, oppressed and unhappy, when casting his eye through a bow window to the turret, and seeing the wind due west, he immediately joined his company at breakfast, ordered his horse to be saddled, and enlivened the morning's ride with his facetious humour, execrating easterly winds, and launching forth in praise of western breezes. This continued for three or four days, till unfortunately the cord breaking which fastened the weathercock, it returned at once to its easterly position;

tion; and Mr. Hall retreated to his chamber, without having the least suspicion of the trick which his cousin Shandy had play'd upon him.

ESSAY ON SEDUCTION.

SEDUCTION is one of the most enormous crimes of which man is capable. Those who are guilty of it, deserve to be hunted out of society, and deprived of all its advantages. This would, perhaps, be a severer punishment to such base and perfidious mortals, than the most painful death they could suffer; because it would effectually deprive them of all the opportunity of gratifying their unlawful and inordinate desires, and oblige them to harken to the monitor within them, whom it is impossible to silence in a cool, a serious moment.

A very little consideration will suffice to shew the iniquity and wickedness of such a behaviour in the most glaring colours. To endeavour to gain the affections of an amiable young female, with no other design but to plunge her into the deepest misery and the heaviest distress, for the pleasure of an hour; is a procedure not only base and malignant, but even diabolical. It is indeed

an action, the moral turpitude of which is so great that none but those whose hearts are rendered totally callous and unfeeling, by a long course of iniquitous practices, can be guilty of it.

It is the less excuseable, because it is necessarily a premeditated, a deliberate guilt. It is not an action done in the heat of passion, and the fury of unrestrained appetites, but one which is carried on for a considerable space of time.

Young women, especially in the less populous parts of the world, are frequently educated in a very retired and reclusive manner. Unacquainted with the low and unworthy arts made use of by too many of the deceitful inhabitants of the earth, they suppose that others are innocent, because they are so themselves. Living in such ignorance of that double-dealing which the men of the world practise, they too readily give credit to the vows and oaths by which those, who call themselves their lovers, so liberally and so solemnly engage to be ever faithful to them.

And when the perfidious arts of the deceitful villain have so far succeeded, as to bring the unsuspecting, too credulous maiden, to entertain a favourable opinion of him; when, by the most insidious and infernal blandishments, he at last per-
suades

suades her to resign to his protestations of fidelity, and loses what can never be recovered. How dreadful is the situation into which the unhappy fair one is plunged! What pangs of remorse! What feelings of shame! Betrayed and deserted by the man in whom she puts an entire confidence; by that man, whom of all the world she would wish to be near her! Oh! how severe must her repentance be, before she can recover the serenity of innocence.

Oh! ye seducers! if ye did but reflect upon the direful consequences of your crime! In the present state of those whose affections you have gained by the worst means, and for the worst purposes; and in the future to yourselves, when you may justly expect, from the Righteous Ruler of the world, a just punishment for an iniquity of such a magnitude, you could not possibly be guilty of it. The very idea would strike you with horror, and make your blood run cold. Ye who are designed to be the protection and defence of that helpless sex, can ye be so abandoned as to ruin those who were made to be the solace and delight of your eyes, and your chief earthly good?

Can you, for the gratification of an inordinate lust, take advantage of that partiality which they have for you, and immerse them into irretrievable

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misery?

misery? Think of the iniquity of such a conduct, and your consciences will not fail loudly to remonstrate with you, and tell you how base, how wicked, how unworthy of humanity it is, thus to act. You, who were designed to communicate happiness to all around you, can you prostitute those abilities which were given you for the noblest purposes, to such infernal uses? If ye have any shame, if ye have any humanity, if ye have any conscience, desist from such enormous wickedness. Consider the end of your creation, your prospects in futurity, and no more commit actions, by the perpetrations of which you must necessarily incur such immense guilt.

And oh! ye lovely, ye amiable, ye accomplished fair ones, never be persuaded to credit the vows and protestations of the sincerity of those wretches, who would delude you to your ruin. Suffer not their arts and blandishments to have any effect upon you, 'till you have the most indubitable evidence that their intentions are fair and honourable. Take warning by the distress into which so many of your sex have been brought, and let not a unit be added to their number. Be assured, that they never have honest intentions, when they would carry on a secret, an illicit courtship; when they endeavour to steal insensibly upon your affections,

fections, and by the most solemn imprecations persuade you to give up to their wishes an invaluable treasure. You may be certain, that, in the end, even they will thank you for refusing, though to their most importunate request, that inestimable jewel, your virtue. You will consult even their interest best, by refusing them: therefore be careful, be vigilant; for too many of the children of Adam rove about, seeking whom, among your weak and too credulous sex, they may devour and sacrifice at the altar of lust. Always prefer your virtue to your life, and never cease your care in preserving it.

But what accumulated guilt do they incur, who seduce to infidelity women who are already engaged to a man by the closest, the tenderest ties.

Perhaps the poor unhappy victim to a monster's lust was by the cruellest force obliged to marry a man, to whom, to say the least, she had no partiality. Perhaps his cruel usage has rendered him the object of her aversion. How much is she to be pitied, and how much is he to be detested! The infamous and deliberate villain, who, taking advantage of such circumstances, tells her how happy he should think himself in her husband's situation, rails at his ingratitude and cruelty, and by industriously seeking for critical moments, lulls her into ruin.

Guard,

Guard, then, ye married women, with the utmost care, against the first approaches to conjugal infidelity. Be assured, a contrary behaviour will make you effectually miserable. Nothing can recall your virtue, nothing bring back that peace and serenity of mind, which, under the severest trials, is the constant attendant and chief support of virtue. Nothing can eradicate the memory of such a crime, when once committed.

Carefully watch then, and subdue the first favourable impressions in favour of any man but your husband. Remember that the path of duty is the only path of happiness; and that, as you wander out of it less or more, you will be more or less happy.

ANECDOTE

OF A

KING's FRIEND.

LOUIS XIII. never could be without a favourite. Cardinal Richlieu, hated by every one who was about the King, gave him one in the person of young Esliat Cinq Mars, that he might have a creature of his own about the throne.

This

This young man who was soon made master of the horse, wanted to be in the council ; and the Cardinal, who would not suffer it, had immediately an irreconcilable enemy in him. The King's own behaviour, who, offended with his minister's pride and state, used to impart his dislike to his favourite, whom he always called his *dear friend*, the more emboldened Cinq Mars to plot against him. He proposed to his Majesty several times to have him assassinated ; but the King afterwards took such a dislike to his favourite, that he banished him his presence ; so that Cinq Mars, conceived an equal hatred to the King and his minister. He carried on a correspondence with the Duke of Bouillon and the King's brother. The chief object was the Cardinal's death. Richlieu's good fortune discovered the plot : the conspirators treaty with Spain fell into his hands. This cost Cinq Mars his life : he was beheaded at Lyons. At the hour appointed for his execution, Louis pulled out his watch, and turning to the Courtiers about him, said, "I fancy my *dear friend* makes a very sorry figure just now."



EXALTED

Exalted Friendship;

Or the GENEROUS SURRENDER.

A TALE FOR THE LADIES.

IT has been asserted by some writers, who pretended to make deep enquiries into the nature of the female heart, that friendships between women and women, though violent for a while, are seldom of so long a duration as those contracted between men and men. Numerous cases in point might, doubtless, be produced to justify such positions, but it must be owned, at the same time, that many of the fair sex have distinguished themselves in a striking manner, by the solidity, and the permanence of their attachments to each other; attachments which have remained unimpaired during the lives of the amiable contractors; in spite of the rudest shocks which they have received either from the malicious attempts of those who envied their constancy, or from some delicate distresses arising from their connections with the other sex.

The friendship which commenced between Harriot Stapleton and Sophia Manton at the school to which their parents sent them at an early age, gathered strength in their advanced years;

years; and when they were introduced into the world, after having finished their education, they were never so happy as when they enjoyed each other's society. Entertained with the same books, addicted to the same pursuits, and captivated by the same diversions, they were almost inseparable companions: and as their parents, on both sides, were people in very genteel life, they always appeared, in point of dress, to the greatest advantage. They were both handsome, but in so different a style of beauty, that they felt none of the corrosions of rivalry, while they made an advantageous display of their persons; and as they gained, each of them, a considerable deal of admiration, when they appeared in public, each of them was sufficiently satisfied with her share of it.

By the nomination of Sophia's father to a lucrative post in one of our Leeward islands, Harriot was robbed of her friend, as Mr. Manton, in consequence of his being obliged to reside several years abroad, chose to take his family with him.

Sophia received the first news of her father's appointment without that joy which she should otherwise have felt, upon his having obtained a considerable addition to his income, because she could not help thinking of the separation from her Harriot; and her reflections, occasioned by the since-

rity as well as fervor of her friendship, threw her mind, for a time, into so painful a state, that she frequently regretted the event which was to divide her from the only person among all her acquaintance, for whose sake she wished to remain in England. However, when she came to reflect coolly, and with composure upon her father's profitable post, and considered also, that being his only child, she might be greatly benefitted by the opportunities put into his power to enlarge her fortune, she began to be reconciled to her destined voyage, tho' she could not refrain from tears when the hour of embarkation approached.

During the absence of her friend from England, Harriot became a rich heiress, by the death of her father, and was strongly solicited by numbers to enter into the marriage state. She had, before her father's decease, indeed, received addresses from several men, with fair characters, and in suitable circumstances, but as Mr. Stapleton would not, from an inherent fordidness in his disposition, advance a shilling in his life time, the men who courted an alliance with his family, soon took leave of the lady who had attracted them, not caring to trust to any posthumous donations.

As an heiress, and as a rich heiress, Harriot was surrounded by admirers, and among them, some of
her

her former solicitors made their appearance; but as they had evidently proved themselves to have been actuated by mercenary (at least not very generous) motives, she discharged them upon the renewal of their addresses to her, and would not hear any of the apologies which they attempted to frame for their conduct.

The man whom Harriot most favoured was a Mr. Moore, a gentleman by birth and education, but by no means upon an equality with her in regard to fortune: yet, as he had every requisite, in her opinion, fortune excepted, to render the marriage state happy, and as she was, herself amply furnished with that agreeable supplement to all other qualifications, she did not imagine that she should act with the slightest indelicacy, by encouraging her diffident lover to suppose that his addresses would not be rejected.

Moore, though not a professed fortune hunter, could not see the overtures made to him by a fine woman, with large possessions, un-flattered by them: he was not, it is true, literally in love with her, but her many amiable qualities operated so powerfully upon him, that he ventured to assure himself he could not be unhappy with such a wife. With the highest veneration, therefore, for her virtues,

and charmed with her accomplishments, he availed himself of the encouragements she delicately threw in his way, and was extremely well received.

When the preliminaries were settled between him and his suitor, Moore set out on a journey to Portsmouth, to see an old uncle there, who according to a letter received from his house, lay at the point of death, and wanted very much to see him before his dissolution. On his arrival at Portsmouth, however, he was greatly surprised to find his uncle heartier than he had been for some years, and soon afterwards discovered that he had been drawn from the capital by one of those facetious gentlemen, who, for the sake of what they call fun, take an infinite deal of pleasure in throwing people into situations not at all agreeable to them—into situations sometimes not only whimsically, but often seriously distressing.

While he was drinking a cheerful glass one evening with his uncle, the arrival of a lady, with her daughter, flung the old gentleman into a state of astonishment.

Bless me, Madam, exclaimed he, I can hardly believe my eyes.

You may well be surprised, my good Sir, replied Mrs. Manton, but to tell you the truth, the climate

climate agreed so ill with me and my daughter, that we desired Mr. Manton to send us home; and to endeavour to procure his own return to England as soon as he could: for what is all the money in the world without health to enjoy it?

Moore soon found from the conversation between this lady and his uncle, that her daughter was the very intimate friend of his Harriot: he found also, after a few interviews with her, that she had made an impression upon his heart not easy to be eradicated: he found, in short, that while he only esteemed Harriot Stapleton, he loved Sophia Manton; and from the different sensations which he felt from the conflict in his breast between love and honour, he was in a state of disquiet which he had never till now experienced. He now wished he had not gone so far towards an union with Harriot; and he would willingly have relinquished all his golden prospects to be released from his engagements: but as he looked upon himself already married to her, though the ceremony was not actually performed, his principles would not suffer him to act in a manner which would injure his reputation.

Poor Sophia, at the same time, had her conflicts: her tender heart throbbed so much in favour

mour of the first man who had occasioned any tumult in it, that she was deprived of her usual tranquillity by day, and robbed of her wonted rest by night. Her mother, whose concern for her was extreme, because her affection for her was excessive, administered all the consolation in her power, and urged her to try not to think of him for a husband, who was too far engaged with another woman, to her dearest friend, to leave her without appearing in a very ungentle, not to say, dishonourable light.

The consolations of her mother were kindly intended, and her arguments were rationally applied, but Sophia was neither calmed by the one nor convinced by the other. Her heart was at variance with her head, and the sensations of the former overpowered the reflections of the latter.

While Mrs. Manton and her daughter were thus situated at Portsmouth, in the house of Mrs. Benfon, by whom they were accommodated in the most friendly and hospitable manner, Miss Stapleton was acquainted with the real situation of her friend and her lover, from their own letters, in spite of all their efforts to conceal it: and wrote a pressing invitation to the former, to come and stay a few weeks with her, if Mrs. Manton had no material

material objection to the compliance with her request. This invitation brought her to town, and she was accompanied by Moore, who now thought it high time to return to his generous mistress, lest she should imagine he would be a man equally destitute of gratitude and honor by deserting her.

The first interview between the two female friends was very affecting: the pleasure which each of them felt from their meeting, being strongly dashed with the pain which they mutually endured from their mutual recollections.

Like a man of strict honour, Moore began, in a few days to forward the preparations for his wedding day. Harriot as she really loved him, did not know how to put a stop to them, and yet her pity for her dear friend Sophia often made her so unhappy as to determine to give up the man of her heart, to preserve the life of a woman to whose happiness he was become absolute necessary. Severe was the combat in her tender bosom, between her feelings for her lover, and her feelings for her friend: at length, the latter prevailed.

Having overheard a little conversation one day between this unhappy pair, in which they both exhibited themselves in the most amiable, as well as the most pitiable light, she broke in upon them,
with

with an abruptness, for which she would have keenly reproached herself, had she not believed that the cause of her intrusion would forcibly apologize for it. Addressing herself to them alternately, she assured them that she could not think of seeing them devoted to infelicity on her account; and that the pleasure of seeing her lover the husband of her friend, would sufficiently alleviate the uneasiness she might feel during the first pressures of disappointment.

In consequence of this address (there is no describing the behaviour of the two lovers, melted by the generosity of sentiment breathing through it) preparations were now made for the union of Moore with his Sophia; and Mrs. Manton came to town, with no small satisfaction, to be present at her daughter's nuptials. Before that day arrived, she received a letter from a friend of her husband's, which shocked her exceedingly: she was informed by it, that Mr. Manton, having one night met with losses at the gaming table, which his whole fortune could not repair, had destroyed himself.

This intelligence, while it shook Harriot's tender and sympathizing heart, afforded her an opportunity which, he immediately seized, to appear to greater advantage than ever. The moment she
heard

heard of it, she settled an handsome annuity upon Mrs. Manton, and then gave Sophia as genteel a fortune as she had reason to expect from the supposed circumstances of her father before that night, which, by stripping him of all his possessions, drove him to add the criminality of the suicide, to the folly of gamester.

ANECDOTE

OF

Mr. Bonnell Thornton.

WHEN the late facetious Bonnell Thornton was a student at Oxford, having a natural turn for gaiety, and being a good deal circumscribed in his finances, he was obliged to have recourse to stratagem for ways and means. He had lately had two new suits of clothes, and anticipated his taylor's demands by a fictitious bill; for which, upon remitting it to his father, he received the amount by the return of the post. The sight of so much cash, which he had been unaccustomed to, animated him with an uncommon flow of spirits, which were not to be indulged in scholastic exercises; so that he immediately set out for the capital: and, having there equipped himself with

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a bag-wig

a bag-wig and sword, he accompanied his Dulcinea to the play, in the pit. The second music was scarcely finished, before his Father came, and placed himself in the seat before him; and, presently turning round, was a good deal startled at seeing a figure that so much resembled his son. "What, Bonnell!" "are you there"? But Bonnell, who knew nothing could befriend him upon this occasion but effrontery, resolved to brazen it out, turned to his lady and chatted with her, not paying any attention to the old gentleman's enquiries. His Father was, however, very dissatisfied, notwithstanding Bonnell's disguise, and retired before the play was finished, very much chagrined. Upon his return home, he found an intimate friend, to whom he communicated the cause of the mortification he had received; and added, that he would burn his will, and cut such an ungrateful rascal off with a shilling; an unnatural scoundrel! who had publickly disowned his father. Mr. Thornton's friend endeavoured to soften his passion, and dissuade him from so precipitate an act; saying, that he could not possibly think it was Bonnell Mr. Thornton had seen, and that his dress was a proof of mistake. This, however, did not prevent his persevering in the resolution of destroying his will, till his friend agreed to set out early the next morning for Oxford, and there receive

ceive satisfactory intelligence. Bonnell, convinced of his critical situation, set out post for Oxford, as soon as the play was finished, and got there time enough to be at morning prayers. His father arrived there with his friend in the evening, and, upon inquiry, finding his son was at college, and had been at prayers that very morning, he returned fully satisfied with Bonnell's filial duty.

A LETTER

ON

The Causes of disagreement in Marriage.

SIR,

THOUGH, in the dissertations which you have given us on marriage, very just cautions are laid down against the common causes of infelicity, and the necessity of having, in that important choice, the first regard to virtue, is carefully inculcated, yet I cannot think the subject so much exhausted, but that a little reflection would present to the mind many questions, in the discussion of which great numbers are interested, and many precepts which deserve to be more particularly and forcibly impressed.

You seem, like most of the writers that have

gone before you, to have allowed, as an uncontested principle, that *Marriage is generally unhappy*: but I know not whether a man who professes to think for himself and concludes from his own observations, does not depart from his character when he follows the croud thus implicitly, and receives maxims without recalling them to a new examination, especially when they comprise so wide a circuit of life, and include such variety of circumstances. As I have an equal right with others to give my opinion of the objects about me, and a better title to determine concerning that state which I have tried, than many who talk of it without experience, I am unwilling to be restrained by mere authority from advancing what, I believe, an accurate view of the world will confirm, that marriage is not commonly unhappy; and that most of those who complain of connubial miseries, have as much satisfaction as their nature would have admitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition.

It is, indeed, common to hear both sexes repine at their change, relate the happiness of their earlier years, blame the folly and rashness of their own choice, and warn those whom they see coming into the world against the same precipitance and infatuation. But it is to be remembered, that
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the days which they so much wish to call back, are the days not only of celibacy but of youth, the days of novelty and improvement, of ardour and of hope, of health and vigour of body, of gaiety and lightness of heart. It is not easy to surround life with any circumstances in which youth will not be delightful; and I am afraid that whether married or unmarried, we shall find the vesture of terrestrial existence more heavy and cumbrous, the longer it is worn.

That they censure themselves for the indiscretion of their choice, is not a sufficient proof that they have chosen ill, since we see the same discontent at every other part of life which we cannot change. Converse with almost any man, grown old in a profession, and you will find him regretting that he did not enter into some different course, to which he too late finds his genius better adapted, or in which he discovers that wealth and honour are more easily attained. "The merchant," says Horace, "envies the soldier, and the soldier recounts the felicity of the merchant; the lawyer, when his clients harass him, calls out for the quiet of the countrymen; and the countryman, when business calls him to town, proclaims that there is no happiness but amidst opulence and crowds." Every man recounts the inconveniences of his
own

own station, and thinks those of any other less, because he has not felt them. Thus the married praise the ease and freedom of the single state, and the single fly to marriage from the weariness of solitude. From all our observations we may collect with certainty, that misery is the lot of man, but cannot discover in what particular condition it will find most alleviations; or whether all external appendages are not, as we use them, the causes either of good or ill.

Whoever feels great pain, naturally hopes for ease from change of posture; he changes it, and finds himself equally tormented: and of the same kind are the expedients by which we endeavour to obviate or elude those uneasinesses, to which mortality will always be subject. It is not likely that the married state is eminently miserable, since we see such numbers, whom the death of their partners has set free from it, entering it again.

Wives and husbands are, indeed, incessantly complaining of each other; and there would be reason for imagining that almost every house was infested with perverseness or oppression beyond human sufferance, did we not know upon how small occasions some minds burst out into lamentations and reproaches, and how naturally every
animal

animal revenges his pain upon those who happen to be near, without any nice examination of its cause. We are always willing to fancy ourselves within a little of happiness, and when, with repeated efforts, we cannot reach it, persuade ourselves that it is intercepted by an ill-paired mate, since, if we could find any other obstacle, it would be our own fault that it was not removed.

Anatomists have often remarked, though our diseases are sufficiently numerous and severe, yet when we enquire into the structure of the body, the tenderness of some parts, the minuteness of others, and the immense multiplicity of animal functions that must concur to the healthful and vigorous exercise of all our powers, there appears reason to wonder rather that we are preserved so long, than that we perish so soon; and that our frame subsists for a single day, or hour, without disorder, rather than that it should be broken or obstructed by violence of accidents or length of time.

The same reflection arises in my mind, upon observation of the manner in which marriage is frequently contracted.

When I see the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables and their beds, without
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any enquiry, but after farms and money; or the giddy and thoughtless uniting themselves for life to those whom they have only seen by the light of tapers at a ball; when parents make articles for their children, without enquiring after their consent; when some marry for heirs to disappoint their brothers, and others throw themselves into the arms of those whom they do not love, because they have found themselves rejected where they were more solicitous to please; when some marry because their servants cheat them, some because they squander their own money, some because their houses are pestered with company, some because they will live like other people, and some only because they are sick of themselves, I am not so much inclined to wonder that marriage is sometimes unhappy, as that it appears so little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude that society has something in itself eminently agreeable to human nature, when I find its pleasures so great that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly over-balance them.

By the ancient custom of the Muscovites, the men and women never saw each other till they were joined beyond the power of parting. It may be suspected that by this method many unfuitable matches were produced, and many tempers associ-
ated

ated that were not qualified to give pleasure to each other. Yet, perhaps among a people so little delicate, where the paucity of gratifications and the uniformity of life gave no opportunity for imagination to interpose its objections, there was not much danger of capricious dislike, and while they felt neither cold nor hunger, they might live quietly together, without any thought of the defects of one another. Amongst us, whom knowledge has made nice, and affluence wanton, there are, indeed, more cautions requisite to secure tranquillity; and yet if we observe the manner in which those converse, who have singled out each other for marriage, we shall, perhaps, not think that the Russians lost much by their restraint. For the whole endeavour of both parties, during the time of courtship, is to hinder themselves from being known, and to disguise their natural temper, and real desires, in hypocritical imitation, studied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed, neither sees the other but in a mask, and the cheat is managed often on both sides with so much art, and discovered afterwards with so much abruptness, that each has reason to suspect that some transformation has happened on the wedding night, and that, by a strange imposture one has been courted, and another married.

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I desire

I desire you, therefore, to question all who shall hereafter come to you with matrimonial complaints, concerning their behaviour in the time of courtship, and inform them that they are neither to wonder nor repine, when a contract begun with fraud has ended in disappointment.

I am, &c.

On INDUSTRY.

INVENTIVE power! to thee we owe,
The swelling sail, the vent'rous prow,
That boldly stems the impetuous tide,
And o'er the billowy ocean rides.
O be thy praise for ever sung!
From thee cold independence sprung.
Aspiring high, thy spirit broke
The bondage of the feudal yoke,
Bade man his native force exert,
His high prerogative assert,
And scorn and reprobate the lore
That justifies despotic power.
The gothic lords beheld with pain
Thy navies bounding o'er the main,
With pain thy thriving cities saw,
And progress of thy equal law;
Nor dar'd thy influence oppose,

For

For bright thy radiant star arose,
 And independence came confess'd
 Redoubted champion of the west.

T H E

STORY OF THE TWO SISTERS,

*From whom the Village Church of Reculver,
 near Margate takes its name.*

TOWARDS the end of those troublesome times, when ENGLAND was shook by the feuds of the houses of YORK and LANCASTER; there resided, in a village near the banks of the Medway, a gentleman whose name was Geoffry De Saint Clair, descended from a family of great antiquity and repute in those parts. The many lances, and pieces of armour, that hung round the old hall, did not render it more respectable, than did the unbounded benevolence of its present possessor. The poor sat at his gate, and blessed his liberal hand; and never a pilgrim reposed in his porch, without remembering, in his orisons, its hospitable owner.

Saint Clair had allied himself in marriage with the Lady Margaret De Boys, a woman of high

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birth,

birth, and rare endowments; whose accomplishments might have embellished the greatest scenes, had not a love of domestic life, and religious cast of mind, induced her to prefer retirement. All her leisure hours, which her family did not call for, were spent in duties, which, in that age, ladies of the noblest rank exercised, without thinking they demeaned their stations; she relieved the indigent,—advised with the unfortunate,—visited the sick,—and brought up her *Twin Daughters*, FRANCES and ISABELLA, in the same sentiments; accustoming them very early, to attend upon her in all those acts of primitive piety. As these young ladies were the sole issue of Saint Clair and Lady Margaret, they devoted their whole attention to their education; and had the comfort to find in their minds, so rich a soil, that every thing prospered which was planted in them: no useful knowledge was omitted, no external accomplishment neglected.

FRANCES and ISABELLA were now arrived at the age of twenty-five, the amiableness of their characters, their enlarged understanding, and the gracefulness of their persons, won the admiration, and esteem of all who approached them. They had, from similitude of manners, and sentiment, contracted such a rare affection for each other, that

that it seemed as if nature, by forming them together in the womb, had prepared them for that extraordinary union, which was to distinguish their lives, and for those effusions of elevated friendship, which the loss of their exemplary mother was one day to call forth. Nor was this event very remote; Lady Margaret was seized by a sudden illness, which, in a few days, carried her off, and desolated one of the happiest families in the world.

It would be difficult to describe the sounds of woe, which on this occasion, echoed through all the mansion, or the sighs of the disconsolate poor, under the windows. The grief of Saint Clair, after the many years of uninterrupted happiness that he had enjoyed with Lady Margaret, in its first attack, almost overpowered his reason; FRANCES and ISABELLA had the weight of a father's sorrow added to their own; which compelled them to smother their feelings, great as they were, and to assume a fortitude their hearts disavowed.

—Lovely mourners!—more lovely in your tears!—methinks I see you now, bathed in filial sorrow, standing by, and supporting your distracted parent—striving in vain to tear him from the coffin, which he will not suffer his servants to close,

close, still demanding, in wild utterance, again, and again—*one last—last look!*—

—Heavens! how severe a distress! if any reader hath been in a situation, to ask for *a last look* of what is most dear to him, and what he is going to be deprived of for ever—he alone can best judge, how much that bosom is agonized, that urges the request!

Though Saint Clair called in aid all philosophy, to support himself under the loss of his beloved Lady Margaret, yet he was worn, by a silent sorrow, which had so visible an effect on his health, as to menace his life; and which, in about a year, put an end to it.

In this mournful interval, the greatest comfort his dejected daughters received, was, from the frequent visits of their uncle John De Saint Clair, who was at that time, Abbot of the monastery of SAINT AUGUSTIN in CANTERBURY: of which place, there are, at this day, such noble remains existing. He was the younger brother of Geoffrey, though there was but the difference of a year between them; and was reputed to be a man of so much learning and virtue, that Saint Clair, by his will, recommended his children to his care and protection; bequeathing to each of them, a very large inheritance.

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The manner in which FRANCES had been brought up, added to her natural turn of mind, and the example of a mother, she so much revered, determined her to a life of religious retirement: and a great convent of Benedictine Nuns, not very distant from FEVERSHAM, happening a few months after, to lose their principal, (who was always one of a considerable family) the Abbot of SAINT AUGUSTIN, perceiving her fixed in her scheme of life, procured her to be named the Lady Abbess of it.

ISABELLA, who had never as yet been separated from her sister, would, on this occasion, most willingly have taken the veil. "The same roof," says she, "hath ever hitherto covered us,— the same have been our wishes,— the same our pursuits;— the grave hath divided us from those, who taught us the amiableness of friendship,— and shall alone divide us from one another!"

The Abbot was much hurt by this declaration of his niece. He desired her to banish from her thought, such a resolution; and failed not to intimate to her, that FRANCES, having devoted herself to the cloister she remained the only support of the family of St. Clair; that her virtues should rather embellish society, than be lost within the walls

walls of a monastery ; and wished she would by accepting some alliance of suitable rank and fortune, rather permit those accomplishments to be seen by the world, which she sought to hide in oblivion.

FRANCES, on her part, however she was charmed with this testimony of her sister's affection, joined in sentiment with her uncle, expressing to her, how much happier she should be, to see her settle herself by marriage, and imitate the good life and example of their excellent mother.

"I am not, you know," says she, "by the religious office I fill, tied down to all those rules, which of course must be imposed on you ; my liberty remains ; we shall have constant opportunities of continuing that intercourse of love, our hearts so mutually desire. It will be the highest pleasure to me, to see you united to a man worthy your choice ; preserving in our father's castle, that hospitality, for which it hath so long been famed ; and whenever you shall wish to make a short retreat from the bustle of the world, our holy house will afford you a peaceable asylum."

It was not but with great difficulty, nor even till much time after, that, by the repeated solicitations of FRANCES, and her uncle, ISABELLA, was

was prevailed on to relinquish entirely, her intentions of entering on a monastic life. She resided for some time, in her father's venerable old mansion on the Medway, accompanied by a widowed aunt, her father's sister; who, at intervals, attended her on visits to FRANCE, and also, at particular seasons, to the Abbot, at his house, which was a noble building, adjoining to the monastery of ST. AUGUSTIN.

It was in one of these visits to her uncle, that she became acquainted with Henry De Belville, between whose father and the Abbot, there had long subsisted a most firm friendship. He was of good birth, though much inferior to ISABELLA in fortune; his father's estate having greatly suffered in the confusion of those turbulent times.

Belville was now in his twenty-ninth year; his figure was graceful, and manly; and, to a disposition as amiable as his person, was joined an understanding both quick and strong, and which had been improved by the most extensive education; that the fashion of the age allowed. He had been sent to travel over EUROPE, had resided in several of its principal courts; and was now on his return from a short expedition into France, and had stopped at CANTERBURY, to pay his respects to

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the Abbot, and to deliver certain letters with which he had been charged.

Belville, on his first return to ENGLAND, a few years previous to the present period, had been honoured by the patronage of RICHARD DUKE of GLOUCESTER; near whose person, he held an employment, which could not long dispense with his absence; for that prince, being now mounted on the throne of ENGLAND, the whole nation was thrown into an hostile state.

It will not be wondered at, if after Belville and ISABELLA had been a few days together, their mutual accomplishments, and their mutual desire to please, should have made them much charmed with one another. Belville felt himself enamoured of his fair companion, and had the satisfaction to perceive, that his attention to her was not thrown away. Though he took leave, after a short time, to go to LONDON, yet he found an excuse for returning very soon; and having reason to think he had made a favourable impression on ISABELLA, did not long hesitate to propose himself to her, as one who would be happy to pass his life, in the society of so engaging a woman. His offer was not less pleasing to ISABELLA, than it was to her uncle, and FRANCES; the latter of whom agreed to give
up

up to her sister, her right in the castle of St. Clair, where it was proposed they should reside.

Every thing was preparing for their nuptials; and nothing could wear a fairer face of prosperity, than did this purposed union of true and disinterested affection. But the successful progress that the arms of HENRY of RICHMOND now made in the kingdom, had obliged RICHARD to oppose them with his utmost force, and to summon all his servants to attend his camp; amongst whom, as before mentioned, was the intended bridegroom; who at this time would most willingly have waved the service, had not his own nice sense of honour, and his zeal for his royal master, overcome every private motive.

Were I to follow closely, the manuscript from whence the substance of this story is drawn, it would lead me into some of the historical transactions of those times, which are already sufficiently known; only it is worthy of being remembered, that there are encomiums bestowed on the character, and person of RICHARD; upon both of which historians have thrown so much deformity. I shall therefore pass over those circumstances, which are foreign to my subject; and only observe, that the unfortunate Belville was amongst those of the king's followers, who shared their royal master's

fate in BOSWORTH FIELD. He was near RICHARD in great part of the battle, and was also a witness of his death; and his own horse being killed under him, either by the fall, or by being trampled on in the confusion, his thigh was broken; and, after RICHMOND's party had obtained the victory, this gallant youth was carried, with several others wounded, into LEICESTER, where, his rank being known, he was lodged in a monastery of Black Friars, in that city.

His page, Bertram, who had served him from his infancy, took care that every assistance should be procured him; but the fever, which was occasioned by the accident, together with many bruises he had received, neither gave himself, or those about him, any other prospect, but that of approaching death.

Those who contemplate Belville a few weeks before, in the full vigour of youth, flattering himself with every expectation of happiness, that virtue, fortune, and a union with one of the love-lieft of women, could present to his imagination; and now picture him—stretched on a poor pallet,—surrounded by a parcel of mendicant friars,—his countenance shrunk and wan,—and his eyes fixed with humility and resignation, on a crucifix which they held before him, cannot surely, by the

the contrast, avoid dropping a sigh, at the fallacy of human hopes!

A little before he expired, he desired to be left alone with his Page, that he might give him his latest orders.

“Bertram,” says he, looking wistfully on him,
“the day that hath ruined our Sovereign’s fortune, hath blasted mine! and that too, in the moment when it shone the fairest! Thou wilt soon render me the last of thy faithful services! Let my body rest with the fathers of this house, and as soon as thou hath seen its due rites performed, speed thee to CANTERBURY, and acquaint the holy Abbot of ST. AUGUSTIN, with the bloody event of yesterday. Conjure him, that he unfold it to my intended bride, in such a manner as his discretion shall advise. Bear her this jewel from my finger, in token, that my last thoughts dwelt on her; and tell her; my only sigh in leaving the world, was for the losing her, whose virtues so embellish it!”

The faithful Bertram dropped a tear of affection and gratitude, over the grave of his gallant master; and journeying to CANTERBURY with a bursting heart, presented himself before the Abbot,

bot, with such a countenance, as hardly needed a tongue to tell his melancholy errand.

The arrival of Belville's Page, could not be long a secret to ISABELLA, who was then at her uncle's; and whose mind instantly foreboded some extraordinary event; though the news of the battle had not yet reached that city.

When Saint Clair was himself sufficiently composed, to open the mournful business to his niece, he spared none of that ghostly comfort, which a good man would offer on such an occasion; though the amount of all that can be said to the sons and daughters of affliction, is no more than this, that it is our duty, and our interest, to bear, with patience, that which is not in our power to alter! The emotions of nature must subside, before the soothing voice of reason can be heard!

ISABELLA, after giving way to the first transports of passion, assumed a fortitude, and resignation, which her piety alone could inspire. She desired that Bertram might be detained, two, or three days, at the monastery, and as soon as her mind was more fortified, she would dispatch him to her sister FRANCES, whom she could then bear to see with more calmness; and to whom she sent the following letter, by the hands of the page.

“ Most

“ Most beloved Sister,

“ I am plunged from the height of imaginary
 “ happiness, into the depth of real distress! The
 “ messenger who delivers this, will inform you of
 “ my situation, and to him I refer you for parti-
 “ culars, which I am unable to dwell on. Belville
 “ is no more! All that dream of happiness which
 “ I hoped for, from an alliance with that dear,
 “ that amiable man, is vanished in an instant!
 “ and I wake into a world, that hath no object
 “ for my regard, but the affection of my ever ten-
 “ der FRANCES! I support my adversity with all
 “ the fortitude I can summon up; but heaven
 “ only knows the struggles of my heart! From
 “ the time that the united solicitations of you,
 “ and my uncle, prevailed on me (though reluc-
 “ tantly) to absent myself from you, my soul hath
 “ been agitated between hope and disappointment!
 “ I will trust the fallacy of the world no more;
 “ the remainder of my days shall be passed with
 “ you; and we will end life as we began it, in an
 “ inseparable union. Your converse, and the so-
 “ litude of a cloister, can alone restore tranquillity
 “ to the mind, of your ever faithful, and disconso-
 “ late.

“ ISABELLA.”

When the Lady Abbess saw her sister, she found
 her still more confirmed in her resolution of en-
 tering

tering on a monastic life. Her Uncle, conceiving it might best restore a calm to her troubled spirits, no longer opposed it; and as soon as her affairs were properly adjusted, and every thing prepared, she took the veil in the convent where FRANCES presided.

ISABELLA, now found in religion, the only consolation for her past misfortunes; and though the remembrance of her beloved Belville, would often come across her, and spread a temporary gloom over her mind, yet she constantly strove to dispel it by piety and resignation. The Two SISTERS enjoyed all that heartfelt pleasure, which arises from rooted friendship; and, as the effects of benevolent dispositions operate on all around, theirs served to communicate happiness to all the Sisterhood.

The *Manuscript* informs us, that after these ladies had passed near fourteen years in this peaceful retirement, the Abbess was seized with an alarming fever, the effects of which hung so long upon her, that they greatly endangered her life. It is not difficult to conceive, how severe ISABELLA's sufferings were, in this dreadful interval of suspense and apprehension, or the anxieties of her mind, till her Sister was restored to health.

FRANCES,

FRANCES, during her illness, had made a private vow to the *Blessed Virgin Mary*, that if she recovered, she would send some costly present to a chapel, which was consecrated to her, at a little port, called BRADSTOW or BROAD-STAIRS, in the Isle of Thanet (part of which chapel is at this day remaining); and in which, her image was esteemed to work such great miracles, that Pilgrims came from parts very remote, to visit it; and it was held in such veneration, that all ships passing within sight of it, are reported to have constantly lowered their top-sails, to salute it. And the feast of the Invention of the holy cross, which was the third day of May, being to be celebrated there, with great solemnity, her gratitude for her recovery, and for the supposed intercession of the *Virgin*, determined her to go herself at that time, and fulfil her vow.

ISABELLA obtained permission to accompany her Sister in this devout purpose; and the roads being little frequented in that age, and a horse almost the only conveyance, they resolved to put themselves, with two attendants, aboard a passage sloop, that usually went, at stated times from FEVERSHAM to BROAD-STAIRS, and other parts along the coast, between that place and the DOWNS.

They set sail in the evening, but had not been at sea above two hours, before a violent storm arose. Every one who is acquainted with the navigation of this coast, quite to the mouth of the THAMES knows how difficult it is rendered by reason, of the many flats, and banks of sand, that obstruct it.

The suddenness and fury of the storm, together with the thunder and lightning that accompanied it, threw a dismay amongst all the passengers; and the mariners, from the opposition of the wind and tide, were unable to direct the vessel. To pursue their course was impracticable; they therefore attempted to save themselves, by running in on the shore, at a little place called RECULVER (which is a small village though of great antiquity, situated on the border of the Isle of Thanet;) but the advance of night, and a thick fog, prevented them from discerning exactly, whereabout they were. Every endeavour to reach the shore was frustrated by the storm driving them from it; and their sails being all shattered, a sudden swell of the sea, bore them quite out of their direction, and struck the vessel on a bank of sand, called the *Horfe*, that lies a little off from RECULVER.

The surprize—the confusion—and the image of death, that must naturally rush into the minds of people,

people, who are on the point of being wrecked, can only be justly felt, or described, by those, who have stood in, so dreadful a situation. Each one recommended himself to GOD, to his *Tutelar Saint*. The mariners hoisted out their long boat, as precipitately as they could; and that which most agitated the thoughts of FRANCES and ISABELLA, was, the mutual preservation of each other.

Scarce was the boat on the surface of the waves, when every one was eager to rush into it; for it was certain the vessel must bulge in a few hours, and, to add to the horror, night advanced. The Captain, almost by force, dragged the Lady Abbess, and her Sister, from the cabin, and scarce had he helped the first, half dead as she was, down the side of the ship, when those who were already in the boat, finding they must all perish, if more got in, pushed off instantly, and rowed towards shore, in spite of the menaces of the Captain, who stood on deck, supporting ISABELLA, the intreaties of the Abbess, who was wild to return, or the cries of the passengers left behind.

The only faint hope which now remained to those on board, was, that the vessel might possibly hold together, till some assistance could be obtain-

ed from the shore ; which they still flattered themselves would come, in case the boat reach the land, which it providentially did, though with the utmost risk. Every one who remained in the vessel was resigned to their fate ; and surrounded as ISABELLA was, by impending death, it afforded no small consolation to her, to think there was a possibility that her Sister had escaped.

It was four hours after the arrival of the boat, before any one durst venture out ; when, the storm abating, with the departure of the tide, and the day being near drawing, a large boat put off to the wreck. When those who went to assist, got to it, they found all the people on board, refuged in different places beneath the deck, great part of which was broken away. ISABELLA had remained in the cabin ; one side of which was also washed off, and the room half filled with water ; she was almost exhausted, by the terrors she had sustained, the bruises she had received, and the extreme cold in which she had so long suffered. They led her with the utmost gentleness from this wretched place, while she, all pale, and trembling, scarcely comprehended at first what they were doing ; yet life seemed to flush a new in her countenance, on hearing that her Sister was preserved.

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As soon as they had brought her on shore, she was supported by several women, who were waiting to receive her; and conducted to the house where the Lady Abbess was. FRANCES, transported at the first sight of her Sister, ran out to meet ISABELLA, who, the moment she approached, made an effort to spring forward to her, but sunk down, overpowered, into the arms of her attendants. FRANCES clasped her hands, and in her eager joy would have uttered something, but could only faintly pronounce her name, and fell at her feet in a swoon.

ISABELLA was immediately put into bed, and received every assistance that could be procured; but her strength and spirits were so far exhausted, by the terror and fatigue, which her mind and body had undergone, and by remaining so many hours in water, that she lived but till the evening of the following day.

FRANCES, though still sinking from the shock and agitation of the preceding night, forgot, in her attention to her Sister, her own sufferings. She never stirred from her bedside, and often accused herself, as being the fatal cause of all that had befallen her, by suffering her attendance in this expedition. ISABELLA chid her for thinking so, declaring,

declaring, it was the will of Heaven, to which she patiently submitted. "Though we came into the world together," says she "yet as we were not destined to perish together, a time must inevitably have come, when death would have dissolved our union. I rejoice that I am not the survivor. I die, where I have ever wished to live, in the arms of the most beloved of Sisters. Pray for the repose of my soul; and lay me in the tomb which you have allotted to be your own, that one grave may in death hold our Remains, who in life had but one heart."

The loss of Isabella plunged the Lady Abbess into that deep distress, which minds, formed like her's, with the noblest sentiments of tenderness, and benevolence, must, on such a trial, inevitably feel. She caused the body of her unfortunate Sister to be transported in solemnity, to their convent; where, after it had been exposed with accustomed rites, it was deposited with every mark of respect, in a vault, on one side of the shrine of St. Benedict, bedewed with tears of the most heart-felt sorrow, dropped from the eyes of all the Sisterhood.

When time and reflection had somewhat calmed her affliction, FRANCIS failed not to transmit, by the

the hands of her Confessor (her Uncle the Abbot, having been sometime dead) her intended offering to the *Virgin of BROAD-STAIRS*, accompanied by a donation of twelve masses, to be said for the repose of ISABELLA's soul. And soon after, to perpetuate the memory of her Sister, as well as to direct mariners in their course, that they might escape the sad calamity herself had so fatally experienced, she caused an ancient church that stood on a rising ground just above the village of RECULVER, and which was greatly fallen into decay, to be restored, and much enlarged, and erected *Two Spiral Towers* at the end thereof; the which she directed should be called THE SISTERS; and to this day it retains the name, and is a mark of great utility.

In less than seven years, the whole church was completed; which she endowed very liberally, by a grant out of her own fortune; and ordained, that there should be celebrated one solemn mass *on the first day* of every month (the wreck having happened on the *first of May*;) and that a perpetual litany should be sung, for the eternal peace of the departed ISABELLA.

She lived to see this her will executed, as well as to bestow many other charitable donations, not
only

only on the convent over which she presided, but on several other religious institutions; and was, from her amiable character, and pious example, beloved, and respected to the last hour of her life.

She survived ISABELLA eleven years, and died most sincerely, and deservedly lamented, towards the end of the year 1512.

Her remains pursuant to her own desire, were deposited by the side of those of her Sister, with all that solemnity due to her high rank, and office. A monument was erected near to the place, where they were interred, with their figures kneeling, hand in hand, before a cross, and beneath it, a plate of brass, recording their unshaken friendship.

Faithful,—congenial spirits! in whatsoever worlds ye reside, peace be your lot! as virtue was your portion here! Long, long may this memorial of your love remain! to guide the dubious vessel in its course, and make your names blest by the wanderers of the deep!



NO TRUE HAPPINESS

WITHOUT VIRTUE.

K NOW, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Compe-
 tence,

But Health consists in temperance alone;
 And Peace oh Virtue! Peace in all thy own,
 The good or bad, the gifts of fortune gain;
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
 Say in pursuit of profit or delight
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or
 right?

Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
 Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
 'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,
 One they must want, which is to pass for good,
 O blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below
 Who fancy bliss to Vice, to Virtue woe!
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
 Best knows the blessings and will most be blest.
 But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.

K k

What

What makes all physical or moral ill?
 There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
 God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal Good,
 Or change admits, or nature lets it fall;
 Short and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
 Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
 Virtue alone, is happiness below.
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes and what it gives;
 The joy unequal'd if its end it gain
 And if it lose attended with no pain
 Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
 The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.



A STRIK-

Striking piece of History.

EDWARD the third, after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but, when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raised, nightly erected out of the ruins which the day had made.

France had now put the sickle into her second harvest since Edward with his victorious army sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. The English made their approaches and attacks without remission; but the citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts.

At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcases of their starved cattle, they tore up old

foundations and rubbish in search of vermin, They fed on boiled leather and the weeds of exhausted gardens, and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted a matter of luxury.

In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner; and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates.

On the captivity of the governor, the command devolved upon Eustace St. Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue.

Eustace now found himself under the necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver to Edward, the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated to the last degree, against these people, whose sole valour had defeated his warmest hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty.

He

He answered, by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him their true and natural sovereign. That, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the bulk of the plebians, provided they would deliver up six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had enflamed the vulgar herd.

All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square, and, like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected with beating hearts the sentence of their conqueror.

When Sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and pale dismay was impressed on every face. Each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot; for how should they desire to be saved at the price proposed? whom had they to deliver save parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours, who had so often exposed their lives in their defence? To a long and deep silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded; till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly.

“ My friends, we are brought to great straits
this

this day, we must either submit to the terms of our cruel and enslaving conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives and chaste daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiery.

“Look about, you my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons, whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety. Which of these would you appoint to the rack, the axe, or the halter? Is there any here who has not fought for you, who has not bled for you? who through the length of this inveterate siege, has not suffered fatigues and miseries, a thousand times worse than death, that you and yours might survive to days of peace and prosperity? Is it your preservers, then, whom you would destine to destruction? You will not, you cannot do it. Justice, honour, humanity, make such a treason impossible.”

“Where then is our resource, is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy on the one hand, or the desolation and horrors of a sacked city on the other? there is, my Friends, there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a God-like expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life; let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from
that

that Power, who offered up his only son for the salvation of mankind."

He spoke—but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution.

At length St. Pierre resumed—"It had been base in me, my fellow citizens to propose any matter of damage to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and estimation which might attend a first offer, on so signal an occasion. For I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be, however modesty and the fear of imputed ostentation may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits."

"Indeed, the station, to which the captivity of Lord Vienne has unhappily raised me, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes, I give it freely, I give it cheerfully, who comes next?"

Your Son! exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity.—"Ah my child! cried St. Pierre,
I am,

I am, then twice sacrificed.—But, no—I have rather begotten thee a second time.—Thy years are few but full, my son! the victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends?—This is the hour of heroes—Your kinsman, cried John de Aire! Your kinsman, cried James Wissant! Your kinsman, cried Peter Wissant!—Ah! exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, why was I not a citizen of Calais?

The sixth victim was still wanting but was quickly supplied, by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens with their families through the camp of the English.

Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers.—What a parting, what a scene! They crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow prisoners. They embraced, they clung around, they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city and was heard throughout the camp.

The

The English, by this time, were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation and their souls were touched with compassion; each of the soldiers prepared a portion of their own viſtuals to welcome & entertain the half famiſhed inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much-as their preſent weakneſs was able to bear, in order to ſupply them with ſuſtenance by the way.

At length St. Pierre, and his fellow victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter, and a guard. All the tents of the English were inſtantly emptied. The ſoldiers poured from all parts and arranged themſelves on each ſide, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots, as they paſſed. They bowed down to them on all ſides. They murmured their applauſe of that virtue, which they could not but revere, even in enemies. And they regarded thoſe ropes, which they had voluntarily aſſumed about their necks as enſigns of greater dignity than that of the Britiſh garter.

As ſoon as they had reached the royal preſence, Mauny! ſays the Monarch, are theſe the principal inhabitants of Calais? They are, ſays Mauny, they are not only the principal men of Calais; they are the principal men of France, my lord, if Virtue has any ſhare in the act of ennobling. Were

they delivered peaceably, says Edward ; was there no resistance, no commotion among the people? Not, in the least, my lord ; the people would have perished rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an example equivalent for the ransom of thousands.

Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter, but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. Experience, says he, hath ever shewn that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity at times, is indispensably necessary to deter subjects into submission by punishment and example. Go, he cried to an officer, lead these men to execution: your rebellion, continued he, addressing himself to St. Pierre, your rebellion against me the natural heir of your crown, is highly aggravated by your present presumption and affront of my power.—We have nothing to ask of your Majesty, said Eustace, save what you cannot refuse us.—What is that?—Your esteem, my Lord, said Eustace, and went out with his companions.

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the Camp. The queen had just arrived

rived with a powerful reinforcement of those gallant soldiers, at the head of whom she had conquered Scotland, and taken their king captive.

Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. "My Lord, said she, the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics; it respects a matter, more estimable than the lives of all the natives of France; it respects the honour of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband and my King."

"You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord they have sentenced themselves, and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward."

"They have behaved themselves worthily, they have behaved themselves greatly; I cannot but respect, while I envy, while I hate them, for leaving us no share in the honour of this action, save that of granting a poor and indispensable pardon."

"I admit they have deserved every thing that

is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate and most efficacious of your enemies. They alone have withstood the rapid course of your conquests, and have with-held from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would reward them? that you would gratify their desire, that you would indulge their ambition, and enwreath them with everlasting glory and applause?"

"But if such a death would exalt mechanics over the fame of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs and honours be tarnished thereby! Would it not be said that magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the monarch of Britain? and the objects whom he destines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the praise and esteem of mankind? The stage on which they should suffer, would be to them a stage of honour, but a stage of shame to Edward, a reproach to his conquests, a dark and indelible disgrace to his name."

"No, my Lord. Let us rather disappoint the saucy ambition of these burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expence. We cannot, indeed, wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them

them short of their desires; in the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts, let us put them to shame with praises; we shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."

I am convinced; you have prevailed; be it so, cried Edward, prevent the execution; have them instantly before us!"

They came, when the queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them,

"Natives of France, and the inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to vast expence of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

You noble burghers, you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains, we snatch you from the scaffold, and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach

teach us, when you shew us that excellence is not of blood, of title or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those, whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions."

"You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem.

"Yet, we would rather bind you, to ourselves, by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons."

"Ah, my Country, exclaimed St. Pierre, it is now that I tremble for you. Edward could only win your cities, but Philippa conquers hearts."

"Brave St. Pierre, said the Queen, wherefore look you so dejected?—Ah madam! replied St. Pierre, when I meet with such another opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day."

PHA-

Pbaraob's Daughter.

FAST by the margin of her native flood,
Whose fertile waters are well known to fame,
Fair as the bord'ring flow'rs the princefs stood,
And rich in bounty as the gen'rous stream.

When lo! a tender cry afflicts her ear,
The tender cry declares an infant's grief;
Soon she, who melted at each mortal's care,
With tend'rest pity fought the babe's relief.

The babe adorn'd in beauty's early bloom,
But to the last distress expos'd, appears,
His infant softness pleads a milder doom,
And speaks with all the eloquence of tears.

The kind Egyptian gaz'd upon his charms,
And with compassion view'd the weeping child;
She snatch'd the little Hebrew to her arms,
And kiss'd the infant—the sweet infant smil'd.

Again she clasps him with a fond embrace,
Yet more she pities the young stranger's woe;
She wip'd the tears that hung upon his face,
Her own the while in pious plenty flow.

Now, cruel father, thy harsh law I see,
And feel that rigour which the Hebrews mourn;
O! that I could reverse the dire decree,
Which dooms the babe a wretch as soon as born!

But

But that, alas! exceeds my slender pow'r—
And must this tender innocent be slain?
Poor harmless babe! born in a luckless hour;
Yet sweet as ever sooth'd a mother's pain.

Must thou, poor undeserving infant, die?
No! in my bosom ev'ry danger shun;
A princess shall thy parents loss supply
And thou art worthy to be call'd her son.

ON
Parental Indulgence.

THE love of progeny seems to operate as strongly in the brute creation as in the human species, during the helpless age of immaturity. The guidance of instinct, indeed, as it is more decisively determinate, seems to bring up an offspring with less deviation from the purposes of nature, than the superior faculty of reason. The greater acuteness of reason leads to hesitation, and involves in error, while it is distracted by the variety of objects it assembles for its choice. The bird never injures its young by repletion. The young, indeed, of few animals, when left to the care

care of the parent, without the interference of man, is found to perish. But it is well known how large a proportion of children die under the age of two years, in our metropolis. The cause is in general the neglect of nature for the aids of art, proceeding from a degree of fondness which stimulates the parent to take all the care upon herself, and to leave little to the invisible process of natural energies. If the child survive by the vigour of its constitution to a puerile age, even then the fondness of the parent, most amiable in its origin, but most injurious to the object it most wishes to benefit, is found to destroy the very purpose of living, by endeavouring to render life pleasurable to excess, and without vicissitude. If his absence can be so far borne as to permit him to enter at a school, an earnest desire is expressed that he may be indulged in all those luxuries of the table which pollute the pure stream of the infant blood, and by overloading the organs of intellect, preclude the possibility of solid improvement. He, whose attention should be engrossed by his book, and who should learn to look on every pleasure of the senses as a subordinate pleasure, is taught by the overweening attachment of a parent, to have little other care than to pamper the grossest among the animal appetites.

Regularity of diet, and modest decency in all the circumstances of scholastic life, are often represented as the result of a too penurious œconomy; and the young pupil no sooner returns, in the days of vacation, to his paternal roof, than he is crammed with delicacies, to compensate the penance he has undergone at the place of his education. We can derive but little improvement from the teacher we condemn. Yet how can the boy avoid contempt for the master, whom he is taught to consider as totally regardless of any thing but his own sordid interest, and capable of depriving the child committed to his care of his proper sustenance? But they who are sensible in other respects, are rendered, by their fondness weak enough to believe any calumny which a froward child utters for the sake of changing his place of education, or of remaining at home.

The propensity to indulgence is so strong, that at the maturest age, and with the most improved reason, it is difficult to restrain it within the limits of moderation. To encourage, instead of checking this natural tendency, is, in effect, to nurse those vices of the future youth, and to cause those excesses of early manhood, which in the end hasten the grey hairs of the inconsiderate parent with sorrow to the grave. Few would be profligate

gate in the extreme, if they were not untaught all the virtue they learn under their tutors, by the example and inadvertence of their own family. When immorality is obliquely recommended by a father's practice, the infection is irresistible. A tutor's admonitions are soon supposed to proceed merely from official care, when they contradict the conduct of him whom a child naturally loves above all others.

The general custom of allowing a considerable weekly stipend, and of giving pecuniary presents to the school-boy, often frustrates the intentions of education. It is not likely that he should give his thoughts to literary improvement, who is obliged to study how he shall spend the bounty of his aunts and cousins; and whose pocket always enables him to find recreation without seeking it in books. It would be happy if things could be so contrived, that, for want of employment, he should be driven to those volumes where employment of the sweetest kind may be always found, attended with the most valuable advantages. A profusion of money at a childish age is not uncommonly the cause of subsequent extravagance, and tends to introduce one of the most pernicious and least curable vices,—a propensity to gaming. But reasoning can avail little against the partiality of some

fond relations, who cannot suffer present pleasure to be neglected by her favourite for the sake of an advantage which is distant and uncertain.

It is usually supposed that maternal affection is stronger than paternal.

There is no doubt but that it often interposes in adjusting the plan of education. Its kind solitude is too amiable to be censured with asperity. Yet we must assert, that it is not possible that a mother, though sensible and accomplished, should be so well qualified to direct the care of a boy's education in all its parts, as a father of equal abilities. All the important departments in civil life are filled by men. The pulpit, the bar, the senate-house, are appropriated to men. Men, from the facility with which they travel, and their superior hardiness, see more of the world than women, who, with the same opportunities, might indeed make the same observations; but who, in the present state of things, cannot judge of those qualifications, attainments, manners, and characters, which recommend to notice in all the professions of life, and tend to insure success. Hence it is that they are observed to set the highest value on ornamental accomplishments, of the grace of which their fine taste is peculiarly sensible; and to underrate the more solid attainments, with the utility
and

and beauty of which their situation, often keeps them unacquainted. Many a fond and sensible mother has controverted the necessity of learning Latin, as a dead language, in which there can be no use, while the living languages of France and Italy are more easily attainable, and infinitely more fashionable. Such a judgment is not to be wondered at; nor does it proceed from natural weakness, but from an unavoidable unacquaintance with the charms of the classics; and the utility of Latin in the practice of every liberal art, in the conversation of the enlightened, and in the study of the most admired modern books, which abound in Latin quotations, in allusions to the classics, and in words which cannot be fully understood without understanding the language from which they are derived. Add to this, that the extreme tenderness of maternal affection will not permit that strict discipline to be exercised on a beloved son, which, though it has nothing in it of harsh severity, resembles not the soft and indulgent treatment of the mother or nurse. Scarcely any thing of value is brought to perfection without some care analogous to this scholastic discipline. The tree will not produce its fruits in sufficient abundance, or with a proper flavour, unless it is chastised in its luxuriations by the hand of art. It is requisite that the stubborn soil should
be

be broken by cultivation. The most serviceable animals are either useless or hurtful, till reduced to obedience by coercion. Man, above all, possessed as he is of stronger powers and acuter perceptions, of ill qualities no less than good, in a superior degree, requires all the aids of art to correct his enormities, and teach him to act a rational and consistent part in the theatre of the world.

Although the infliction of salutary discipline may give pain even to those who know it to be salutary, yet they must not, for the sake of sparing their own feelings, act in contradiction to their judgment, and do an irreparable injury to those whom they most tenderly love. Excessive lenity and indulgence is ultimately excessive rigour.

With the excellent effects of Spartan discipline, every one is acquainted. Of the lamentable consequences of modern relaxation, daily experience furnishes examples. The puerile age is patient and tractable. Reformation must begin there. Temperance, diligence, modesty, and humility, cannot be too early inculcated. These will lead through the temple of virtue to the temple of honour and happiness. In this progress, strict discipline will sometimes be necessary; but let not the

the pretence of proper correction give an opportunity for the gratification of vindictive cruelty, Inhumanity, even in a Busby, admits not of palliation.

ANECDOTE

OF

Dr. BARROWBY.

AT the time of the great contested election for Representatives of the City and Liberty of Westminster, in 1749, when Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput were Candidates, the late Dr. Barrowby greatly interested himself in favour of the latter, who was put up to oppose the Court-Party. At this period he had, for some weeks, attended the noted Joe Weatherby, master of the Ben Johnson's Head, in Ruffel-street, who had been greatly emaciated by a nervous fever. During the Doctor's visits, the patient's wife, not knowing that gentleman's attachment, had frequently expressed her uneasiness, that her dear Joe could not get up and vote for her good friend Lord Trentham. Towards the end of the election, when very uncommon means were used on both

fides

sides to obtain the suffrages of the people, the Doctor, calling one morning on his patient, to his great astonishment found him up, and almost dressed by the nurse and her assistants. "Hey-day! What's the cause of this?" exclaimed Barrowby. "Why would you get out of bed without my direction?" "Dear Doctor," says poor Joe, in broken accents, "I am going to poll." "To poll!" replies the Doctor, with some warmth (supposing he was of the same opinion with his fair rib,) "going to the Devil, you mean! Why, do you know, that the cold air may destroy you? Get to bed, man, get to bed as fast as you can, or immediate death may ensue." "Oh! if that is the case, Sir," returns the patient, in a feeble voice, "to be sure I must act as you advise me; but I love my country, Sir, and thought, while my wife was out, to seize this opportunity to go to Covent-Garden church, and vote for Sir George Vandeput." "How, Joe! for Sir George!" "Yes, Sir: I wish him heartily well." Do you?" says the medical politician. Hold! nurse, don't pull off his stockings again. Let me feel his pulse. Hey! very well; a good firm stroke. Egad, this will do. You took the pills I ordered last night?" "Yes, Doctor; but they made me very sick." "Aye, so much the better. How did your master sleep nurse?" "Oh, charmingly, Sir." "Did he?" Well,

Well, if his mind be uneasy about this election, he must be indulged. Diseases of the mind greatly affect those of the body. Come, come, throw a great coat or a blanket about him. It is a fine day: but the sooner he goes, the better; the sun will be down very early. Here, here, lift him up. Agad! a ride will do him good. He shall go with me to the hustings in my chariot." The Doctor was directly obeyed, and poor Joe Weatherby was carried in the chariot to the place of poll, where he gave his voice according to his conscience, amidst the acclamations of the people; and, two hours after his physical friend had left him at his own house, absolutely departed this life, and the Doctor was loaded with the reproaches of his beloved wife, and her friends of the Court-Party.

T O
R E L I G I O N.

HAIL, sacred Goddess! offspring of the skies!
How dost thou sink each vice, each virtue
rise;

Dispel the clouds that overspread the mind,
And bid the thoughts aspire to bliss refin'd—

N n

unmingled

Unmingled happiness, sincere delight—
 While earthly joys diminish on the flight.
 My soul's high powers supine and torpid lay,
 Till rous'd to life by thine efficient ray;
 But now celestial light my breast pervades,
 And sin looks black as the infernal shades;
 Dark Ignorance and Error take their flight,
 As fly at morn's approach, the shades of night.
 MESSIAH bright and amiable appears:
 Burns my glad heart! and all my soul reveres!

*Adversity useful to the Acquisition
 of Knowledge.*

AS daily experience makes it evident that
 misfortunes are unavoidably incident to human
 life, that calamity will neither be repelled by
 fortitude, nor escaped by flight; neither awed by
 greatness, nor eluded by obscurity; philosophers
 have endeavoured to reconcile us to that condition
 which they cannot teach us to mend, by persuading
 us that most of our evils are made afflictive only
 by ignorance or perverseness, and that nature
 has annexed to every vicissitude of external cir-
 cumstances,

cumstances, some advantage sufficient to overbalance all its inconveniences.

This attempt may perhaps be justly suspected of resemblance to the practice of physicians, who, when they cannot mitigate pain, destroy sensibility, and endeavour to conceal by opiates the inefficacy of their other medicines. The panegyrists of calamity have more frequently gained applause to their wit, than acquiescence to their arguments; nor has it appeared that the most musical oratory or subtle ratiocination has been able long to overpower the anguish of oppression, the tediousness of langour, or the longings of want.

Yet it may be generally remarked, that where much has been attempted, something has been performed; though the discoveries or acquisitions of man are not always adequate to the expectations of his pride, they are at least sufficient to animate his industry. The antidotes with which philosophy has medicated the cup of life, though they cannot give it salubrity and sweetness, have at least allayed its bitterness and contempered its malignity; the balm which she drops upon the wounds of the mind abates their pain, though it cannot heal them.

By suffering willingly what we cannot avoid, we secure ourselves from vain and immoderate dis-

quiet; we preserve for better purposes that strength which would be unprofitably wasted in wild efforts of desperation, and maintain that circumspection which may enable us to seize every support and improve every alleviation. This calmness will be more easily obtained, as the attention is more powerfully withdrawn from the contemplation of unmingled unabated evil, and diverted to those accidental benefits which prudence may confer on every state.

Seneca has attempted not only to pacify us in misfortune, but almost to allure us to it, by representing it as necessary to the pleasures of the mind. *He that never was acquainted with adversity, says he, has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature.* He invites his pupil to calamity as the Syrens allured the passengers to their coasts, by promising that they shall return with increase of knowledge, with enlarged views, and multiplied ideas.

Curiosity is, in great and generous minds, the first passion and the last; and perhaps always predominates in proportion to the strength of the contemplative faculties. He who easier comprehends all that is before him, and soon exhausts any single subjects, is always eager for new enquiries; and in proportion as the intellectual eye takes in a wider

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er prospect, it must be gratified with variety, by more rapid flights and bolder excursions; nor perhaps can there be proposed to those who have been accustomed to the pleasures of thought, a more powerful incitement to any undertaking, than the hope of filling their fancy with new images, of clearing their doubts, and enlightening their reason.

When *Jafon*, in *Valerius Flaccus*, would incline the young prince *Acastus* to accompany him in the first essay of navigation, he disperses his apprehensions of danger by representations of the new tracts of earth and heaven which the expedition would spread before his eyes; and tells him with what grief he will hear, at their return, of the countries which they shall have seen, and the toils which they have surmounted.

Acastus was soon prevailed upon by his curiosity to set rocks and hardships at defiance, and commit himself to the winds; and the same motives have in all ages had the same effect upon those whom the desire of fame or wisdom has distinguished from the lower orders of mankind.

If therefore it can be proved that distress is necessary to the attainment of knowledge, and that a happy situation hides from us so large a part of the

the field of meditation, the envy of many who repine at the sight of affluence and splendor will be much diminished; for such is the delight of mental superiority, that none on whom nature or study have conferred it, would purchase the gifts of fortune by its loss.

It is certain, that however the rhetorick of *Seneca* may have dressed adversity with extrinſick ornaments, he has juſtly represented it as affording ſome opportunities of obſervation, which cannot be found in continual ſucceſs; he has truly aſſerted, that to eſcape miſfortune is to want inſtruction, and that to live at eaſe is to live in ignorance.

As no man can enjoy happineſs without thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is neceſſary to a juſt ſenſe of better fortune; for the good of our preſent ſtate is merely comparative, and the evil which every man feels will be ſufficient to diſturb and harraſs him, if he does not know how much he eſcapes. The luſtre of diamonds is invigorated by the interpoſition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are created by the ſhades. The higheſt pleaſure which nature has indulged to ſenſitive perception, is that of reſt after fatigue; yet that ſtate which labour heightens into delight,
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is of itself only ease, and is incapable of satisfying the mind without the super-addition of diversified amusements.

Prosperity, as is truly asserted by *Seneca*, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimation of his own powers by unactive speculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned. *He that traverses the list without an adversary, may receive, says the philosopher, the reward of victory, but he has no pretensions to the honour*; If it be the highest happiness of man to contemplate himself with satisfaction, and to receive the gratulations of his own conscience; he whose courage has made way amidst the turbulence of opposition, and whose vigour has broken through the snares of distress, has many advantages over those that have slept in the shades of indolence, and whose retrospect of time can entertain them with nothing but day rising upon day, and year gliding after year.

Equally necessary is some variety of fortune to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles, and
affections

affections of mankind. Princes, when they would know the opinions or grievances of their subjects, find it necessary to steal away from guards and attendants, and mingle on equal terms among the people. To him who is known to have the power of doing good or harm, nothing is shown in its natural form. The behaviour of all that approach him is regulated by his humour, their narratives are adapted to his inclination, and their reasonings determined by his opinions, whatever can alarm suspicion, or excite resentment, is carefully suppressed, and nothing appears but uniformity of sentiments and ardour of affection.

It may be observed that the unvaried complaisance which ladies have the right of exacting, keeps them generally unskilled in human nature; prosperity will always enjoy the female prerogatives, and therefore must be always in danger of female ignorance. Truth is scarcely to be heard, but by those from whom it can serve no interest to conceal it.



Anecdote of Dr. KING.

DR. KING, late Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper-sauce; but the doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the above pickles reserved dry for his own use; which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him: I here present you, my lords and gentlemen, said he, with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious, *That you saw an archbishop of Dublin, at fourscore and seven years of age, cut capers upon a trencher.*

Z E A L.**A****V I S I O N.**

THERE never was a word more mistaken than Zeal.

To this idol have been sacrificed thousands and ten thousands, It delights and sports itself in hu-

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man victims, like Moloch. As an angel of darkness, it deals murders, plagues, and famine around; and, with the venomous malignity of a basilisk, kills whatever it looks upon.

This monster hath turned the most fertile plains into barren wildernesses, depopulated large and mighty cities, and totally effaced the image of the Creator through several parts of the eastern world. Zeal, abstracted from charity, is the wild enthusiasm of a distemper'd brain, or the infernal rage of an abandoned hypocrite.

While I was ruminating on this subject, I fell asleep, and to the above reflections I attribute the following vision—

Methought I was on a sudden transported into a distant country, the air of which was very thick and heavy, so that the whole region appeared to be involved in a large cloud. I had not been there long, before a beautiful being met me, and accosted me with the question—"how I came hither?" My reply hath escaped my memory. But my fair guide, without farther interrogations, led me towards a large structure, which she informed me was the temple of Zeal.

As we passed along, we took notice of vast armies,

mies, which encompassed us on all sides. The colour of their cloaths was the deepest scarlet that I had ever beheld. Their swords, which were always drawn, were reeking with the blood of those whom they had encountered.

Thus we advanced towards the middle of the country. As we drew nearer to the temple, the air grew so thick, and the whole atmosphere was so dark, that the building seemed entirely situated in the very shades of night. The building was illuminated with a small taper, which cast an additional gloom and horror around the place. Instead of foliages, and other decorations, usual at the entrance of large edifices, there were carved the figures of human skulls, and other bones; so that the external ornaments resembled the appearances of a sepulchre. At the farther end of the temple, we descried the female to whom it belonged. She was seated upon a throne of ebony, and arrayed in deep mourning. Her face was very pale, and much emaciated, occasioned by long vigils, and unremitting industry in her attention to her engagements. Her eyes and hands were lifted upwards, and she seemed to be actuated by the most fervent devotion. On her right-hand stood Superstition, dressed in the habit of a nun, and was her prime-minister of state, from whom she received all her intelligence,

intelligence. On her left appeared a hideous phantom, called Death: in one hand was lightning, and in the other a scythe.

After having taken a sufficient survey of this scene of terrors, I desired my leader to conduct me back, with which request she immediately complied; and entertained me as we passed along, with suitable reflections upon what I had seen. I was very desirous to know the lady by whom I had been so highly obliged, when a fortunate incident occurred, which introduced me into the whole secret.

There advanced towards us a tribe of nymphs, whose charms were too many and too great for the description of the pen; each held in her hand a golden harp. Their eyes are strong and sparkling, and at the same time tempered with a peculiar softness. Their hair flowed upon their shoulders in graceful ringlets; and when they spoke, musick issued from their tongues. No sooner had their president, who was the goddess Harmony, attended by the liberal arts and sciences, paid her respects to my conductor, than she immediately threw off her disguise: when, lo! all on a sudden, the mists and clouds were dispelled; the day broke in upon us, and the sun shone in all its meridian

ridian glory. Whereupon I turned myself, to notice what was become of the scene which I had so lately beheld; when, to my great surprize and pleasure, the spot where the temple stood was converted into a verdant hill, covered with flocks of sheep, whose fleeces emulated the whiteness of snow; while the plains below were beautifully divided into regular inclosures, and stocked with vast herds of cattle. Instead of the cries of the miserable, our ears were entertained with the bleatings of sheep, the lowings of oxen, the sweet murmurs of rivulets, and the melodious warblings of nightingales! I was then turning towards my guide, who instantly vanished from my sight; but, by the appellation which the nymphs gave her, I learnt that she was the Goddess Liberty, the Genius of Great Britain!

T H E

Necessity of early Amendment.

TO retain ideas, and compare their impressions, is the peculiar and distinguishing attribute of man. Hence arises his superiority over the other beings of the animal creation. Hence
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he is enabled to judge of futurity, and to lay down for his conduct through life, a rational system of action. Possessed of the power of anticipating possibilities by a reference to experience, he can resist any momentary impulse; and amid a variety of objects, which equally solicit and distract his attention, he can select those which he calculates will ultimately be pursued with success and enjoyed with satisfaction. Here then is displayed an extensive field for the exertion of virtuous inclination. Here, it should seem, protected by those powers of reason, which guide and direct it, virtue might triumph over every obstacle which opposed, and every snare which impeded its progress. Powerful, however, as are the temptations, which from every side assail human nature, and unequal as is frequently the force of their rational faculties to a vigorous opposition, the best men are sometimes overcome when they imagine themselves prepared by previous resolutions for any conflict whatever.

The irresolution or weakness of a moment may defeat the accumulated wisdom, or transgress the established rules of years. No man can preserve himself exempt from error, when it is the fate of every one to fail. All our caution, and all our determinations, the rigour of philosophy, and the security of habit, are equally liable to be surprised

fed by the occasional lapses and infirmities of humanity. This, we own is a distressing, and in some measure, a mortifying picture of man. But let it not discourage the efforts or abate the perseverance of the virtuous. Estimated as it must be by our natural frailty, that conduct cannot be called a decidedly vicious one, which consists only in occasional transgression, and temporary error. Sin, we know, unless its sum be enormous, or its quality in an extraordinary degree flagitious, may be expiated by repentance; and single actions of inadvertence and imprudence, if they are followed by reflections of sorrow, and endeavors to rectify their effects, cannot receive a deep tinge of moral turpitude, or overbalance the merits of life in its general view honest and useful. Let it, however, not be supposed, that in palliating the guilt of inconsiderate or occasional errors, we would justify, as trivial and pardonable, the recurrent fluctuations of levity and caprice. Systematic regularity, and stable principle are as necessary to the welfare of society, as to the character of the individual. Without them men could have no dependence on the faith of each other. There could, indeed, be neither virtue nor order in the world. Violations of rectitude, we know, repeatedly committed, and slightly regarded, gradually reconcile the mind to a total alienation; and since vice so frequently assumes

assumes the appearance of virtue, and conceals itself in disguises the most difficult to be discovered, consistency of conduct is in truth the only test of integrity which can satisfy the doubts of suspicions, and secure the confidence of the distrustful. The distinction, then, is obvious and plain. The man, whose life is a continued series of irregularities and inconsistencies, we abandon as an irreclaimable, and despise as a worthless character. Aware, on the other hand, of the unavoidable frailties of our nature, we must not magnify as unpardonable and irreparable, every petty transgression and trifling deviation: we must not preclude by representing them as useless, the benefits of reformation nor discourage, by exaggerating every defect, the ardour of virtue. Venial, therefore, as must be considered the natural errors of humanity, they are only so far venial, as they are forsaken on reflection, and thought on with remorse. We may plead as excusable the irresistible propensities of our constitution, or we may alledge as insufficient for the attainment of perfection the powers of reason; but no constitutional weakness can justify intentional depravity, nor any but the wilfully blind or incorrigibly corrupt affirm, that they are ignorant of the commission of a crime, or incapable of relinquishing the pursuit of it. It is no necessary inference, that because a man cannot secure himself from vice,

vice, he may live without virtue; and because; however constant and watchful be his vigilance; he cannot but incur some fault, he is not bound to extricate himself from its dominion. Vice in its course is naturally progressive. But it is in every man's power, and therefore it is every man's duty, on first setting out, to abandon a course of which he foresees the miserable end. To be ever in some measure imperfect, and in some degree culpable, is the effect of a physical weakness in our constitution; but to be absolutely irreclaimable depends on our misconduct, on our obstinacy in not correcting the influence, or our own blindness in not foreseeing the consequences of the first advances towards an erroneous mode of life.

ANECDOTE

OF

SULLY and HENRY the FOURTH.

IN spite of the superiority of Sully's talents, and the purity of his intentions, this great minister was ever harrassed by calumnies and misrepresentations. Many of them were studiously related to Henry, who occasionally mentioned them

to him, and heard in what manner he defended himself. Once, after a conversation of three hours on subjects like these, he embraced Sully at coming out of his antichamber before all his court, and said, "I esteem you as the best and most innocent man that ever was, as well as the most loyal and the most useful servant I ever possessed." Then turning round to some of Sully's enemies who were present, he added, "I wish earnestly to let you all know, that I love Sully better than ever, and that death alone can dissolve my esteem for him."

MELANCHOLY.

AMID the calm, sequester'd shade,
 Sad Melancholy wanders still;
 Or, pensive, droops the chearless maid,
 Beside the silver, purling rill.

Where silence holds her placid sway,
 Scarce interrupted by the stream;
 Or e'en the sigh, that heaves its way,
 From nurs'd Affliction's troubled dream:

Where.

Where fall'n the sculptors pride is seen,
The moss rob'd pillars worn remains;
And mould'ring Grandeur's fullen mein,
Derides the skilful artist's pains :

Where, emblematic, fall the bough
Of drooping Sorrow's favoured tree;
And warm devotion breathes her vow,
Beneath the veil of secrecy :

Where Pity weeps o'er Folly's train,
And Mirth forgets his mad career;
Where Love dare venture to complain,
And Superstition bows to Fear :

Where rarely, on the verdant way,
The footstep's form appears impress;
There whither oft I've wished to stray,
Where none my musings might molest!

In pensive thoughts abstracted guise,
To brood o'er Disappointment's reign;
Hope's pleasing wish to realize,
In Fancy's light ideal train!

For Melancholy's mournful reign,
And sensibility's soft pow'r,
Produce a pleasure, oft, from pain,
And milder make the plaintive hour.

DEATH.

DEATH is inevitable: it closes the human existence, and opens the boundless prospects of eternity. How awful, how sublime, and interesting, is this most important of all subjects to man! and yet how few reflect on the uncertainty of life, the instability of all sublunary possessions; or soberly, deliberately, and attentively, consider how absolutely necessary it is to be prepared for that resistless moment that consigns humanity to its kindred dust, that unfetters the soul for trial before the solemn tribunal of Heaven, and either crowns it with a blessed immortality, with joy, and felicity supreme, or envelopes it in consummate misery for ever! Incessant contemplation, however, on this great event, is not required, because it might embitter all the sweets of life, impose gloomy despondency, incapacitate for business, or damp the energy of the intellectual powers; and, therefore, Providence has wisely gifted every individual with many pleasurable sensations and reflections, which often recur, and which tend very powerfully to dissipate sorrow, and sweeten enjoyment. Nevertheless, meditation should be frequent, and always truly sincere; and thence might reasonably be expected every thing exalted
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in religion, or graceful in morals. It would without doubt, be instrumental, also, in counteracting evil propensities; and act as a prevailing incentive to serious consideration, and the regulation of the conduct and disposition, in the eye of Reason and of Heaven, to whatever is pious, and amiable, and meritorious.

Let it be remembered, that neither age nor rank, neither power nor riches, neither strength, nor beauty, nor goodness, can exempt frail human nature from the appointed visitation. All must tread the gloomy path of death, all must "travel through this vale of darkness," to their destined home, within the pale of eternity. Sometimes Death, that ravening wolf, assails the man whose hoary head and silver locks bespeak the approaching change; sometimes the aged mother; sometimes the young, dutiful, and promising son; sometimes the beautiful, amiable and youthful daughter; or the smiling and engaging infant; are suddenly torn from the fond embrace of affectionate relatives. While visionary scenes, perhaps, of expected felicity and future benefits promised apparent success, and a reciprocity of genuine esteem prompted to aspire to subsequent delight. Death dissolves the promised happiness, and inexorably commands the airy schemes of human contrivance
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to vanish into air. So uncertain, indeed, are the enjoyments of this life, that little dependence need be placed on their continuance ; and yet how eagerly do we press forward in the pursuit of happiness, as if it was an object of all others the most easy to be attained ! But, alas ! real felicity, unmixed with calamitous or painful incidents, is not here within the grasp of any mortal ; it buds, and ripens to perfection, in the garden of Paradise only ; where it remains, ever pure and unalloyed, to sweeten and exalt the great, inexhaustible, and unspeakable joys of heaven.

Philosophy, likewise, may contend for the dignity of man : it may lay down maxims for prudence of conduct, and relief in adversity ; but its apothegms must eventually prove ineffectual and unsatisfactory. Christianity alone offers the strongest and most permanent support, as well as the most rational consolation : it is this that has brought " life and immortality to light ; " it is this that has stood the test of all ages and all experience, and assuredly will be, at every trying conjuncture, in the hour of painful visitation, of unfortunate vicissitudes, in all seasons, and on all occasions, a balm of the most sovereign efficacy, of the sweetest comfort, and the best satisfaction.

In the heathen world, such satisfaction, comfort, and delight, were unknown. Involved in
primeval

primeval uncertainty, the researches of mankind after truth must necessarily have been vague and inconclusive. Before the dignity of the Saviour of the world, and the establishment of his ever sacred and ever-blessed Gospel— which, it cannot be denied, abounds in the sublimest and most interesting precepts. Man was led to worship in error, and err through ignorance: but now thank Heaven, there is a wide difference; and no one, surely, who retains his senses, and is open to the impressions of Divine Love, will for a moment doubt of the truths of a Revelation, or wander in the barren mazes of dark mythology for things divine, immutable, and immortal.

As this is a subject of the utmost consequence, I shall conclude this essay with the admirable and affecting reflections of an unknown author, which I once met with in a periodical miscellany. They are, in my opinion peculiarly appropriate and important, and well deserve the attention and remembrance of *me*, of *you*, of *all*.

“ It is too commonly found,” says he, “ that a familiarity with death, and a frequent recurrence of funerals, graves, and church-yards, serves to harden, rather than humanize the mind; and to deaden, rather than arouse, those becoming reflections, which such objects seems excellently
calculated

calculated to produce. Hence the physician enters without the least emotion, the gloomy chambers of expiring life; the undertaker handles without concern the clay-cold limbs; and the sexton whistles, unappalled, while his spade casts forth from the earth the mingled bones and dust of his fellow-creatures. And, alas! how often have I felt, with indignant reluctance, my wandering heart engaged in other speculations, when called to minister at the grave, and to consign to the tomb the ashes of my fellow-creatures!

“ Yet nothing teacheth like Death: and though, perhaps, the business of life would grow torpid, and the strings of activity be loosed, were men continually hanging over the meditation—yet assuredly, no man should fail to keep the great object in view—and seasonably to reflect, that the important moment is coming, when he too must mingle with his kindred clay; when he too must appear before God’s awful judgment-seat; when he too must be adjudged by a fixed, an irrecoverable, an immutable decree!

“ As I entered the church yard—

“ Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap;
where—

“ Each in his narrow cell for ever laid;”

endearing, scenes before me! dear wife of my bosom; my children, sweet pledges of love, and nearer than the strings that hold my heart! my best loved friends shall then weep tenderly over me; and my thinking, restless, busy soul, at length know repose, and be anxious no more!"

"It is fixed; and all the powers on earth can neither arrest, nor avert, the sure, unerring dart! But with consummate wisdom, the great Lord of the world hath wrapped up the important moment in impenetrable darkness from human view; that, from the cradle, we might have the solemn object before us, and act as men, because as men we must die!

"Let me not, then, labour to divert the improving speculation; but advance still nearer, and see if I can learn what it is to die."

"To die!—O you, my friends, amidst whose graves I now am wandering; you who, not long since, like me, trod over this region of mortality, and drank the golden day: with you, the bitterness is past; you have tasted what that is, which so much perplexes the human thought, of which we all know so little, and yet of which we all must know so much! O could ye inform me what it is to die! could ye tell me what it is to breathe the
last

last sad gasp, what are the sensations of the last convulsion, of the last pang of disrupting nature! O could ye tell me how the soul issues from the lifeless dwelling which it hath so long inhabited; what unknown worlds are discovered to its view; how it is affected with the alarming prospect; how it is affected with the remembrance and regard of things left here below! O could ye tell me—But, alas! how vain the wish! clouds and darkness rest upon it; and nothing but experience must be allowed to satisfy these anxious researches of mortals!

“ Yet, let us not forbear these researches; or, at least, not relinquish the interesting view: for what can be of equal importance to man, destined as he is inevitably to tread the path of Death? What of equal importance to examine, as whither that path leads, and how it may be too successful? What of equal importance, for a pilgrim of a day to contemplate, as that great event which must open to him an unending, unalterable state!

“ All men must tread that gloomy path. “ *It is appointed for all men once to die.*” Adam’s curse is upon all his posterity. Dust they are, and to dust they must return. But whither leads that gloomy path? Alas! in the heathen world, with what a bewildered mind they sought the resolution of that question! Death, indeed, was

dreadful in such circumstances; for, if we want the glad hope of immortality to cheer our departing hour, what affliction can even be conceiv'd more afflicting than death and dissolution, separation from all we hold dear on earth, and perfect annihilation from all future expectances?

“ Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel; and the question is answered clearly from that sacred book, whence alone we can gain information on this point—“ *Once to die, and after that be judged. We must all stand before the judgment Seat of Christ!*” O my soul, how awful the reflection! Can any thing more be wanting to inspire thee with the most serious purposes, and most devout resolves, than the certainty of death, the assurance of judgment, the knowledge of immortality?

“ *And after death be judged!*” Tell me no more of the pangs of death, and the torment of corporeal sufferance! What, what is this, and all the evils of life's contracted span, to the things which follow after? This it is, indeed, which makes Death truly formidable; which should awaken every solemn reflection, and stimulate every rational endeavour.

To be judged! To be sentenced, by an irrevocable decree, to an allotment eternal and unchange-

able! an allotment of consummate felicity, or consummate distress!

“ O Immortality! how much doth the thought of thee debase in their value every earthly enjoyment, every earthly pursuit and possession! and shew man to himself in a point of view that amply discovers his true business on earth; that amply discovers the true dignity of his nature; and forcibly reproves his wretched attachment to sublunary things!

“ And methinks, as if a voice were speaking from yonder grave—I hear a solemn whisper to my soul!

“ Every grave proclaims thy own mortality! Child of the dust, be humble, and grow wise! a few days since, like thee I flourished in the fair field of the earthly world! a few days since, I was cut down like a flower, and my body lies withering in this comfortless bed! Regardless of God, and inattentive to duty, I passed gaily along, and thought no storm would ever over-cloud my head! In a moment, the unexpected tempest arose. I sunk, and was lost! Go thy way, and forget not thyself; remember that, to-day, thou hast life in thy power; to-morrow, perhaps, thou mayest be a breathless corpse; estimate from thence the value, poor and small, of all things beneath the sun; and
forget

forget not, that death and eternity are by an indissoluble band united. If thou darest to die, and unprepared meet thy God, most wretched of beings, who can enough deplore thy misery! Everlasting anguish, remorse, and punishment assuredly await thee! But if, bearing futurity in mind, thou art so blessed as to live in conformity to the law of thy nature, and the gospel of thy God, the Saviour of mankind hath opened the golden doors of perennial bliss for thee; and eternal delight, from the full river of God's inexhausted love, remains to reward thy faithful services.

“ Mortal, be wise! Remember judgement, and learn to die!”

“ *Memento Mori!*”

A N E C D O T E

OF

Mr. LEE.

WHEN Lee was Manager at Edinburgh, he was determined to improve upon thunder, and so having procured a parcel of nine pound shot, they were put into a wheel-barrow, to which he affixed an octagon wheel. This done, ridges were

were placed at the back of the stage, and one of the carpenters was ordered to trundle this wheelbarrow so filled, backwards and forwards over these ridges. The play was Lear, and really in the two efforts the thunder had a good effect. At length as the King was braving the "pelting of the pitiless storm," the thunderer's foot slipped and down he came wheelbarrow and all. The stage being on a declivity, the balls made their way towards the orchestra, and meeting with but a feeble resistance from the scene, laid it flat upon its face. This storm was more difficult for Lear to stem than the one he had before complained of. The balls taking every direction, he was obliged to skip about to avoid them like the man who dances the egg hornpipe. The fiddlers, in alarm for their catgut, hurried out of the orchestra, and to crown this scene of glorious confusion, the sprawling thunderer lay prostrate in sight of the audience, like another Salmoneus.

THE

The KNOWLEDGE of GOD

NATURAL to MAN.

THAT gracious pow'r, who from his kindred
clay,

Bids man arise to tread the realms of day,

Implants a guide, and tells what will fulfil

His word, or what's repugnant to his will,

The author of our being marks so clear,

That none, but those who will be blind can err,

Or wherefoe'er we turn th' attentive eyes,

Proofs of a God on every side arise.

Nature, a faithful mirror, stands to shew

God, in his works, disclos'd to human view.

Whate'er exists beneath the crystal floods,

Or cuts the liquid air, or haunts the woods;

The various flow'rs that spread th' enamel'd mead,

Each plant, each herb, or even the grass we tread,

Displays omnipotence : None else could form

The vilest weed, or animate a worm.

Or view the livid wonders of the sky,

What hands suspends those pond'rous orbs on high?

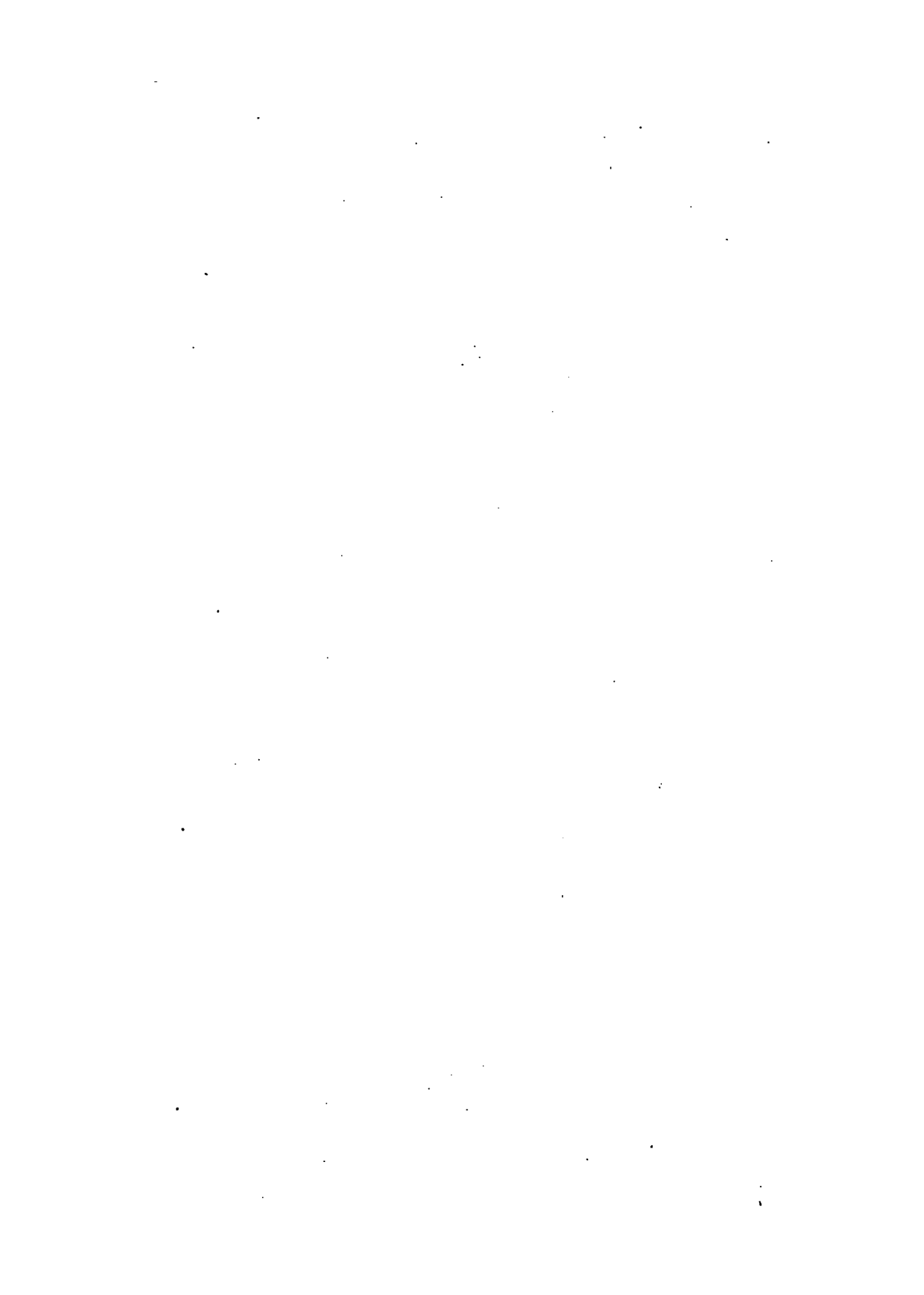
The comet's flight, the planets mystic dance !

Are these the works of providence, or chance ?

Themselves declare that universal cause,

Who fram'd the system, and impos'd their laws.

F I N I S.



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